THE LITERARY DIGEST

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TOPICS OF THE DAY

WHAT WE PAY TO SEE EUROPE AT WAR

A DOLLAR A HEAD on every man, woman, and child in the United States is what the Emergency Internal Revenue Tax Bill means with its demand for $100,000,000, to make up the loss in our customs receipts as one result of Europe's war. That is the way it looks to some editors, but others observe that if only luxuries are taxed, a much smaller number of people will foot the bill. The aim of the Ways and Means Committee, say Washington dispatches, is "to limit the tax to as few articles as possible," and we read that their bill provides for "a tax of 3 per cent. on railroad freight, from which it is estimated $65,000,000 will be realized annually; an additional tax of 50 cents a barrel on beer, which will bring in about $33,000,000; and a tax of 20 cents a gallon on domestic wines, the probable yield of which will be $9,000,000." This may soften the blow to some, but not to the Pittsburg *Dispatch* (Ind.), which says that "the paradox that the one great nation which has kept out of this war must pay additional taxes for its exemption is certainly singular." This idea working in minds less calm produces not a little sharp talk from editors who prefer to attribute the present "necessity" to the Democratic tariff and to the extravagance of a Democratic Congress. The chief item in the latter charge is the "pork barrel" of the River and Harbor Bill, which, according to report, is about to be passed by the Senate and will entail an appropriation of about $53,000,000, tho it is reported from Washington that this figure is to be cut down by about $25,000,000. Then the deficit in the customs revenue, it is averred by critics of the Administration, was already long under way before the outbreak of the war. Against such strictures may be instanced a large quota of pro-Administration opinions, conceding the need of a war tax and venturing the confidence that the American people will bear it "patiently, patriotically." Suspicion of the River and Harbor Bill is found also among editors of this group, but they frown upon the attempt to turn the discussion into a partizan "tariff debate." For all that, there are observers who, looking forward to the fall elections, see in the President's address to Congress in joint session a "campaign document" that is "highly persuasive." The President's message reads in part as follows:

> "During the month of August there was, as compared with the corresponding month of last year, a falling off of $10,629,538 in the revenues collected from customs. A continuation of this decrease in the same proportion throughout the current fiscal year would probably mean a loss of customs revenues of from $60,000,000 to $100,000,000.
>
> "I need not tell you to what this falling off is due. It is due, in chief part, not to the reductions recently made in the customs duties, but to the great decrease in importations; and that is due to the extraordinary extent of the industrial area affected by the present war in Europe. Conditions have arisen which no man foresaw; they affect the whole world of commerce and economic production; and they must be faced and dealt with. . . . . .
>
> "The Treasury itself could get along for a considerable period, no doubt, without immediate resort to new sources of taxation. But at what cost to the business of the community? Approximately $75,000,000, a large part of the present Treasury balance, is now on deposit with national banks distributed throughout the country. It is deposited, of course, on call. I need not point out to you what the probable consequences of inconvenience and distress and confusion would be if the diminishing income of the Treasury should make it necessary rapidly to withdraw these deposits. And yet, without additional revenue that plainly might become necessary, and the time when it became necessary could not be controlled or determined by the convenience of the business of the country. It would have to be determined by the operations and necessities of the Treasury itself. Such risks are not necessary and ought not to be run. We can not too scrupulously or carefully safeguard a financial situation which is at best, while war continues in Europe, difficult and abnormal. Hesitation and delay are the worst forms of bad policy under such conditions.
>
> "And we ought not to borrow. We ought to resort to taxation, however we may regret the necessity of putting additional temporary burdens on our people. To sell bonds would be to make a most untimely and unjustifiable demand on the money market; untimely, because this is manifestly not the time to withdraw working capital from other uses to pay the Government's bills; unjustifiable, because unnecessary. The country is able to pay any just and reasonable taxes without distress. And to every other form of borrowing, whether for long periods or for short, there is the same objection. . . . . . . "

In the view of the New York *Journal of Commerce* (Fin.), the President offers "some valid reasons" for making up the revenue deficit and "keeping the public Treasury in a strong position" through an emergency tax, but it adds:

> "More stress might well be laid upon the need of economizing government expenditures so far as this can be done without injury to the public service or any important interest of the nation. It is not desirable to maintain a specially liberal surplus for the purpose of using it as an aid to private enterprise where that is able to take care of itself, and it is to be hoped that the

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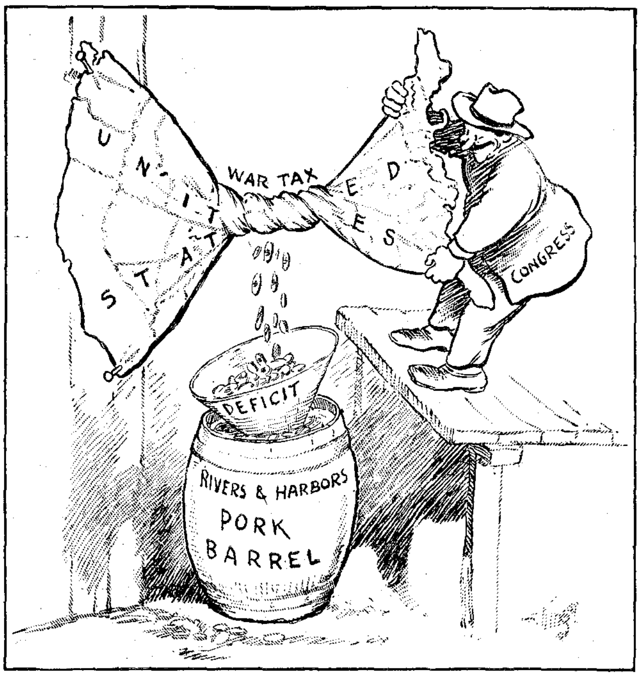
banks will soon be in a position to perform their functions without a distribution among them of Treasury funds as a means of relief. Those funds should always be so placed as to take their normal course with other deposits.

"While so much concern is shown for increasing revenue, without a very close calculation of government needs, there is a singular lack of any effort to restrict expenditures with due regard for such needs. The bloated River and Harbor Appropriation Bill is now before the Senate loaded with about the usual quantity of 'pork' for local distribution where it will 'do most good' as a political aid to the reelection of members of Congress in both Houses."



THE PORK-BARREL TWIST.

—King in the Chicago *Tribune*.

"The extravagance of the present Congress," a reproach frequently encountered in opposition journals, is defined by the Republican St. Louis *Globe Democrat* as follows:

"In spite of the declaration of the Baltimore platform for rigid economy under a tariff for revenue only, extravagance has run riot. In the first full fiscal year of the Wilson Administration, ordinary government expenses amounted to $701,000,000. In the last full fiscal year of the Taft Administration, ordinary expenses of Government were only $654,000,000. Appropriations now being made, and which have been already made, keep well up to the high-water marks of past years. The situation being what it is, the President urges, wisely, we think, that it would be better to lay a temporary tax than to issue bonds. The real Treasury situation was far from being revealed in what he told Congress. The address showed the earmarks of evasiveness, and a want of conviction. But, the condition being what it is, it should be relieved by appropriate and prompt legislation."

We read further in this journal that "Mr. Wilson's implied claim that no part of the loss is due to the new Tariff Law . . . is insincere," and it calls attention to the fact that receipts from duties "were declining long before the beginning of the war, during the time when imports were increasing under the greatly enlarged free list and lower duties in practically all schedules." If the Payne-Aldrich Law had remained in operation, we are told, "importations might fall off as they have, owing to the war, and still the loss to the Treasury would have been much less than it is now." A similar view is held by the Pittsburg *Gazette-Times* (Rep.), which says also that the Democratic party "is placed in the position of adopting a war tax to cover up its defective system of peace revenues," and this journal adds:

"On the horns of a dilemma it is suspected of having chosen to curtain its ineptitude with the smoke wafted from a foreign war, hoping in this fashion to avert an accounting in the Congressional campaign for the sorry failure of its financial operations. But the Republican minority will not overlook the opportunity for disclosure of the facts."

"Businesses have to economize in a time like this," says the Progressive Washington *Times*, "why not Government?" Yet its judgment of the whole matter of the present tax differs sharply from the foregoing opinions. We read:

"The plea for more money was fully justified by the emergency. The demand that it be raised by taxation, not by a loan or loans, was sound. Under the conditions which a Democratic tariff policy imposes, there will be little dissent as to the method, that is, internal-revenue duties.

"*The Times* does not agree with the whole revenue policy of this Administration. But at this time it refuses to believe that anything will be gained by turning this revenue discussion into a tariff debate. There would have been a deficit under the old tariff schedules if the war had lasted very long. Perhaps it will prove that, by swapping revenue tariff for income taxation, we have stumbled right; the income tax very possibly will produce a more stable revenue than would the customs duties.

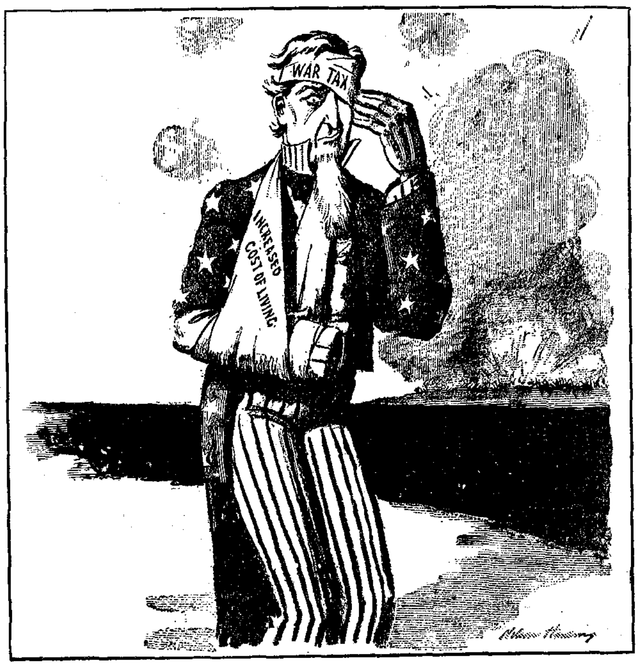
"But all this is beside the question. The country is going to be compelled to pay more taxes or else to get government conducted more cheaply. The biggest, plainest, easiest single piece of big economy lies in killing the river and harbor grab.

"Then kill it!"

The belief just exprest that we must submit to a war tax, but that at the same time we must cut down our national running expenses, is supported also by the Atlanta *Constitution* (Dem.), which adds:

"The main requirement of any emergency provision is that it shall be as free of hardship and as uniform as may be possible. The fact that Oscar Underwood is to have charge of the framing of the bill supplying such revenue is reassuring in this direction. At any rate, it is not likely there will long be need for the levying of the special impost, since with the cessation of war in Europe the custom-houses will again play their rôle in government upkeep.

"Two benefits of a compensatory nature stand out from the situation. The first is that the new Democratic Tariff Law, making the Government less dependent upon the tariff for its expenses, creates a smaller deficit than would have to be met under high protection. The income tax is already doing much of the work that would otherwise be saddled on any emergency measure."



THE INNOCENT BYSTANDER.

—Harding in the Brooklyn *Eagle*.

This journal tells us, moreover, that "it wouldn't hurt any one in the country, except a few place-hunting Congressmen, to cut in half the Waterways and Public Buildings bills for a couple of years," and the same aversion to "pork" is disclosed by the Boston *Post* (Ind. Dem.), which believes President Wilson's plan for revenue-raising by "indirect taxation" to be "both timely and wise." Yet it adds:

"Congress should see to it that the tax is wisely imposed; that it be kept absolutely clear of the necessaries of the people which, in all conscience—and some lack of it—are high enough already. The tax should be placed upon things that the average man and woman can perfectly well go without, but which, by those able to afford them, will be used in sufficient quantities to produce the needed revenue."

The New York *Times* (Dem.) thinks the committee "will be wisely guided if it takes the war-revenue-tax law of June 13, 1898, as a model."

"The chief feature of that law was the placing of a tax by means of stamps upon negotiable instruments, documentary evidences of value, and a large number of proprietary articles. In the first full year of their operation, the year ended June 30, 1899, the adhesive stamp tax yielded $43,837,819; the next year it yielded $40,964,365; in 1901, $39,241,036. In 1902 most of these taxes were repealed and others reduced. The added taxes upon fermented liquors and tobacco produced also a large increase in the internal-revenue receipts.

"Taxes of this nature are easily borne, they provoke few complaints, and they are derived from proper sources of taxation. The taxes proposed by the law of June 13, 1898, took effect at once in respect to fermented liquors, and the others took effect from July 1, only eighteen days after the passage of the act. Promptness is essential, and it can be secured by a resort to similar taxes now. There would be no delay save that involved in the printing of the stamps."

This suggestion is strongly voiced also by the New York *Evening Post* (Ind.), which says:

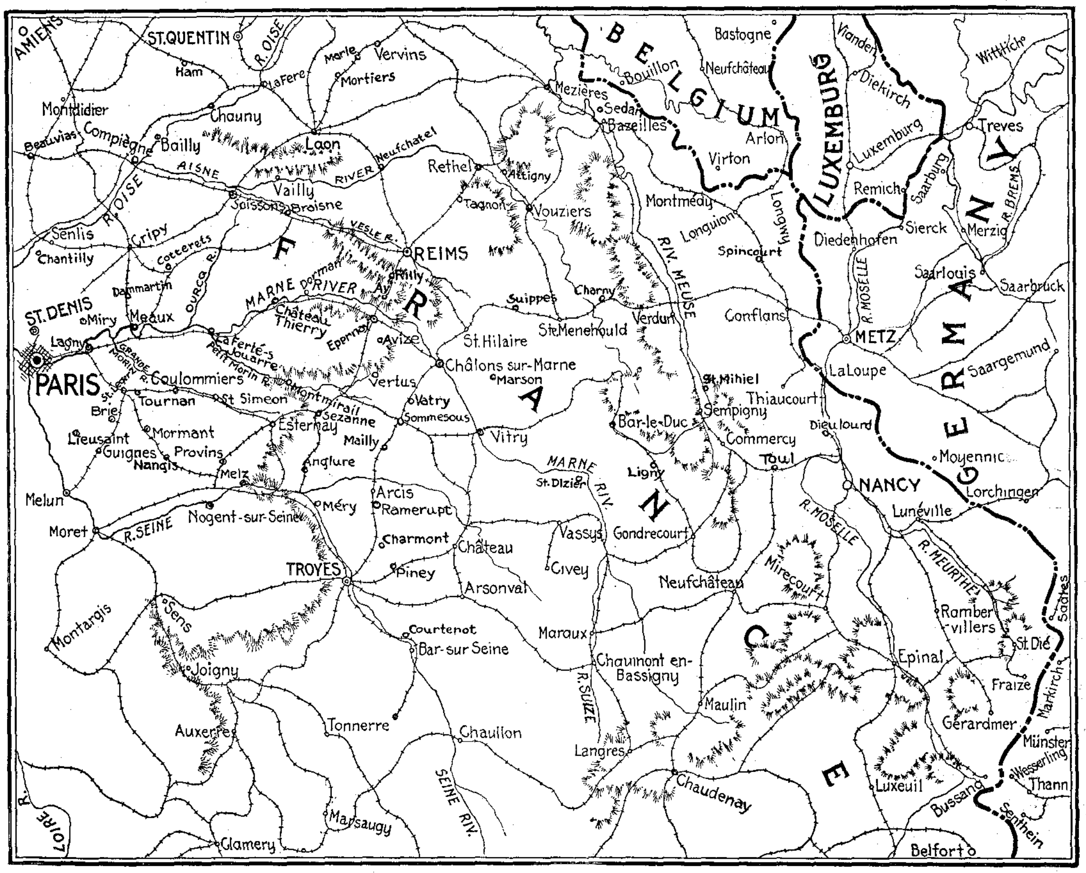
"As for the nature of the action that should be taken, there will be substantially unanimous concurrence in the President's view, that this must not take the shape either of borrowing money or of withdrawing Government deposits at a time when either of these operations would be sure to have the effect of aggravating, instead of alleviating, the strain upon the business interests of the country; and accordingly that it becomes the duty of Congress to levy emergency taxes to make good the falling off in Government revenue caused by the war in Europe."

"The situation is not so distressing as it seems," *The Rocky Mountain News* (Ind.) assures us in these words:

"If the United States can manage to get along for a time without the manufactured goods of Germany, England, France, and Belgium the people of this country will be forced by sheer necessity to supply the demand. The loss in revenue to the Government through falling customs duties will be far more than compensated by the gain to the country through increase in manufacturing equipment, employment of more people, and renewed and increased domestic prosperity."

THE ALLIES' NEW BOND

A SIGNIFICANT "scrap of paper" was the protocol recently signed in London by Sir Edward Grey and the Russian and French Ambassadors in London binding each of their respective nations to make no peace moves without the consent of its allies. At least so it is regarded by the press of this country and England and in official circles in Washington and London. It means, we are told, that the Triple Entente has become the Triple Alliance, and that the Allies have committed themselves to a "war to the finish." And it is on this last phase that the editors in this country prefer to dwell, as they see all hopes for an early peace go glimmering. The London agreement of September 5 is brief. Shorn of the words proclaiming its official character, it reads:



AMIENS
ST.QUENTIN
Ham
R. OISE
LaFere
Marle
Vervins
Mortiers
Montdidier
Chauny
Beauvais
Compiègne
Bailly
Laon
Neufchatel
AISNE
RIVER
Rethel
Attigny
Vailly
Soissons
Braisne
Tagnon
Vouziers
R. OISE
Senlis
Crepy
Cotterets
VESLE R.
REIMS
Chantilly
MARNE RIVER
Rilly
Dammartin
OURCQ R.
Château Thierry
Epernay
Suippes
Charny
Ste. Menehould
St. Hilaire
ST. DENIS
Miry
Meaux
La Ferte-s-Jouarre
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Esternay
Mormant
Lieusaint
Guignes
Provins
Nangis
Mailly
Vitry
Angluré
Melz
MARNE
St. Dizier
Melun
Arcis
Méry
Ramerupt
Moret
R. SEINE
Nogent-sur-Seine
Charmont
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Montmedy
Longuyon
Longwy
Spincourt
RIV. MEUSE
Verdun
Conflans
St. Mihiel
Thiaucourt
Sampigny
Bar-le-Duc
Commercy
Ligny
Toul
MARNE RIV.
Vassy
Gondrecourt
Civey
Neufchâteau
Mirecourt
Chaumont en-Bassigny
R. SUIZE
Maulin
LUXEMBURG
Vianden
Diekirch
Wittlich
Luxemburg
Treves
Remich
Saarburg
R. BRENS
Diedenhofen
Sierck
Merzig
R. MOSELLE
Saarlouis
Saarbrück
METZ
LaLoupe
Saargemund
Dieulouard
Moyennic
NANCY
Lorchingen
Luneville
R. MOSELLE
R. MEURTHE
Rambervillers
St. Dié
Saales
Epinal
Fraize
Markirch
Gerardmer
Münster
Wesserling
Luxeuil
Bussang
Thann
Sennheim
Belfort
FRANCE
GERMANY

SCENE OF THE FIGHTING BETWEEN THE GERMANS AND THE ALLIES EAST OF PARIS.

"The British, French, and Russian Governments mutually engage not to conclude peace separately during the present war.

"The three Governments agree that, when the terms of peace come to be discust, no one of the Allies will demand conditions of peace without the previous agreement of each of the other Allies."

This means, so a British Foreign Office authority told the London correspondent of the New York *Times*,

"That the Allies are absolutely determined to stand together in this war for freedom, fighting together for the right and to vanquish an enemy who threatens the whole world. Until thrown together by the outbreak of hostilities the Entente had been a rather loosely constructed organization, with no definite undertaking, as far as England was concerned, to join with the others in military operations against any enemy. The French and Russians were pledged to assist each other, but England was not. Now the more or less informal Entente of the three countries becomes an absolute alliance, with each pledged to cooperation in war as well as politics."

Neutral countries, says the London *Daily Chronicle*, now "know definitely where things are. . . . They can assume, also, that whatever allowance must be left for the unforeseen, London, Paris, and Petrograd have reached already a general agreement as to the lines upon which Europe should be reconstructed." And *The Chronicle* adds, significantly: "It goes without saying that the five weeks which have intervened between the first outbreak of war and the signing of the treaty have not been spent by the diplomatists in merely drafting the two short clauses of which its text consists." The London *Times* wishes it understood that there is nothing new in this officially exprest determination of the Allies to persevere together.

HE SAVED THE DAY FOR ENGLAND.

Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien. In his account of the British retreat and running fight with the German forces under Von Kluk, on August 26, Field-Marshal Sir John French says: "I can not close the brief account of this glorious stand of the British troops without putting on record my deep appreciation of the valuable services rendered by Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien. I say without hesitation that the saving of the left wing of the Army under my command on the morning of August 26 could never have been accomplished unless a commander of rare and unusual coolness, intrepidity, and determination had been present to personally conduct the operations."

> "We have all entered into this war for the sake of the peace that we mean to make after it, so that, in the words used in the memorable declaration by Dr. Eliot, ex-President of Harvard University, 'it may mean the end of militarism.'
>
> "But while we know this well enough, Germany did not know it. She believed that when France has suffered a certain amount of her brutality she will forget everything but that suffering and will make peace on what the Germans are pleased to call easy terms, and even, perhaps, be grateful to Germany because these terms are no worse."

So the London protocol appears to those supporting the Allies, but to Germans, if the New York Chamber of German-American Commerce may be permitted to speak for them, it shows the "desperate position" of the Triple Entente, and "keeps up the traditions of perfidious England." Quoting further from this statement:

> "France, during the last four weeks, has had the Germans in her territory, and however humane and well disciplined an army may be, it must do a great deal of damage to a country that it has to conquer. It would have been reasonable for France, under the circumstances, to make peace as quickly as possible so as to save the rest of the country from the ravages of war. There is no question but what she could have made peace with honor, but this was not to England's interest.
>
> "The military machine of Germany, which has never made an aggressive war, has never endangered international peace; but the selfish interests of England, who wants to be the undisputed ruler of the shipping and commerce, is the most dangerous proposition that the world has had to face. It is all the more dangerous on account of the natural cant and hypocrisy of the English diplomacy, which is cunning enough to shift the responsibility for its ill deeds on other people."

In the eyes of most editors in this country, however, this new agreement is neither glorious nor perfidious, and means merely "the inevitable prolongation of the war to the bitter end." In the light of this document, they see no hope in the rumors of an early peace through the mediation of President Wilson. It means the slaughter of so many more thousands of German working men, French shopkeepers, and Russian peasants. The Philadelphia *Press*, indeed, thinks that "conditions are conceivable under which the French people would insist that peace be made regardless of the compact which has just been announced," but it admits that the probability is remote. In certain contingencies the protocol would pave the way to an early settlement, suggests the Baltimore *News*, "for tho neither France nor Russia may make peace alone, it binds England not to prolong hostilities indefinitely against their wishes." But even if it does mean prolongation of the war, observes the Washington *Times*, "it means less likelihood of a second war of new alliances succeeding the present conflict." If the Allies are eventually successful, explains the Newark *News*, "a real concert of Powers will be established." For,

> "No one of the Allies can demand a partitioning of Europe to suit its own interests. . . . . .
>
> "This step practically clinches the equal civil rights promised to the Jews. It will tend to persuade the Poles that Russia's promises, even tho forced by the emergencies, were made in good faith, and, if Russian arms are successful, they will doubtless seize the opportunity to become united under a Russian viceroy.
>
> "At the very time when the outlook for the Allies was blackest, some of the most influential British papers took occasion to declare that if the tide of battle turned, Britain would guarantee to repartition Europe along racial lines and in accordance with the wishes of the people. Since the people who now suffer most because of artificial boundaries are mainly Slavs, Russia may be expected to support Britain in this undertaking. If Russia should push her zeal for the Slavs too far, however, Britain may turn to France for support in checking her. A reasonable approach to sanity in the final settlement, then, may be looked for, if the Allies succeed."

The New York *Press* and *Tribune* think it well for the world that the war be fought out to the end, namely, the defeat of Germany. For if "militaristic" Germany succeeds, *The Tribune* "can not conceive how anything more than an armed truce is possible." "To obtain peace by a blind compromise," it declares,

> "is to ignore the most significant of facts. It is damming Niagara with kind words. In the first place, it can not be done. . . . In the second place, if it conceivably could be done, the peace resulting would be a false peace of no lasting value and certain to involve the world in fresh hostilities before a generation had passed."

But calmer observers outside of New York prefer to take the new agreement as simply an interesting indication that the war will last three years, perhaps, rather than six months. And sober, impartial comment on the great and long-drawn-out contest they now see inevitable is characteristic of such representative dailies as the Boston *Transcript*, Providence *Journal*, Lowell *Courier-Citizen*, New Haven *Journal-Courier*, Rochester *Herald*, Philadelphia *Press*, Washington *Herald*, Cleveland *Leader* and *Plain Dealer*, Detroit *Free Press*, St. Louis *Globe Democrat*, and Savannah *News*. What we are to see, remarks the Indianapolis *News*, "is not a mere test of military

GENERAL VON KLUK. GENERAL PAU. GENERAL ROUZSKY. ARCHDUKE FREDERICK.

General von Kluk commands the German right wing, which pushed the Allies' left back from Belgium to Paris, but was later itself compelled to retire. General Pau won successes for the French in Alsace-Lorraine in the early days of the war, and was summoned north to help beat back the oncoming German right. General Rouzsky commands the Russian Army in Galicia, which is reported to have defeated the Archduke Frederick's Austrian forces and inflicted a loss of 120,000 men. Vienna denies the Russian reports of victory.

FOUR GENERALS WHO MAY FIGURE IN HISTORY.

strength as it is to-day, but a test of endurance and of resources yet to be developed."

This fact is especially apparent in the dispatches from England. We hear of Premier Asquith's successive calls for troops which will bring the total British Army up to about 1,400,000 men. We hear, too, of Mr. Lloyd George's reminders that England has "won with a silver bullet before," and his opinion that the nation should husband its resources, as "the last few hundred millions may win this war." And the New York *World* is profoundly imprest by the fact that "all the resources of men and money of the greatest Empire ever known have been enlisted for the war and are to be thrown into the balance."

Nor are the other combatants a whit behind Britain. Germany has called out the Landsturm, France is arming her last reserves, Russia has declared her determination to see the war through, "no matter how long it takes or how much it costs." And Japan has declared her resolve to fight as long as do her Western allies. Germany and Austria, we learn, agreed before the fighting began not to make peace separately. Both sides, notes the San Francisco *Chronicle*, "are preparing for protracted warfare. Paris is being stocked with food supplies for a long resistance, and Berlin is reported to be killing animals in the zoo for the purposes of economizing on meat consumption."

In an editorial setting forth the patriotic unanimity of the different warring peoples the Boston *Herald* asks its readers in particular to abandon the belief that the German Kaiser's "hotheadedness forced the issue, contrary to the real wishes of his peace-loving subjects." It asserts, in words which must be read in the light of the recent patriotic statements of German savants, and the almost universal testimony of returning travelers, that behind the Kaiser "the German people are more perfectly united than we have ever been behind any of our war Presidents." For instance, it notes, "Ralph Pulitzer, president of the New York *World*, which is an unsparing critic of the Kaiser and autocracy, writes from Germany that its people as one man are fighting, as they believe, in self-defense." And "no one conversant with the situation has given us a shred of evidence in the other direction."

Both sides, sadly comments the New York *Sun*, believe they are fighting with God in "the highest interests of civilization":

> "There can be no doubt that the combatants alike are now determined to put their last man in the field, believing that defeat would be fatal to national ideals and aspirations. There can also be no doubt that the people of all the combatant nations are at present resolute to support the national policy and make the last sacrifice for its success. It is to be noted that political partizanship has everywhere subsided. Would that the present prospect were for a short war and a quick peace!"

EUROPE APPEALING TO AMERICA

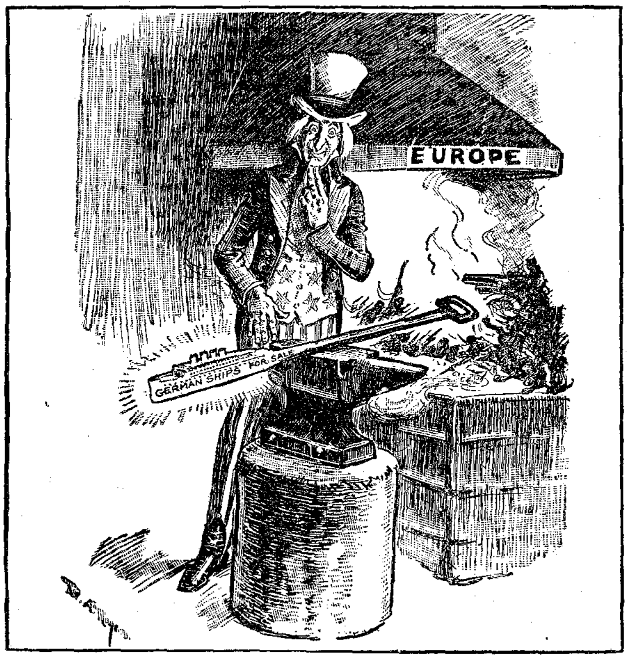
WE ARE ASKED to "imagine Napoleon in the full tide of any of his successful campaigns stopping to explain to some neutral Power why he had destroyed some architectural treasures in the wrath of war!" But the world has moved, continues the newspaper-writer who puts the question, and the nations at war in Europe are actively trying to secure the good-will of neutral America. To say nothing of appeals from newspapers and individuals, there is the Belgian delegation visiting Washington to "present to the President their story of the destruction of Louvain and what they hold to be convincing proof of atrocities committed by the German troops." There is Emperor William's letter to President Wilson charging his foes with using "dum-dum" bullets, and justifying the conduct of his armies in Belgium. There is the reply to this protest from President Poincaré of France. There is the appeal of the Burgomaster of Ghent for American protection. There is the announcement, which the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* notes, "that the German War Office will make a thorough investigation of the acts of wanton cruelty alleged to have been committed by German troops in Belgium, and will then invite three neutral nations to pass in review the findings." These things, the Pittsburg *Gazette-Times* is persuaded, can only prove "that, after all, the great force to be reckoned with by the warring nations is the world's public opinion." Neither England nor France, writes Willis J. Abbot in the New York *American*,

> "has the remotest idea that the United States will give them material aid, yet it is obvious enough that their efforts to cultivate a sentiment hostile to Germany in this country are only exceeded in vigor by the German endeavors to make that sentiment friendly. . . . . . .
>
> "Between the warring peoples the United States as a nation can not now judge. But that, coincidently with the struggles of their armies in the fields, the European governments should be striving so assiduously each to escape the odium of having caused the war, and to prove itself guiltless of the greater and unnecessary barbarities of war, proves that the world has moved far, and that

war, even if successful, is becoming more and more a crime rather than a glory in a nation's history."

While our editors appreciate the compliment paid to us as a nation by these appeals from European belligerents, most of them contend that there is nothing we can do about it. We may show sympathy for the sufferers, but that, says the Indianapolis *Star*, "is about as far as we are likely to go":

"The belligerents in Europe . . . are in a life-and-death struggle, and advice from outsiders is not likely to produce anything except friction. We are not looking for a chance to risk our present friendly relations with any belligerent for the sake of futile protests."



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LOOK OUT, UNCLE SAM—Y-YOU'LL BURN YOUR FINGERS.

—Rogers in the New York *Herald*.

That stories of atrocities on the part of Germans, Belgians, and Russians have been greatly exaggerated is the belief of the New York *Times*, *Tribune*, Nashville *Tennessean*, and San Francisco *Chronicle*. The testimony of the five well-known American newspaper correspondents who signed a statement that they saw no signs of German cruelty in Belgium is deemed particularly impressive. Furthermore, several American newspapers have been printing extracts from letters sent home by German officers and soldiers, telling, first, of the severe treatment meted out by military authorities to soldiers found guilty of misconduct toward non-combatants, and, secondly, of atrocities committed against them by the Belgian population."

The most noteworthy accusation against the Allies comes from no less a personage than Emperor William of Germany. He deems it his duty to inform President Wilson, "as the most notable representative of the principles of humanity," of the "barbarous" methods of his opponents. He alleges in particular the use of "dum-dum" bullets, and the cruelties practised by the Belgians in their "guerrilla warfare." He concludes with the declaration that his "heart bleeds" at the inevitable suffering from the punitive measures made necessary by such conduct.

In reply to this, however, we have President Poincaré's explicit denial of the Emperor's charges, and a return charge that the Germans were using the torturing bullets. English journalists hope Americans will not be convinced by these attempts to influence public opinion, in which "Belgian atrocities are explained away, and the most monstrous allegations made against the allied troops and unhappy Belgians themselves." "At all embassies and legations here," says a London dispatch to the New York *Times*, "as well as with the Government, there is no question about German outrages."

THE PRESIDENT "ON THE JOB"

OPPONENTS of the President are certainly making no objections to his decision to renounce the stump this fall in the Congressional campaign, and his friends unite in lauding the high patriotism of it, so the approval appears to be pretty nearly unanimous. At a time when the European din is drowning out all other sounds and politics is driven into the back pages of the daily papers, a decision not to speak is thought wise as well as virtuous by opposition critics; but more friendly observers remark that the less said by our Chief Executive the better for our international relations just now, and his intention to stay in Washington and "on the job," as he phrases it, is declared by the New York *Herald* (Ind.) to be "none the less welcome and none the less commendable because it is what the American people had a right to expect." Some Democratic Congressmen are, of course, disappointed that the President is not to appear in their districts. But Democrats, as a rule, if their newspapers represent them fairly, do not expect their cause to suffer. For one thing, as the Philadelphia *Record* (Dem.) reminds us, tho the President will not leave Washington, he may take opportunity to state the Democratic party's case in writing, and, declares *The Record*, he "is the best political letter-writer we ever had." Moreover, says the Baltimore *Evening Sun*, speaking for a number of its fellow supporters of the Administration, "his refusal to take the stump this fall and the letter in which he gives the reasons for that refusal will be worth more to himself and the Democratic party politically than all the speeches he could deliver in the Congressional campaign." And, what is more, as Democratic dailies like the New York *World* and Brooklyn *Eagle* see it, their party, because of its record and because of the change in the political atmosphere due to the war in Europe, faces the fall elections with perfect confidence. This confidence is shared by the President, as may be seen from his review of the work of the Congress in his letter telling Chairman Doremus, of the Democratic Congressional Committee, why he does not feel justified in taking an active part in the campaign. He trusts that he may often have the privilege of calling attention to the "fine and unselfish service" of Congress, and hopes that he can again be given such "colleagues." But, he continues:

"In view of the unlooked-for international situation, our duty has taken on an unexpected aspect. Every patriotic man ought now to 'stay on his job' until the crisis is passed, and ought to stay where his job can best be done. . . . . . .

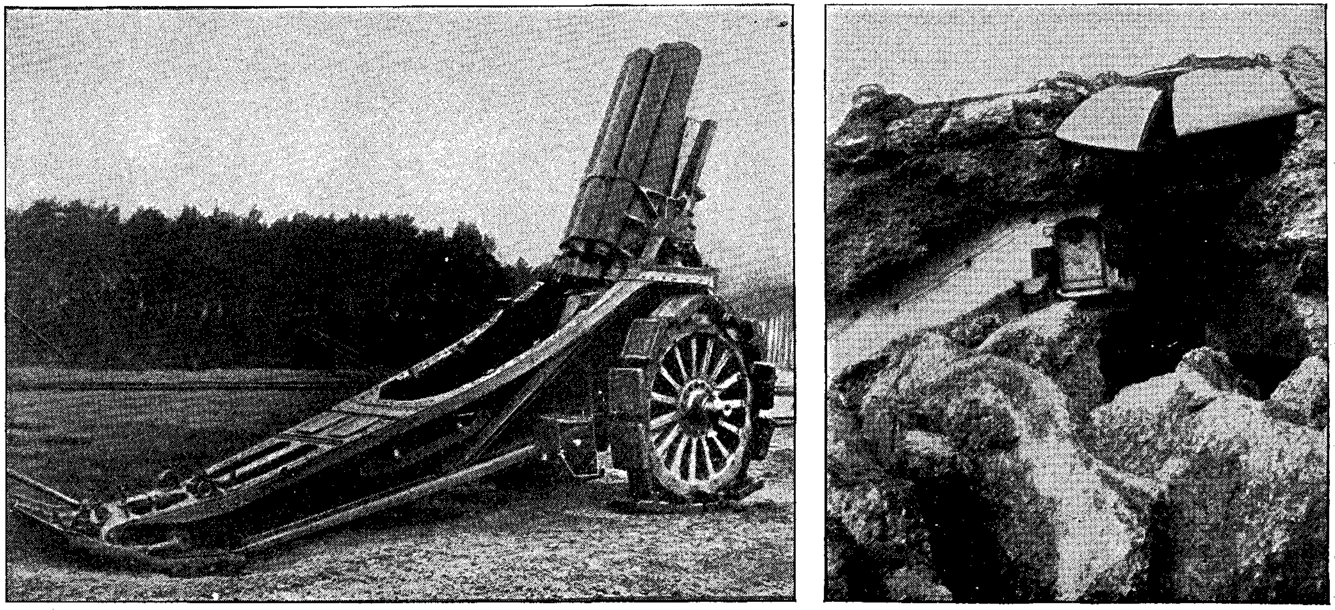
"The President can not, especially in times like these, turn away from his official work even for a little while. Too much depends upon his keeping all the threads of what is occurring in his hands.

"I have, therefore, reached the conclusion that I can not in any ordinary sense take an active part in the approaching campaign; that I must remain here to attend to the serious work sure to fill the months immediately before us—months that will carry with them obligations, no doubt, of the most tremendous sort. I know that you will feel similarly about your own obligations; that members of Congress, too, without distinction as to party affiliations, will feel that they must remain to do the work of necessary and pressing service and bring it to a successful conclusion. . . . . . .

"The time has come for great things. These are days big with destiny for the United States, as for the other nations of the world. A little wisdom, a little courage, a little self-forgetful devotion may under God turn that destiny this way or that.

"Great hearts, great natures, will respond. Even little men will rejoice to be stimulated and guided and set a heroic example. Parties will fare well enough without nursing if the men who make them up and the men who lead them forget themselves to serve a cause, and set a great people forward on the path of liberty and peace."

The "good sense and patriotism" of this "will meet with universal approval," in the New York *Sun's* (Ind.) opinion.



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A GERMAN SIEGE-GUN AND WHAT IT CAN DO.

At the right is seen one of the Liége forts after receiving the attention of Germany's siege artillery. The 11-inch portable howitzer, at the left, is one of the types being used by the Germans with terrible effect in their attacks upon fortified positions in Belgium and France.

"Even from the viewpoint of party expediency," adds the Syracuse *Herald* (Ind.), "it is a sagacious stand." In an appreciatory vein the New York *World* says that while "we have had Presidents who regarded the duties of the Chief Magistracy as an easy routine," and "others who used their position to exploit themselves by extensive travel, public shows, and incessant speech-making,

> "Woodrow Wilson has been on the job for peace, on the job for fair taxation, on the job for honest business, on the job for self-respecting industry, on the job for sound currency, and on the job for just banking. We believe that a great people who are also on the job will take care of him and of every member of Congress, no matter what his party label may be, who has supported him."

And the Democratic majority in Congress, *The World* adds, has a record which speaks for itself in the campaign now opening, for it is no small task—

> "To have reformed the tariff, to have lightened the burden of taxation on the consumption of the masses, to have reformed the currency and banking, to have restored the nation's regard for the sanctity of treaties in the Panama Canal tolls legislation, to have cleared up the debatable ground around the antitrust laws, to have opened the way for the restoration of the American merchant marine."

Also, thinks the New York *Evening Post* (Ind.), "the fact that we are at peace with all the world is sure to weigh mightily with thousands of voters."

> "They will be inclined, other things being equal, to make their vote for members of Congress a vote of approval for the Administration which, in the face of all possible discouragement, by skill and patience and firmness averted a war that seemed all but absolutely upon us; and averted it not only without loss of national prestige, but with a great gain for the position of the country in its relations with the South-American republics."

The same thought is in the mind of the Brooklyn *Eagle* (Dem.), as it points out the change that came over the face of our politics within a little over a month:

> "Six weeks ago, when partizanship ruled, Republican hopes ran high of a victory in November which should return the control of the House to that party, and which should overwhelm the Wilson policies with a vote of national disapproval. Such a reversal in the House is likely in the mid-term of Presidents, and the Republicans counted, properly enough, not merely upon that recurring mid-term flood, but upon the opposition of many to Wilson's Mexican policy and to the repeal of the Panama tolls exemption law.
>
> "The invasion of Belgium checked that confidence, however. For a few days people fixt their minds on the cables, to see how far the conflagration was to run. Then, when they realized that we were in the presence of a world war, and that the United States was not to be engulfed in it, through the leadership of a man wise enough and strong enough to maintain our neutrality, a great national wave of thankfulness went up. The people realized that they had a leader whom they could trust, and they resolved to support him firmly until this danger was past. With the growth of that feeling the Republican hopes of a mid-term reversal of the House control vanished, and the Democratic party came into a position where it 'will fare well enough without nursing.'"

Congressmen seeking reelection, observes the Newark *News* (Ind.), may well take a hint from the President's words, for "the people will not forget to reward those of their Representatives who stay with Wilson 'on the job' at Washington, nor will they fail to remember those who have deserted their posts to advance their own interests."

While many Republican papers follow up their praise of the President's stand with criticisms of the Democratic Congressional majority and its acts, a few frankly attack the Doremus letter as a campaign document. The Brooklyn *Standard Union* (Rep.) is displeased with what it considers the Presidential disregard of the proprieties:

> "He furnishes to the Democratic Congressional Campaign Committee, on the request of its chairman, a 1,000-word 'key-note' for the campaign, which is put out for partizan use by the Committee at the very time when the President of the United States is supposed by Americans to be occupying his mind with very different things. . . . . .
>
> "Evidently he realizes the awkwardness of his position in thus suddenly starting up the national political campaign at this particular time. He lamely apologizes for it, and even in writing his campaign document he adopts the tone of pretending he is not doing it."

Now that Mr. Wilson has fired the first gun in the political campaign, he may expect, so *The Standard Union* continues, to draw the fire of the opposition, whose members "do not think his Administration has been such a wonderful and semisacred thing as he makes out, nor do they have the slightest respect for those Democratic Congressmen he puffs up so fulsomely while they are for the most part neglecting the duties they draw pay for in order to come home and look after their own interests."

COLORADO ASKED TO PACIFY ITSELF

The "DISGRACEFUL AND INTOLERABLE" conditions in Colorado, where United States troops have been doing police duty for more than four months as the result of the strike deadlock between the mine-owners and the United Mine Workers of America, must come to an end, say some commentators as they consider President Wilson's draft of "a tentative basis for the adjustment of the strike" offered in identical letters to the contending parties. The plan of settlement involves a truce of three years' duration, we read, and there are things about it that neither side will like. Yet, says the Brooklyn *Eagle*, as "the United States has been compelled to intervene by a situation which was close to civil war, and the intervention can not be made permanent," it behooves Colorado to concede "to the United States at least a moral right to suggest a *modus vivendi* for the preservation of peace after its withdrawal, and to insist upon its acceptance, unless some equally promising plan is forthcoming from the parties."

So far no such plan is in sight, *The Eagle* goes on to say, and "until one is evolved, the man or organization that refuses to accept the Wilson plan will assume a grave responsibility." In making the request for a settlement, which is based on the investigations of the Federal Commissioners of Conciliation, President Wilson urges that the disputants realize that "this is a time . . . when everything should be done that it is possible for men to do, to see that all untoward and threatening circumstances of every sort are taken out of the life of the people of the United States," while the proposals themselves are epitomized by *The Eagle* when it says that the agreement—

"Provides that the State laws shall be thoroughly enforced; that miners who have not been found guilty of a violation of law shall be permitted to return to their work; that intimidation shall be prohibited; that wage scales and mine regulations shall be printed and posted; that a grievance committee be appointed by the men of each mine from men who have worked there six months, and with married men in the majority, and that grievances which this committee is unable to adjust with employers shall be taken to a committee of three, to be appointed by the President, one man from each side and one impartial; that the decisions of this board shall be final, and that, during the truce, there shall be no mine guards, nor any picketing or colonizing by the men and no suspension of work pending the hearing of a dispute."

"It is none too soon to say," observes the New York *Evening Post*, "to the mining companies and the United Mine Workers alike, that the public opinion of the United States will imperatively demand that this method of terminating an intolerable state of things be accepted promptly and in good faith." And in the New York *World* we read that "in the miserable Colorado business the President addresses the Rockefeller mine-owners and strikers in his demand for peace, but it is plain he intends to move upon the State." Then this journal reminds us that a strike "of peculiar ferocity" has been in progress since last November, and that since May Federal troops have been in command of the State. We read:

"Since then State and Federal commissions have attempted without success to adjust matters. Labor leaders devoted to violence, agents of absentee employers infatuated with the idea that money must conquer, and local officials in a paralysis of timidity and demagogy have prevented a settlement.

"As the United States Army is not maintained for the purpose of keeping cutthroat capital and cutthroat labor apart in States recognized as sovereign, it is high time that, so far as its present errand is concerned, it should be withdrawn. If Colorado is unwilling or unable to enforce law among its inhabitants, the next visitation of the national forces should be in obedience to an order for the suppression of insurrection. If a Western State must be reconstructed from the ground up, here are precedents at the South that need not be ignored."

But the New York *Journal of Commerce*, viewing the President's proposal from a different angle, points out that "there is no reason why the 'emergency,' which is tacitly implied as the occasion for this appeal, should be used to coerce the acceptance of anything which is not in itself fair to both the parties concerned." And altho "the result aimed at is highly desirable," this journal adds, it is bound to avow that:

"The chance of the acceptance of this scheme by either party in the present case seems rather dubious. To the mine-owners it would be equivalent to a recognition of the very organization which has caused all their trouble by violating the very principles upon which these terms are based. It will be at least interesting to see what effect the President's direct appeal will have."

THE WAR IN BRIEF

Would you call a *Zeppelin* an overhead charge?—*Wall Street Journal.*

Turkey ought to wait until Thanksgiving Day to declare war on Russia.—*Washington Post.*

After this, European missionaries will have a lot to explain to the heathen in Africa and Asia.—*New York World.*

Kaiser William has his faults, but he hasn't turned any poet laureate loose on the neutral nations.—*Sioux City Tribune.*

At last England has reached the limit of savagery in warfare. She plans to have a regiment of football players.—*Louisville Post.*

Germans are accused of destroying some Belgian paintings. Militarism, then, is only a little brother to militancy.—*New York Evening Sun.*

It is notable that the censors allow all the flapdoodle to pass; precisely the stuff that a newspaper man would blue-pencil.—*St. Louis Globe Democrat.*

Recent events cast a shade of doubt on Mr. Kipling's remark as to the comparative deadliness of the male and the female of the species.—*Chicago News.*

It is suggested by *The Wall Street Journal* that the Venus de Milo was hidden in the vaults of the Louvre because she was unarmed.—*Nashville Southern Lumberman.*

In permitting 70,000 of its troops to be captured, perhaps it was the shrewd plan of the Russian General Staff to exhaust the German commissariat.—*Washington Post.*

Among the other theories that have not worked in practise are these:

1. That our modern implements of war, being so terribly destructive, have made war impossible.
2. That financiers are the real masters of Europe.
3. That the spread of Socialism in Europe has made the rulers afraid to fight.—*Kansas City Star.*

This country can be thankful that only its Treasury receipts are falling.—*Wall Street Journal.*

While the Czar is changing names, why doesn't he change the name of Europe to "Abattoir"?—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Wheat spoke yesterday at $1.25 ¼ a bushel, meaning that in wheat's opinion the war's end is remote.—*Springfield Republican.*

At the finish of the war Colonel Roosevelt may be invited to Europe to locate the lost rivers and boundary-lines.—*Memphis Commercial Appeal.*

Some of those spies who have been obtaining accurate photographs of fortified places would hardly recognize the originals by this time.—*Washington Post.*

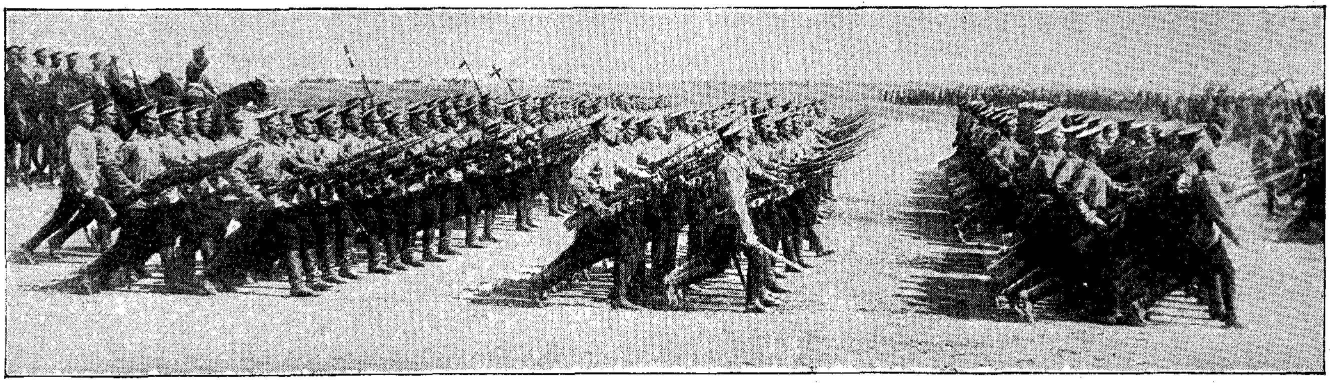
And now it is twelve cents a pound! We thought we heard somebody say down in Washington last winter that we were going to have free sugar?—*New York American.*

After looking over the war maps one is convinced that the Powers have been so successful in localizing the war that it covers pretty nearly every locality in Europe.—*Memphis Commercial Appeal.*

Lord Aylmer suggests that German prisoners taken in the war be sent to Canada and encouraged to settle there. No higher compliment was ever unconsciously paid by foe to foe than this!—*Chicago Herald.*

International Regrets—Greatly to my regret . . . —*Francis Joseph.* In spite of our intense desire for friendly relations . . .—*Peter.* In the midst of perfect peace, the enemy surprizes us . . . Forward with God . . . —*William.* Little as we incline to do so, we are forced . . . —*George.* Strong in our ardent desire of arriving at a peaceful solution . . . —*Poincaré.* Our menaced nation shudders and its children have bounded to the frontier . . . —*Albert.* It is with profound regret that we, in spite of our ardent devotion to the cause of peace, are thus compelled . . . —*Emperor of Japan.*—*Harper's Weekly.*

FOREIGN COMMENT



THE RUSSIAN "STEAM-ROLLER,"

Which has conquered a large part of Austrian Poland, but is finding German Poland a harder proposition.

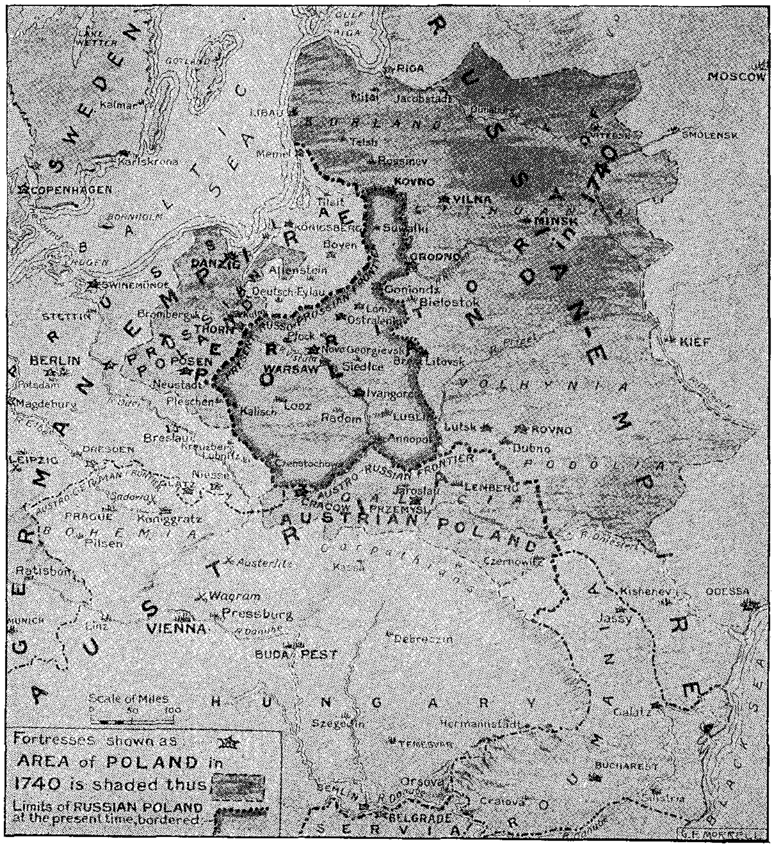
RESURRECTION OF POLAND

THE CZAR'S PROCLAMATION to the Poles, offering them a restoration of their union and liberty in case the Allies prevail in the present war, is looked upon by the British press and by eminent historians and statesmen as "a masterpiece of imaginative statecraft," to use the phrase of the London *Daily Chronicle*. In the absence of German or Austrian comment, we can present only the views of the Allies in this article, but will give the other side when it appears. In our issue of September 5, several skeptical reflections on the Czar's sincerity were quoted from the American press. The Russian autocrat promises solemnly that Russia, if victorious, will reunite into one Kingdom of Poland the Poles of Austria, Prussia, and Russia. They are to enjoy complete autonomy under the Czar's scepter. It is a promise of resurrection to a nation which was abolished finally by the Congress of Vienna in 1875. For many years the Poles in Paris have chanted on bended knee:

> "So long as we can live and sigh,
> Our well-loved Poland cannot die."

Now, however, writes the Paris correspondent of the London *Daily Chronicle:*

> "Among the Polish colony there is unspeakable joy. Family groups gathered to celebrate the good news, while many of the pious Polish women went to their mission church to offer up prayers of thanksgiving."


Fortresses shown as ☆
AREA of POLAND in 1740 is shaded thus ▨
Limits of RUSSIAN POLAND at the present time, bordered:
RUSSIAN EMPIRE
GERMAN EMPIRE
AUSTRIAN POLAND
POLAND IN 1740
MOSCOW
WARSAW
BERLIN
VIENNA
BUDA PEST
KIEF
ODESSA
DANZIG
RIGA
VILNA
MINSK
LEMBERG
CRACOW
PRAGUE
DRESDEN
BELGRADE
BUCHAREST
Scale of Miles
G. F. MORRELL

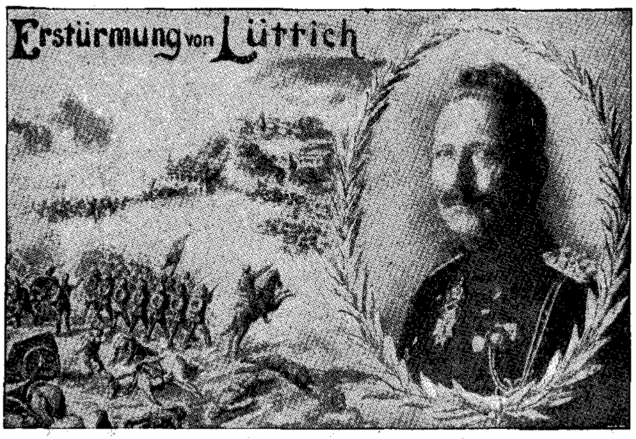
From the London "Graphic."

THE POLAND OF 1740 AND THE POLAND OF TO-DAY.

The French press thrills with delight to see that the ally of France has seized the unique opportunity of catching up with the progress of the world and at the same time claiming indemnity from the invader of France. For Prussia would be compelled to give up to the restored Kingdom of Poland 26,000 square miles of territory and Austria about 35,000 square miles. The new State would have a population of some 20,000,000. The great French historian, Gabriel Hanotaux, looks upon what he styles in the *Figaro* "the resurrection of Poland" as in some sense sanctifying the object of the war, and he remarks:

> "After this frightful war, this war which was necessary in order to exorcize the devilish spirit which urges Germany to the most frantic of struggles, what shall the new Europe be? The proclamation of the Grand Duke Nicholas reveals the principle upon which the consequences of victory are to be based. Under the scepter of the Czar Poland shall be born again, free in her religion, in her language, in her autonomy, and Europe, the whole liberal world, the countries of civilization and high ideals, will know what they have been fighting for. This war, had it no other object than that which we have indicated, would be well justified. Let our adversaries say what they have been fighting for. They are fighting to maintain the

yoke of servitude imposed by braggarts, blockheads, and saber-bearers. It is a war of officers, as said a German soldier who was picked up on the field of battle at Liége. We will make a new Europe, free and united. We are numerous enough and strong enough to espouse all causes that are just. France is used to such sacrifices as are imposed by such a course of action. She needs only to feel that her heart is beating in union with that of the Allies. England does not wish to incur the charge of dishonor. Belgium does not wish to submit to a German yoke; Russia is restoring the kingdom of Poland. Come, then, without fear and without reproach and engage in the great impending battle. The cause is understood before the tribunal of God."



"THE STORMING OF LIÉGE."

Patriotic post-card circulating in Germany.

Speaking of Poland's future as to be determined by the result of the war, the semiofficial *Temps* (Paris) observes:

"It is a war for the good of the peoples, a war to redress the errors of a century of history. Russia reconciles the two great branches of the Slav family, while France, in reclaiming Alsace and Lorraine, pursues *la revanche*, not for its own prestige, but for the right of peoples to dispose freely of themselves."

Impassioned are the terms in which Mr. Clemenceau in his *L'Homme Libre* (Paris) hails this coming rebirth of Poland.

"One of the greatest crimes of history is thus to be ended. The Allies in a war waged in pursuit of justice and liberty naturally seek support in an appeal to the noble sentiments of independence, which form one of the strongest forces in the human breast. Nicholas II. should now certainly reflect upon the position of the people of Finland.

"As for the Poles, there are quite 300,000 of them in the armies of the German Kaiser, and they would ask nothing better than to direct their weapons against those who lead them bound in the chains of an iron discipline. Poland rises miraculously like Lazarus from the grave. Neither William II. nor Francis Joseph could have attempted this deed without making war upon each other.

"It needed courage to break with the harsh traditions of Russia, but it was inevitable that a war of liberation should lead to still further extensions of right and liberty between the peoples."

The spirit of Jaurès, the antimilitarist and Socialist, breathes through the following words of the *Humanité*, a paper he founded and edited to the day of his death:

"The world must go back to the wars of the French Revolution to find anything like the wind of liberty which is blowing upon and bringing back to life the dead bones of the European policies of to-day. In every land the war is regarded as being directed against imperialistic brutality and the misuse of power. Those, on the other hand, who supply the sinews and support the struggle and endure the sacrifice it entails will demand that it should result in the extension of liberty and the more rapid promotion of social progress."

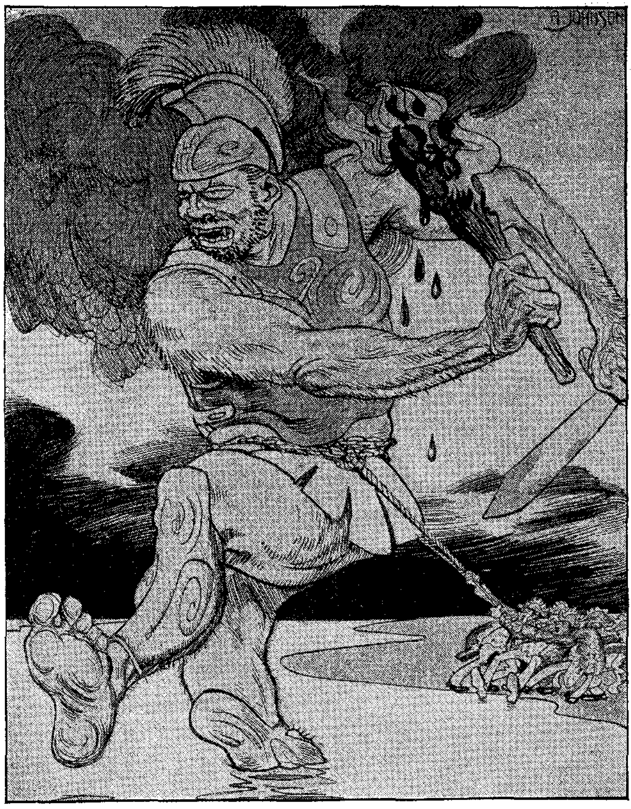
When the Grand Duke Nicholas, Commander-in-Chief of the Russian Army, published his proclamation in Poland he offered the Poles their choice, to stay as they were or join Russia against Germany and Austria. Of their answer, *The Daily News* (London) says:

"The leader of the Poles in the Duma has announced the solidarity of the Poles of the Kingdom with the Russian people. The Polish nobles of the Government of Minsk, outside the Kingdom, have met together to express their loyalty to Russia. In London the Poles are considering a plan for forming a Polish legion to fight on our side. The same thing is happening in France. There is at present no indication, so far as we know, of the attitude of the Poles of Galicia. One thing is certain, they will place their own interests before everything else. It is important for the Poles to be on the side of the victors in this war. This consideration is likely to induce the Poles of Austria to throw in their lot with their brethren in Russia. Prussian oppression of the Poles has been too brutal to leave any doubt as to the attitude of the people of the Duchy, a territory more seething with discontent than Alsace."

The London *Spectator* asks, "Will the Poles trust Russia's words?" and continues:

"We hope that Russia may be able to dissipate all Polish hesitation. Let her guarantee the Prussian and Austrian Poles absolute protection, and at the same time let her exact from the Poles promises that they will never use autonomy to oppress Jews or Ruthenians or any other minority. If this be accomplished, the war will more than ever be stamped as a war for the safeguarding of the smaller peoples who dare to preserve the distinctive marks of their race or their nationality."

The evident satisfaction with which French writers and statesmen receive the news of Russia's action in the case of Poland is not shared by some English organs which scarcely trust to the genuineness of Russia's sincerity. The Poles themselves, however, take the matter seriously, as their spokesman in the Duma declared. But the coldest comment we have found is the cautious utterance of the London *Tablet*, which thinks that "the difficulties in the way of the acceptance of the Czar's offer are as great as they are numerous, but it contains a chance for the divided Poles to become, in some sort, what England, France, and Russia are fighting to maintain for Belgium."



MARS RUNNING AMOK.

When once he's loosed, who can hold him?

—© *Kladderadatsch* (Berlin).

ENGLISH SHARE IN THE GUILT

THE GERMAN KAISER has for some weeks been made the target of contumely by English, French, Canadian, and a few New York newspapers. It is his overbearing ambition, we are told, which has driven the civilized nations of the Continent into deadly strife. It is Krupp forges and foundries that have been encouraged to shape the thunderbolt of this war lord, his enemies tell us, and at Essen alone are to be found the destructive weapons with which he has long intended to strike his foes, and especially England, whose naval supremacy and vantage-ground of commercial power he covets.

Now this is all wrong, declares the editor of the London *Labor Leader*. There are mercantile firms in England who have long been helping to furnish the Kaiser and the Emperor of the Dual Monarchy with explosives, with ships of war, and other warlike supplies. The paper whose opinion we are stating is edited with singular ability, and a spirit of honest conviction lends intensity to its sometimes blazing columns. We quote as follows from an article headed "A Hellish Conspiracy," in which Germany and Austria are said to be armed by British firms:

"Few people realize that British armaments firms, both inside and outside the ring, have actually armed the German and Austrian forces against Great Britain. This assertion will appear incredible. Even those who appreciate the lack of principle which characterizes modern business transactions will hesitate to believe that the claims of 'patriotism' can be betrayed so infamously. Well, we will state the facts in detail."

It then names several firms dealing in explosives, arms, and ammunition, and proceeds:

"Names of officers of the British, German, and French armies are to be found side by side in the shareholders' list.

"Let us hope fate may not be so unkind as to cause any of these officers to be blown to bits by their own gunpowder.

"Great Britain is now at war with Austria, and before many days have passed the Austrian and British fleets will, no doubt, be engaged in battle in the Mediterranean.

"Many of the destroyers in the Austrian fleet have been constructed and equipped by British armaments firms."

More than that, we are told, many of the torpedoes with which the Austrian fleet will attempt to sink British "dreadnoughts" have been manufactured at the torpedo-factory at Fiume, which is controlled by British capital. Such are the main features of what this paper styles a "hellish conspiracy" against peace and the abolition of armies and navies desired by the Labor Party. The labor leader, John Burns, resigned his seat in the Cabinet because he was opposed to the "war lords" of England, we are told. But in spite of the efforts of the English Labor Party:

"Alas—the schemers were also at work. The war lords, the financiers, and those who supply the instruments of destruction were not asleep.

"Why supply money and men and ships without an opportunity of trying them? The blood of the men, the tears of the women and children, and the future taxation and poverty of the poor were as nothing. An excuse must be made, and, slight as it was, it presented itself and it was sufficient.

"A man and a woman were done to death by a maniac. Men and women have been done to death in thousands in all of the countries in Europe, by those whose god is Mammon, as a matter of course and without protest. But this man and woman—they were more than God's creatures. Were they not gilded darlings of society? Nay, were they not Royalty? A cause of quarrel had arisen and rivers of blood must flow.

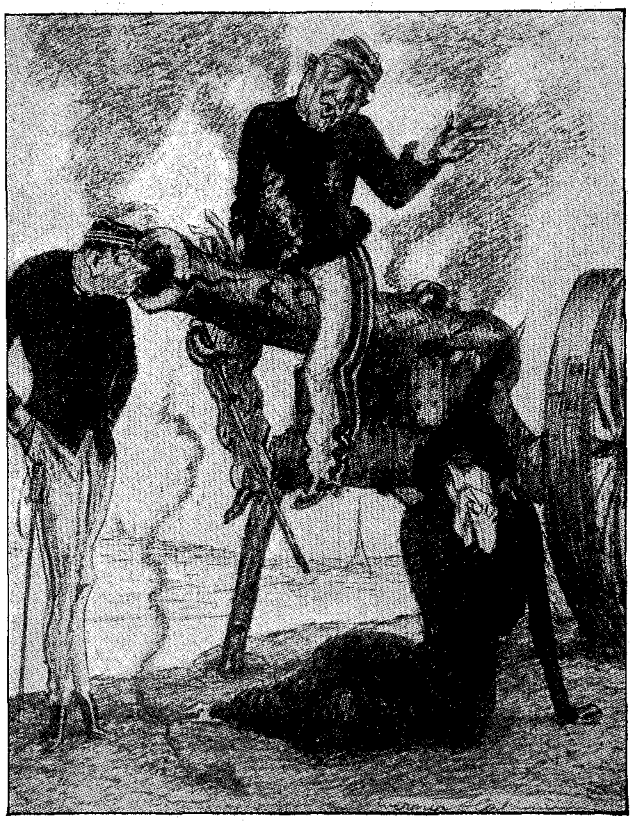
"Few people thought that the initial cause was enough to kindle a fire which might traverse the whole of Europe, but the chance of the war-mongers had come, and the conflagration must be hurried forward before the good sense of the people of all the nations concerned could arouse in them a feeling of horror which would arrest the blood lust and keep their rulers in check."

Those who blame Germany and its ruler for the condition of things are putting the saddle on the wrong horse, proclaims this British writer:

"Efforts are being made to arouse the hatred of British workers against the workers of Germany. The war has not been forced upon the people of France, Belgium, and Britain by the people of Germany, but in spite of them, and any word now spoken by us against the German people will make our task, and their task, more difficult in the years to come."

Germany is really not to blame, and her adversaries must bear the blood-guiltiness on their head, this writer tells us:

"It is monstrously unfair to thrust upon the war lords of Germany all the responsibility for the present conflict. It may be true that they have held a pistol at the head of Europe, but is there not some justification for a man whipping out his pistol when he is surrounded by armed enemies plotting his downfall? That has been the position of Germany. During the last ten years Great Britain, France, and Russia have deliberately schemed to isolate and degrade Germany."



GERMAN SATIRE ON FRENCH ARTILLERY.

"If Mme. Caillaux had used a French cannon instead of a Browning revolver, Calmette would still be alive."

— © *Kladderadatsch* (Berlin).

Such are the utterances of an extreme party organ, but the most learned and eminent men in Germany share this opinion. Thus we find in the *Vossische Zeitung* (Berlin) the following declaration published by Prof. Ernst Haeckel, the leading materialistic philosopher of Jena, and Professor Eucken, the most eminent of German spiritualistic philosophers, in which they express their indignation at the present behavior of England in the following terms:

"What is happening to-day will be inscribed in the annals of history as an indelible shame to England. England fights to please a half-Asiatic Power against Germanism. She fights not only on the side of barbarism, but also of moral injustice, for it is not to be forgotten that Russia began the war because it was not willing that there should be a thorough expiation of a wretched murder.

"It is the fault of England that the present war is extended to a world war, and that all culture is thereby endangered. And why all this? Because she was envious of Germany's greatness, because she wished at all costs to hinder a further extension of this greatness. She was only waiting for a favorable opportunity to break out to the detriment of Germany, and she therefore seized most promptly on the necessary German advance through Belgium as a pretext in order to cloak her brutal national selfishness with a mantle of respectability."

WHY JAPAN ATTACKS GERMANY

AMERICAN CRITICISM of Japan for attacking the Kaiser when he was already pretty fully occupied with other Powers was almost ludicrously exaggerated in the Japanese imagination. We find in the Japanese press, in fact, that the attitude of the American public caused no small apprehension. It was even rumored there, we are told, that the whole Atlantic squadron of the United States was ordered to pass through the Panama Canal and proceed to the Far East. While no one knew what the meaning of this alleged move was, the public was so worked up by the rumor that the Government and the leading statesmen of Japan had to employ their utmost influence to calm the people. Count Okuma repeatedly assured the people that Japan and the United States understand each other perfectly well in the present juncture. At the same time our President and Secretary of State have also publicly stated that the United States has no reason to interfere with Japan's course of action, and it has been reported from Tokyo that the utterances of our Chief Executive have laid to rest the ghost of American interference.

Before the opening of hostilities between Germany and Great Britain, the press of Japan all expressed the wish that the European war would not drag Japan into the turmoil. They were cautious in commenting upon the relations between Japan and England, but intimated that if England should enter the conflict, Japan could not shirk the responsibility which the Treaty of Alliance with England placed upon her shoulders. According to the Tokyo *Asahi*, regarded as an authority on international problems, the Okuma Cabinet obviously had a clear understanding with Downing Street before Japan sent an ultimatum to Germany. The *Asahi* informs us:

> "A few days before England declared war on Germany, that is, on August 3, the British Ambassador returned to Tokyo from his summer villa to hold a conference with Baron Kato, Minister of Foreign Affairs. It is understood that at this meeting the British Ambassador wished to ascertain whether the Mikado's Government could be relied upon as the protector of British interests in the Far East, should the British Government be compelled to declare war on Germany. This was the first time England approached Japan since the opening of the European war. In putting this question to the Japanese Government, the British Ambassador had of course in mind clauses 1 and 3 in the preamble to the Anglo-Japanese Treaty of Alliance, which are, respectively, worded as follows:
>
> "'The consolidation of the general peace in the regions of eastern Asia and of India.'
>
> "'The maintenance of the territorial rights of the high contracting parties in the regions of eastern Asia and of India and the defense of their special interests in the said regions.'
>
> "At this conference Baron Kato replied to the British Ambassador that the question before him was of too serious a nature for him to give immediate answer. Consequently, on the day following, Baron Kato conferred with Premier Okuma and all the members of the Cabinet. On the evening of the same day Baron Kato had another conference with the British Ambassador and assured him that Japan was ready to take up arms at any moment Great Britain called upon her for aid.
>
> "Up to this time Japan did not expect to be called upon to join England very soon, but on the evening of August 7 the British Ambassador suddenly requested an interview with Baron Kato. It is understood that at this conference the British Ambassador told the Foreign Minister that a certain new factor was injected into the situation obliging England to ask for immediate assistance of Japan. On the same evening Premier Okuma called a meeting of Cabinet members and Elder Statesmen, and on August 16 Japan sent an 'advice' or ultimatum to Germany."

All the leading journals emphasize Japan's obligation to the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, and recall the moral support which England extended to Japan during the war against Russia. And yet some of the newspapers are frank enough to admit that Japan has seized upon the present opportunity to "get even with Germany." German interference in 1895 with the peace terms between Japan and China was, they declare, only the first in the long string of events calculated to alienate Japanese sympathy from Germany. The *Jiji*, for instance, publishes a history of Japanese-German relations during the past twenty years. To summarize the *Jiji's* story:

> "The German 'advice,' admonishing Japan for taking the Liaotung Peninsula from China, was of a peremptory nature—far more so than those of Russia and France. On April 23, 1895, the German Minister presented himself at the Foreign Office and in a most overbearing manner handed to the Foreign Minister the advice bluntly telling the Japanese to quit the peninsula for the sake of the peace of the Far East. In the original note it was even stated that Japan, a weak nation, could not afford to reject the advice and take the risk of entering into an armed conflict with such powerful nations as Germany and Russia. Upon the protest of the Foreign Department this part was struck out.
>
> "In the wake of Japan's forced evacuation of Liaotung, Germany and Russia entered into a secret understanding in virtue of which Germany occupied Kiaochow and Russia Liaotung, the self-same territory from which Japan was ousted only a short while before.
>
> "Since that time the Kaiser has been encouraging the Czar to concentrate attention upon the Far East, so that Germany could be comparatively free from Russian aggression in Europe. The result was the mustering in Manchuria of Russian troops in increasing numbers.
>
> "When the Boxer disturbance broke out in China, Japan proposed to the Powers that she be permitted to rush troops to China to rescue the beleaguered foreigners in Peking. Again the Kaiser interfered and said that unless he was convinced that Japan would not interfere with the interests of other Powers, he could not consent to Japan's proposal.
>
> "During the Russo-Japanese War Germany's attitude toward Russia was a virtual violation of neutrality, and Japan had to protest against Germany offering secret assistance to Russia.
>
> "What almost horrified the Japanese military authorities was that a German officer who was, by special courtesy of the Japanese Government, permitted to accompany the Army to the front, was found secretly sending war reports to the German Government without first submitting them to the censor."

All these experiences seem to have led the Japanese to the conclusion that Germany is a dangerous element in the Far East, and they have caught the first opportunity to destroy the German base in China. Immediately after England entered into the arena in Europe, a number of British merchant vessels in the Far East were either chased or captured by German cruisers, while a vessel of the Russian Volunteer Fleet was captured by a German war-ship within Japanese jurisdiction. All these incidents were interpreted by Japan and England as a menace to the "general peace" of the Far East and to the "special interests" of England and Japan in the said region, thus affording Japan the occasion for sending an ultimatum to Germany. And, of course, the Japanese have not yet forgotten the Kaiser's historic picture of the "Yellow Peril" in which an Oriental people, presumably the Japanese, was painted as tramping across the Asian continent and invading the Christendom of Europe. Speaking of England's share of the spoils in Germany's risk of her colonial possessions, the London *Outlook* remarks:

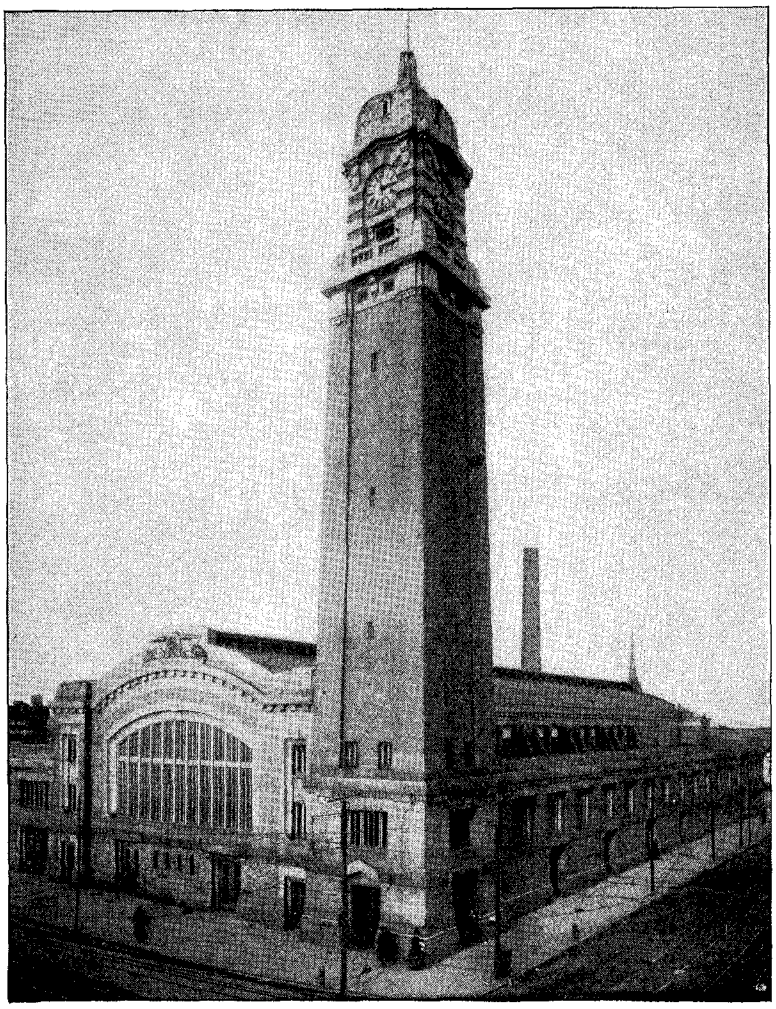
> "We do not for a moment suggest that Great Britain should annex the entire German Colonial Empire. But we do say the German colonies are legitimate objectives of British attack at this crisis, and the inability of the Germans to defend them would mean a severe loss of prestige and respect. This stroke at Britain's enemy is well worth considering by India, South Africa, Australia, and New Zealand. England had no desire to interfere with Germany's work of tropical administration. She might have kept her colonies for ever, and, indeed, England had already concluded an agreement with Germany which aimed at settling all possible grounds of conflict in Central Africa and substituting friendly cooperation for wasteful and dangerous rivalry. Germany has herself to thank if one of the results of this wantonly provoked war with the British Empire is the downfall of that imperial fabric which she has reared with such pride and care."—*Translations made for* THE LITERARY DIGEST.

SCIENCE AND INVENTION

A PUBLIC REFRIGERATOR

THE new city market-house in Cleveland, Ohio, includes a public cold-storage plant, where perishable goods are stored at reasonable rates. This plant is at the disposal not only of commercial concerns, but of private families, which are making increasing use of it. A man in Cleveland may not only lay in his coal for the winter, buying it in summer when the price is low, but he may now do precisely the same thing with his meat, poultry, eggs, vegetables, and other perishable supplies, using the facilities of the city's refrigerating plant. The large commercial cold-storage concerns have always refused to do small business of this kind. Arnold E. Cornell, writing in *The Technical World Magazine* (Chicago, September), on "Summer Prices in Mid-Winter," describes the new market-building, and then goes on:

"In the basement of this structure, 235 feet long and 136 feet wide, is the great opportunity, as yet but little used—the municipal cold-storage plant. It is here the housewife may store eggs, butter, or apples, when the prices are lowest, for use in the long winter when prices are almost prohibitive. Here, also, are cold-storage lockers five by six feet, for which the retail merchants in the market-house pay four dollars a month. Tho it is not apparent, these lockers are one of the greatest sanitary features of the establishment. The market is open only four days a week. On the closed days, perishable stocks are stored in these lockers instead of being hauled about the city in unsanitary wagons, through dusty streets, to ice-boxes of doubtful cleanliness.



Illustrations by courtesy of "The Technical World Magazine," Chicago.

CLEVELAND'S GREAT PUBLIC REFRIGERATOR.

"In the saving to the people, in the comfort and cleanliness it assures, it is, as Tom Johnson would say, 'a gold-mine to the commonwealth.'"

"The lockers, however, take up only a small part of the storage capacity of the plant. Seven cold rooms with a total capacity of nearly fifty thousand cubic feet are devoted exclusively to storing foods for the public. Wholesale dealers who make a business of speculating in cold-storage products were quick to take advantage of the excellent service, and the first year stored 3,000 barrels of apples, 2,000 cases of eggs, 175,000 pounds of cheese, besides a large quantity of bakers' supplies.

"Tucked away in odd corners were a few cases of eggs, a few crocks of butter, and three boxes of apples—all the property of families. That was in the winter of 1913–1914. This year, however, the glad word has been spread and consignments of family supplies are coming in most gratifyingly.

"When the warehouse, with its single refrigerating-machine, rated at thirty tons of ice a day cooling capacity and seven public rooms, was opened, few people realized it was there for their use. Cold storage to the public mind was a vast undertaking only for the experienced and wealthy speculators. Joseph M. McCurdy, superintendent of the plant, had been superintendent of the largest commercial plant in northern Ohio for ten years. He had experimented with small family facilities for years, but in a private venture the profits had been too small. In this public plant he began a campaign to educate the people, and it was quite by accident he obtained the first family consignment.

"'We of the city administration wanted the people to take advantage of the opportunity we were able to offer, but they did not flock to us as we had hoped,' says Mr. McCurdy. 'As superintendent of the warehouse, the responsibility for its success was directly upon me, and I went among my friends urging them to let me take care of their produce for them. I did everything I could think of to interest the people, but met with indifference.

"'Early in April, 1913, a woman called me over the telephone. She explained she had known me for years and begged as a favor that I permit her to store a case of eggs in the municipal warehouse. I could not convince her that the warehouse was designed for just such people as she. The city has no provision for trucking, but I wanted those eggs so much that I made an excuse to get into her neighborhood that day and brought them here. That was our first family lot. As a result of that call the women of the neighborhood combined and stored 150 dozen eggs with us.

"'The butter-storing season is the month of June. We had made a beginning with eggs, and it was not so hard to get people to put butter away. The big difficulty was educating prospective consumers to buy butter in tubs and repack it in crocks or to buy one-pound bricks. These were then crated and received as crates containing a specified number of packages which could be removed one or more at a time. We have to have such produce crated to save room and to save loss.

"'Apples were next in season. A woman who had no way of keeping a barrel of apples in her home was our first customer in this line. We never would have got those apples if the woman had not placed a sentimental value on them. They were raised at her old home and she did not want them to spoil. She repacked them in three boxes and sent them in. Toward spring she found she would need only two of the three boxes and came to me again. I went to one of the grocers in the market and sold the extra box, a bushel of apples, for enough to pay all expense of shipping, packing, and storing, together with the amount she paid for the whole barrel.

"'We have not begun to develop the possibilities of private storage. Bakers store fruits used in making pies, but so far we have not been able to devise a proper package for family use.

"'Poultry can be bought cheap in the spring and summer, drest and stored in a cold warehouse for use in the winter. The best hôtels and clubs making a specialty of broilers in January and February use only cold-storage birds. They are less expensive and much improved by freezing. This is true of all meats.

"'Each article must be kept at a certain temperature, and no two kinds of food can be stored in the same room. We have only seven rooms, but as the plant is enlarged we shall be able to extend our facilities. In the meantime we are experimenting, learning, and educating. Eventually we hope to be closer to the public than the corner grocer and of infinitely more benefit.' . . . . . .

EXPLAINING IT TO THE HOUSEWIFE.

The cost of living can be reduced by buying in the low-price season and storing in the city refrigerator until the high-price season.

"Thus has the city of Cleveland invested almost one million dollars of the taxpayers' money. Does it pay? A crate of eggs (thirty dozen) is stored from April 1 to January 1 for forty cents, one hundred pounds of butter from June 1 to February 1 for fifteen cents, one hundred pounds of cheese for a month for ten cents, and a barrel of apples (three bushels) from October 1 to April 1 for forty cents. Does it pay, when others charge from 5 to 10 per cent. more and refuse to handle family consignments?

"During the first year the Municipal Cold Storage warehouse showed a deficit of $1,663.74. It was not ready for use all of that time, and more than $2,200 was charged to operating expenses tho actually belonging to construction account. . . . . .

"Perhaps from a commercial viewpoint, with taxes to pay and stockholders to satisfy, it would be a failure. But in the saving to the people, in the comfort and cleanliness it assures, it is, as Tom Johnson would say, 'a gold-mine to the commonwealth.'"

AVALANCHES WHILE YOU WAIT—The production of real avalanches by the pressure of a button is described in *Cosmos* (Paris, July 23). This business, or sport, was carried on in certain parts of the Swiss Alps, either in connection with the moving-picture industry or simply for the enjoyment of the tourist, until the avalanche of war interrupted it. We read:

"Explosive cartridges are buried deeply in the accumulations of snow that crown the high ridges and are fitted with electric fuses connected by cable with a magnetic exploder situated in the valley. When everything is ready, the production of a feeble electric current is sufficient to explode simultaneously all the charges of powder, and formidable masses of snow are precipitated down the mountainsides, with all the terrible roarings of a natural avalanche."—*Translation made for* THE LITERARY DIGEST.

A NEW WAY TO STUDY PLANETS

EVERY ONE knows how many different worlds one may view by holding glass of different colors before the eyes. It is quite conceivable that if we had no sense but that of sight we might learn much about the objects around us by comparing their appearances under these circumstances. This is precisely our relation to the distant celestial bodies which we can not hear, touch, or smell. Vision is our only means of contact with them, and the filter of colored glass, properly varied, has been found a fertile means of investigation. We have already described in these columns the discoveries of Professor Wood, made by photographs taken with invisible rays below and above the ordinary spectrum. Now a Russian astronomer has gone further in the same direction by using different colors in the visible gamut for his experimental filters. His results, as described in *Cosmos* (Paris, July 2), are most interesting. We read in this magazine:

"Selective filters are plates of glass covered with layers of gelatin saturated with chemical substances so chosen that the filters thus prepared can be traversed only by luminous radiations of a rigorously definite length.

"Several scientists have made curious and original use of these filters in astronomical research, and especially a Russian astronomer, G. A. Tikhoff, has arrived, in this domain, at most curious results, especially in planetography.

"Tikhoff uses the great telescope . . . of the Pulkowa observatory to photograph, with exposures of 5 to 40 seconds, the planets Mars and Saturn. On the plates, the disk of the former measures about 1/17 inch, and that of the latter, with its rings, about 1/10 inch. But instead of photographing the planets with ordinary plates, Mr. Tikhoff employs special emulsions, and interposes in the path of the luminous rays various selective filters. He then compares the appearance of the images obtained through these different filters, and draws some interesting inferences.

"For Mars, for instance, this comparison shows that the color of the 'canals' is entirely similar to that of the seas; the red filters show, in a truly striking way, the contrast between the 'continents' and the 'seas.' Besides, comparison between the photographs taken in red and in violet light shows that the Martian atmosphere must diffuse the solar light in a way similar to that of the terrestrial atmosphere, that is to say, this diffusion must increase as the wave-length of the diffused rays diminishes. It is worth noting that the more important 'canals' (180 miles long) are visible on the best 'red' negatives, on which they have the appearance of continuous, regular lines.

"Study of the photographs of Saturn obtained through the selective filters of divers colors gives the following results:

"1. The difference of intensity, between the center and edges of the planet's disk, diminishes to zero, and the equatorial belt gradually weakens, when we pass from the red to the violet rays.

"2. The intensity of the ring undergoes changes in the reverse order; in the red it is of less than medium intensity, while it exceeds that intensity in the violet.

"3. These results are in perfect accord with spectrographic studies of the planet and its ring; they are attributable to the influence of Saturn's atmosphere.

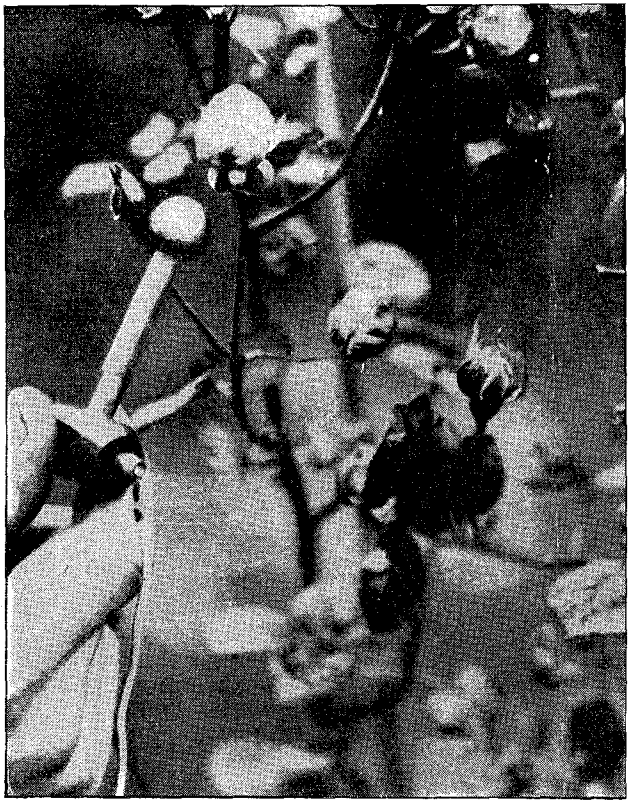
"4. Near the edges of the planet's disk there is observed only the light diffused by its atmosphere; on the other hand, the ring near its points of intersection with the disk presents the same variation of intensity as the edges. It may be concluded that the matter constituting the ring is similar, so far as its diffusive power is concerned, to that of the atmosphere of Saturn, and that the corpuscles that form the ring have an average diameter less than the wave-length of light.

"Such a startling conclusion, of course, demands verification by other methods."—*Translation made for* THE LITERARY DIGEST.

WAR AND DRUG FAMINE

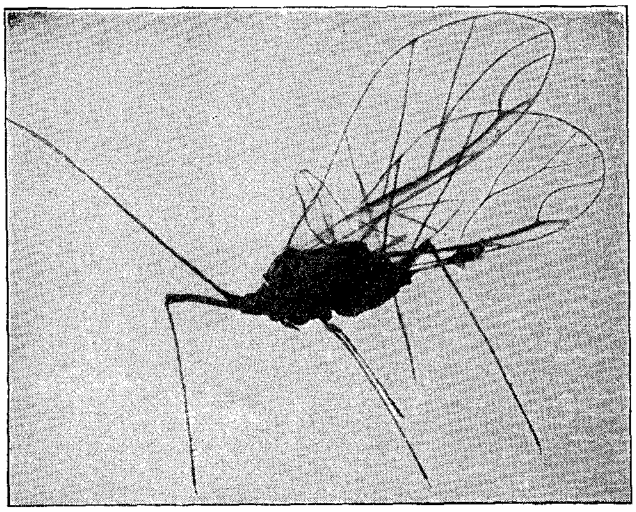
THERE will be a difference of opinion regarding the effect of a possible scarcity of drugs, due to the war in Europe. Physicians may have to adapt their prescriptions to the available supply; patients will have to be satisfied with what they can get. Druggists will find additional scope for their skill in recommending "something just as good." But those who eschew the use of drugs altogether, and many physicians who are leaning toward the use of other therapeutic measures, will doubtless keep calm and regard the "famine" with equanimity, even with a certain sardonic amusement. However, we take it, it is very likely to come, we are told editorially in *The Journal of the American Medical Association* (Chicago, August 15). Says this paper:

"While American life has not been at once affected in any wide-spread dramatic way by the European catastrophe, all sorts and conditions of men are likely to find it touching them at unexpected points. Physicians, for instance, may find that they are hampered in the writing of prescriptions by scarcity of some drug. This country doubtless would suffer little inconvenience beyond the increase in price if compelled to rely on the resources of this continent so far as most inorganic chemicals and biologic preparations are concerned. As for vegetable drugs, however, aside from cascara, hydrastis, and podophyllum, few of therapeutic importance are produced in the United States. This country depends largely on European manufacturers for finished preparations and on European middlemen for crude drugs. Crude drugs from the Far East, such as buchu, cinchona, senna, asafetida, rhubarb, opium, and aloes, come to us largely through the London and Amsterdam markets. A comparatively small amount of cinchona comes from South America, and, if access to the London and Amsterdam markets is shut off, the South-American drug might be obtained direct. While the prices for these substances have advanced, the supply should not be altogether cut off by this war unless it should spread to the East and thus limit production. . . . Of imported synthetic drugs and alkaloids, by far the largest proportion comes from Germany. Ophthalmologists are likely to feel the result of the interruption of trade with Germany in the withdrawal of supplies of physostigmin, pilocarpin, atropin, and homatropin. Other important drugs of German manufacture are strychnin, quinin, caffein, cocain, theobromin, formaldehyd, and salvarsan. The involvement of France, the chief source of supply of tartaric acid, and of Austria-Hungary, which with France and the Balkan States supplies us with the essential oils, will affect the drug-supply much less than the isolation of Germany."



THE ELECTRIC FLY-SWATTER.

Its current spares the roses, but kills their enemy.



THE ROSE'S ENEMY.

THE GREEN FLY, GREATLY MAGNIFIED.

He loves roses too well, and is being "swatted" by electricity.

In another editorial *The Journal* calls attention to the fact that there may be an entry on the other side of the account if the war leads to a scrutiny with a view to revision of the United States patent laws, which it asserts now favor the importer at the expense of the American public. We read:

"The patent laws of Great Britain and some other countries provide that the holder of a patent must, under penalty of forfeiture, begin manufacture of the patented product within the country in a reasonable period of time from the issuance of the patent. An American branch of at least one German house had begun the manufacture of a synthetic product before the war. Others may find it worth while to manufacture on American soil if the war continues; but if our patent laws had contained a provision similar to that of the British law, we would not now be threatened with temporary shortage or stoppage of therapeutic supplies. Our laws, in addition, permit the patenting, not merely of the process, but also of the product. Therefore the American market is altogether dependent for any given patented product on a single foreign manufacturer. Revision of our patent laws may become a necessity if the European war is not over soon. Another result may be an investigation of the possibility of producing in this country a larger proportion of the drugs used here. The Department of Agriculture has long maintained that, so far as soil and climate are concerned, the conditions are favorable for the growing in this country of many of the drug-plants now imported from abroad."

AN ELECTRIC FLY-KILLER—The latest application of electricity, according to *Popular Electricity and Modern Mechanics* (New York, September), is that of killing the green fly by means of an electric spark. We read in this magazine:

"This fly is a species found on rose-trees and is exceedingly disastrous to the flowers. Heretofore, considerable difficulty has been experienced in ridding rose-trees of these pests, but the electrical method recently devised is proving both practical and efficient. Briefly, the fly-killing apparatus consists of a small spark-coil, spark-gap, high-frequency transformer, switches, and other accessories. A flexible conductor conveys the current from the high-frequency transformer to a brass-ball electrode fitted with an insulating handle so that it may be held without danger of shock. To use the apparatus, the electrode is brought near the flies on the rose-bushes. A spark then jumps from the electrode to the tree and kills the flies, the current passing through the tree to the ground without damage to the leaves or flowers."

THE INVENTION OF GUNPOWDER

THAT gunpowder was well known for a century or so before it was used in guns appears probable from investigations in connection with the recent celebration at Oxford of the 700th anniversary of the birth of Roger Bacon. Bacon's claims to the invention of gunpowder are often prest by English writers in opposition to those of Berthold Schwartz, who is generally said to have invented it about 1344—a century after Bacon's time. It seems certain from the latter's writings that he was familiar with the composition, not as its inventor, but because of its use in various countries of the world. Apparently, however, it was regarded merely as a firework, a means of producing sudden and brilliant flame, and its users were far from suspecting that in a confined space the expansive power of its gases could be put to use in hurling projectiles. Says an editorial writer in the *Revue des Questions Scientifiques* (Louvain, Belgium, July 20), with little thought of what the approaching days would bring to his city:

THE MAGNETIC RAKE.

"The text that we have studied allows no further doubt that Bacon knew of gunpowder. On page 213, under the title 'Of the Powder of the Lombards,' he restates what he has already said in his 'Opus Majus' of the explosive properties of this powder, but he also informs us that it is known in various parts of the world, and that it is composed of saltpeter, sulfur, and willow-charcoal. . . . . . .

"Comparison of the terms used by Bacon to describe the effects of explosive powder [in three different places] shows that he was writing of the same powder. Now his letter on the 'Secret Works of Nature' would appear to have been written to William of Auvergne, Archbishop of Paris, who died in 1248 or 1249. It seems, then, that the explosive properties of black powder were known in France and England before the middle of the thirteenth century. . . . . . .

"It should be noted, however, that nothing shows that Bacon knew also of the projective power of the powder when ignited in a closed vessel, or that he ever dreamed of making this use of it. Nowhere in his writings, in fact, did he allude to it, and the first cannons must have made their appearance much later. Bacon and his contemporaries doubtless saw nothing in this explosive mixture, but a new incendiary composition calculated to frighten animals and human beings."—*Translation made for* THE LITERARY DIGEST.

A MAGNETIC RAKE—A rake whose teeth are magnets, designed to remove from a driveway nails and sharp bits of iron and steel liable to injure the tender portion of a horse's hoof has been devised by an employee of the Chicago post-office. Says *The Technical World Magazine* (Chicago, September):

"The need of such an instrument was realized for work on sharp inclines in entrances to the general post-office. In order to check the heavy vehicles on the downward course, the concrete paving was spread with ashes from the post-office furnaces, in which were burned old boxes and barrels. The nails and bits of wire left in the ashes caused injury to a number of valuable horses. The magnetic rake is now used to abstract all dangerous particles from the ashes before a team is permitted to drive over it. It is worked on the vacuum-sweeper plan. About two dozen steel teeth with blunt points are arranged, in two rows, to a boxlike top. A long coil of insulated wire leads from a socket to the plate holding the teeth, and the latter become heavily charged with electricity. The rake is worked back and forth through the ashes on the roadway and the teeth pick up every substance of metallic character. About two pounds of old nails, bits of wire, and pieces of iron bands are taken out of the ashes at each raking, and the whole mass is so cleaned out that all the former danger is removed."

ARTIFICIAL DIAMONDS WITHOUT PRESSURE

MAKING REAL DIAMONDS artificially has not heretofore been a profitable experiment. The French chemist, Moissan, who first crystallized carbon artificially by the use of enormous pressure, was able to get only tiny stones, of no value as gems. A French engineer, Guyot de Boismenu, has now succeeded, by a new process, involving the use of electricity, in making diamonds about an eighth of an inch in diameter, with the prospect of still further increasing the size by prolonging the action of the electric current which is the effective agent in their production. Boismenu's diamonds, in fact, grow at the rate of one-hundredth of an inch per hour, so that if he could only keep up the process long enough, he would be able to give us gems as large as a pigeon's egg. Up to the present time, however, he has managed only diamonds of the size already noted. Says a contributor to *La Nature* (Paris), which has temporarily suspended publication:

"Being director of a large manufactory of calcium carbid, he remarked that the fused carbid could be decomposed by electrolysis, and he began to experiment along this line. . . . His first success, according to the author himself, was on April 13, 1908. The furnace having been fed with fragments of carbid, which melted slowly, the electrodes were gradually withdrawn. At the end of four hours the crucible contained over six pounds of melted carbid: an intense current was maintained for the next two hours, and then the circuit was broken and the crucible was allowed to cool all night. The solidified mass showed, in its center, finely crystallized carbid, and near the negative electrode a black, friable mass, like spongy carbon. Thrown into water, this gave off carbon dust with some crystals of pure carbon [diamond].

"In subsequent trials Mr. Boismenu observed that the size of the artificial diamonds increased nearly proportionally with the duration of the electrical action, the rate being about one-one-hundredth inch per hour. Not being able to keep up his current longer than twelve hours, he has not obtained, up to this time, crystals more than one-eighth inch in size. . . . . .

"Moissan had already made in the electric furnace small diamonds of one-twenty-fifth of an inch, but he believed that the crystallization of carbon required formidable pressure; and it was on this idea that he based his somewhat complicated process. The carbon being first dissolved in molten iron, he plunged the crucible into cold water in order that, the exterior layers of iron being solidified in the first place, the internal mass still in fusion should be subjected to great pressure during the course of its solidification. Mr. Boismenu, on the contrary, does not consider pressure necessary."—*Translation made for* THE LITERARY DIGEST.

Illustrations by courtesy of "The Technical World Magazine," Chicago.

RUSTY NAILS AND METAL BITS GATHERED BY THE RAKE.

THE "TWILIGHT SLEEP" DISPUTE

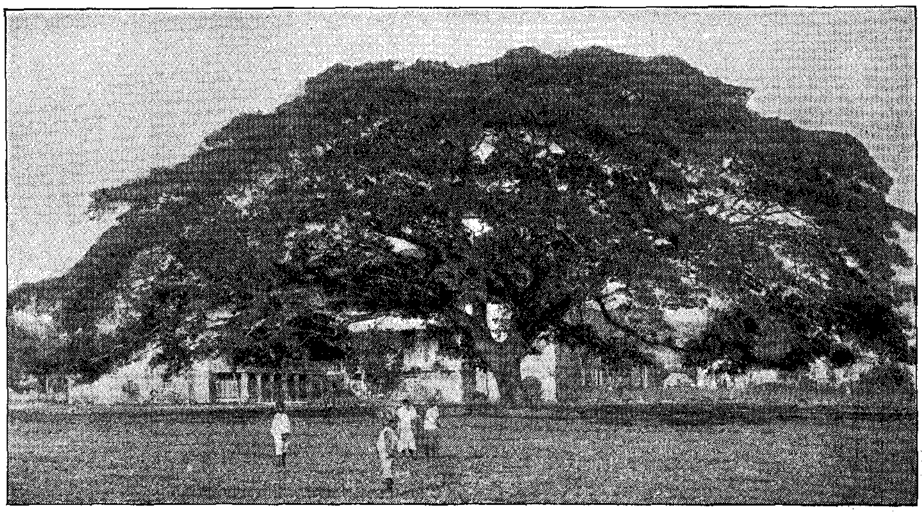
A MISUNDERSTANDING seems to have arisen between Dr. Krönig, of Freiburg, and the writers who described his work in an American magazine. On July 18 we quoted a letter from Dr. Krönig in which he said that unauthorized material was used, erroneous statements made, and the article published despite his protest. Now one of the authors of the article, Miss Constance D. Leupp, writes to *The Lancet-Clinic* (Cincinnati, August 8):

"When Drs. Krönig and Gauss were in this country last winter, I met and talked with them both, and they knew what Miss Tracy and I were planning. The Freiburg end of the work was carried on by Miss Tracy subsequently, and I am writing her now to ask her to get an explanation from the doctor. I know that he has been very adverse to publicity and that he was unwilling to give Miss Tracy any help whatsoever in the writing of the article and collection of the material. We knew enough of medical etiquette not to expect such help. On the other hand, we should not have undertaken to write the article had our relations with the clinic been other than friendly. The completed manuscript was read over by one of the assistants there, and by an unfortunate misunderstanding, which we all greatly regretted, but which was due to the difficulty of dealings between people three thousand miles apart, the uncensored manuscript went to press in New York, so that it was impossible, when the corrected one came, to make all of the revisions. The important ones were made, however. You can perhaps appreciate that neither Miss Tracy nor I, as writers with reputations for integrity to maintain, can afford to allow the impression to get abroad that we deliberately published material from Dr. Krönig's clinic which he was unwilling to have us use, and that such material is unreliable. Nor shall we allow your paper or THE LITERARY DIGEST or any other publication to convey such an impression without our vigorous protest. We did not expect the doctors or the medical journals to agree with us as to the wisdom or expediency of discussing painless child-birth in the pages of a popular magazine; we know the peculiarities of the medical profession too well for that. But we think it is not too much to ask of them that they treat us fairly. This the majority of medical journals who have complimented us with their attention have conspicuously not done; yet we feel that we can show quite as clear title to integrity, intelligence, and disinterestedness in our desire to get the 'twilight sleep' recognized and established under the right auspices in this country as the physicians and medical editors who have disapproved our methods."

FISH THAT SURVIVE FREEZING—The ordinary cold storage of fish is put out of date by Mr. R. Pictet, the brilliant Swiss scientist, noted for his experiments with cold. He has just succeeded in freezing live fish and reviving them several weeks or months later, an achievement which recalls Edmond About's fanciful tale of "The Man with the Broken Ear." He recently placed twenty-eight fish in a box containing water rich in oxygen, and in which several pieces of ice were floating. He then very slowly reduced the temperature of the contents. At the end of about two months the resultant cake of ice was gradually thawed and the fish were all found to be alive. According to the report of the experiment given in *L'Illustration* (Paris), it is essential that the water be very gradually frozen and that it shall have contained pieces of ice for from fifteen to eighteen hours before the whole mass is frozen. The process of thawing must also be very slow. It is stated that Alaskan salmon and Siberian sturgeon may thus be brought alive to Paris. Methods of making the process commercially successful are now being sought.

A DRY RAIN-TREE

THE FAMOUS PERUVIAN "RAIN-TREE," fabled to drip moisture from its branches, is really as innocent of any such proceeding as an oak or a maple, we are assured by a contributor to *The Hardwood Record* (Chicago, August 25). This tree, otherwise known as the saman, is a conspicuous feature of the tropical American landscape. Botanists call it *Pithecolobium saman*. One of its chief characteristics is the size of its crown, which often covers fully half an acre. Another distinguishing feature is that it has its leaves on small twigs at the ends of the branches, so that all are exposed to the rays of the sun. We read further:


Courtesy of "The Hardwood Record," Chicago.

THE "RAIN-TREE," WHICH NEVER RAINS.

"There is no other tree in tropical America about which there is so much curious information as the saman, and every one who visits the region of its growth alludes to it as one of the most wonderful trees. There is a story about this tree which is familiar to many. It is said that during the day the tree takes up a great deal of water from the earth by means of the roots, and that during the night the water is given off profusely through the leaves in the form of rain. Some of the numerous stories which have been written and published in newspapers about this tree state that travelers in tropical America never pitch their tents under it on account of the profuse dripping of water transpired by the leaves during the night.

"A number of credulous people who have read such exaggerated statements about its water-transpiring qualities have conceived the idea that the rain-tree would be the proper kind to plant in the arid Southwest, where droughts are so common. It is true that the rain-tree grows in semiarid condition in Colombia and Peru, but this does not argue that it would grow in New Mexico and Arizona, and that it would supply moisture enough to grow crops in the vicinity of such plantations.

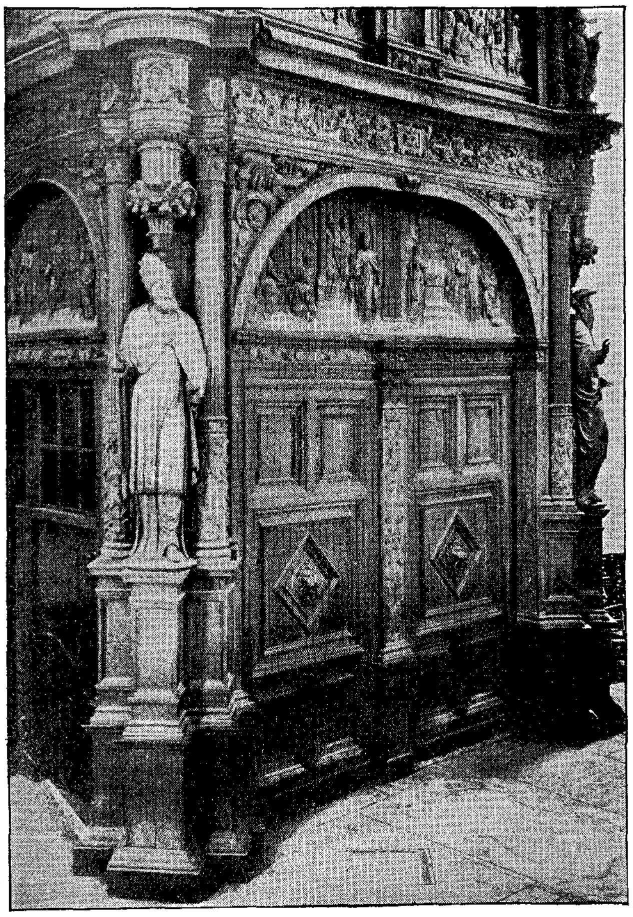
"The truth of the matter is that the saman does not transpire any more water than other trees with similar leaf surfaces. It is difficult to say how this legend ever originated. The forest officer of Trinidad, British West Indies, ventured the conjecture that it may have arisen from the fact that the crown is open and the sun always shines through it to the ground, so that grass and some farm crops will grow underneath a saman almost as freely as in the open. This is a fact which does not obtain in the case of other tropical trees.

"Aside from this legend, the tree is an intensely interesting one from an ornamental point of view. The photograph accompanying these notes shows a fine example of many large saman trees which form landmarks in tropical America. The one here illustrated is at Port of Spain, Trinidad."

LETTERS AND ART

BOYCOTTING WAGNER

THE TEMPORARY BOYCOTT of Wagner and other German composers at the famous Queen's Hall promenade concerts, London, was one manifestation of war-time feeling that evoked a prompt protest in the English press. It seems that a week after war was declared a piece by Strauss was replaced on the program of the first promenade concert of the season by something of Tschaikowsky's; the customary Wagner concert was replaced the next day by a French and Russian program; and it was announced that the names of no living German or Austrian composers would appear on the future programs. In explanation of this course the management stated that "the patriotic feelings of the enormous audience" had to be considered, and that any German music might provoke demonstrations embarrassing to the police. But it seems that the management did its audience an injustice. "It is a worthy tribute to the broad-minded and tolerant view of the British public toward all things artistic," writes the London correspondent of *Musical America* (New York), "that disapproval has been exprest on every side for this attempt to boycott German music." We learn, moreover, that the directors have issued another statement saying that in the future, "with the broad-minded cooperation of their audience," they will adhere to the original scheme of the concerts as set forth in their prospectuses. *Musical America's* correspondent regrets that even for a moment this tendency to pander to the passions of the hour should have thus invaded the world of art.



Courtesy of "The Craftsman Magazine."

ART-WORK PROBABLY DESTROYED IN LOUVAIN.

This wood-carving was in the portico of the Church of St. Pierre.

The incident has evoked the following interesting comment from the pen of William Archer in the columns of the London *News and Leader:*

"Passing through the Embankment Gardens the other evening, I heard the band discoursing to a large crowd the march from 'Tannhäuser.' 'Good!' I said to my companion; 'we're not boycotting Wagner!' What was my amazement, then, to read that Wagner, received with applause on the Embankment, was to be boycotted at Queen's Hall! I went to the Promenade Concert on Monday evening, half hoping—shall I confess?—to hear some protest on the part of the public. There was nothing of the sort; the audience accepted the 'Franco-Russian' program on its merits, with no trace of political feeling; but as 'A. K.' pointed out, there was nothing like the crowded house usual on Wagner nights. Glancing down the announcements in advance, one is glad to note that there is no thought of such an imbecility as a general boycott of German music. Handel, Mozart, Schubert, Schumann, Mendelssohn hold their places; and Friday is, as usual, a Beethoven night. I trust the public will mark its resentment of the exclusion of Wagner by giving Beethoven a bumper house. That will be the most dignified protest."

Emphasizing the distinction between waging war against Germany and waging war against German art, Mr. Archer goes on to say:

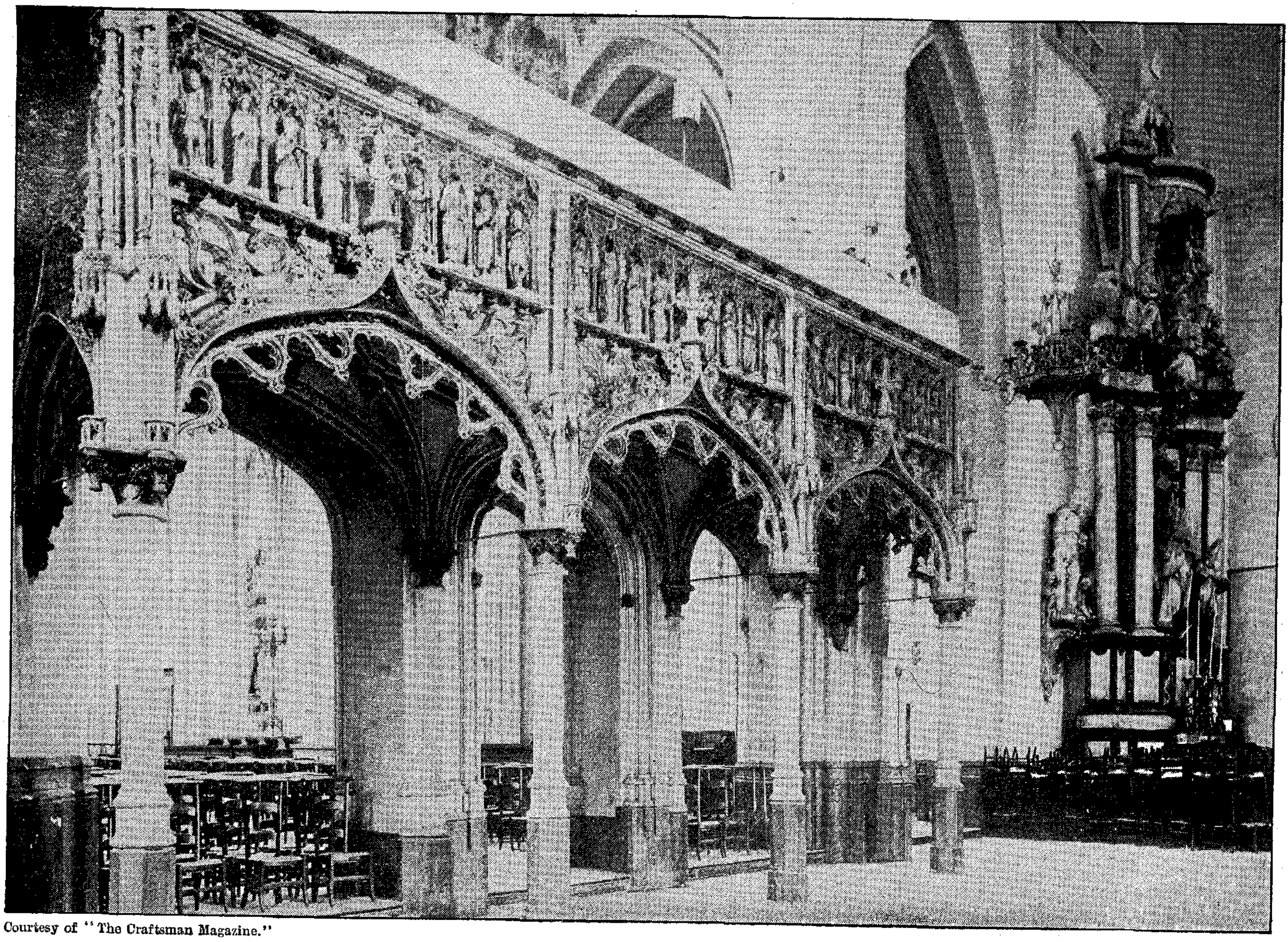
"For my part, I am heart and soul with this war against the incubus of militarism under which Europe has been tossing and gasping for the past half century. But is a war against militarism a war against German culture? Heaven forbid! And even if it were, what has music—that mysterious transcript of the rhythmic universe and intimation of our kinship to the stars—what has music to do with earthly boundaries and petty tribal rancors? It is true that some music has, by association, a chauvinistic tinge. I do not know how far Wagner in his later years may have been caught up in the vortex of German Imperialism. But all his best work, if I am not greatly mistaken, was done before 1870; and it is not to be imagined that the revolutionary of '48 would have any real sympathy with the military tyranny of to-day. It would be untimely to play the 'Kaisermarsch'; but who wants to hear the 'Kaisermarsch' when he can hear the 'Lohengrin' prelude or the 'Tristan' overture? Why should we cut off our nose to spite our face?"

Mr. Archer regards the incident as "typical," and expresses the hope that "we may turn it to profit." To quote him further:

"'Love as tho you would one day hate' is a particularly mean specimen of proverbial wisdom; but its converse, 'Hate as tho you would one day love' is truly wise and peculiarly apt at the present juncture. One day—unless this war be indeed the end of civilization—we shall be the friends of a purified, ennobled Germany. Let us do nothing that shall needlessly postpone that day, nothing that shall tend to mar it by memories of senseless, futile alienation. Shall we forget, because of the misdeeds of a caste of soldier-politicians, all that Germany has given us of great and beautiful, in science and scholarship, in poetry and music? Nay, rather, let us keep in closest touch with it, that, when the day of reconciliation comes, we may be able to say, 'From the true soul of Germany we were never estranged.'

"Here we may well call to mind another proverbial tag: 'Fas est et ab hoste doceri.' If it is right to be taught by an enemy, much more evidently is it wise to accept from him all we can of spiritual sustenance, refreshment, solace. One could imagine Germany, if it were possible, cutting off our supplies of Goethe and Heine, of Beethoven and Wagner; but that we ourselves should reject and cast them out would be the height of self-defeating stupidity.

"Literature can not, indeed, claim the aloofness of music from political influences, but the best literature of Germany is



Courtesy of "The Craftsman Magazine."

CARVED STONE-WORK IN THE CHURCH OF ST. PIERRE, LOUVAIN.

Four other famous works of art in this church are specifically mentioned in a dispatch from Ostend as among the treasures destroyed when Louvain was burned. These are Roger Van der Weyden's "The Descent from the Cross," Dierich Bout's "The Last Supper" and "The Martyrdom of St. Erasmus," and a beautifully carved screen of fifteenth-century workmanship.

entirely free from the spirit with which we are at war. How far Nietzsche may justly be claimed as a product of 1870 I must leave to the Nietzscheans to determine. His arrogance, I own, has always repelled me. In Sudermann there is a great deal of the Prussian drill-sergeant, and Sudermann is therefore a third-rate writer. Hauptmann, a first-rate writer, is devoid of that spirit. 'Der Biberpelz' satirizes it: 'Hannele' moves in a region of pure poetry and pity. And when we turn to the great classics we find no trace of swaggering Bismarckianism. Schiller, the poet of the human ideal, would certainly have detested it; Goethe is rather to be reproached with lack of patriotism than with chauvinism. As for Heine, he abhorred the Prussian eagle and riddled it with shafts of scorn."

Another writer, discussing the Queen's Hall incident in a London paper, remarks that "it would be interesting to know whether it is also high treason in Germany now to be caught reading Shakespeare and Milton." His irony, however, loses some of its point if the following dispatch, which comes to the New York *Evening Post* from Copenhagen, is true:

"German authors have formed a national association to prevent literary works from hostile countries being translated into German. The authors of plays belonging to hostile countries are not to be mentioned in the German press. This movement, it is said, is due to the attitude of Belgian and British authors."

From the London correspondence of *Musical America* we learn further that while public opinion in England rejects the boycott of German music, it accepts the expedient of employing only British musicians. This discrimination, the director of the Royal Albert Hall explains, is resorted to "as a means of alleviating any possible distress among British musicians rather than from any sordid or chauvinistic motive."

GERMAN CULTURE DEFENDED

OBSERVERS IN BOTH CAMPS agree that behind the present terrific upheaval in Europe there is a conflict of irreconcilable ideals, but they differ diametrically when it comes to defining and allotting these ideals. Thus, from many German sources we have been assured that the basic issue of the war is whether Teuton culture or Slavic barbarism is to survive and dominate Europe. On the other hand, Mr. Henri Bergson, perhaps the most famous of living philosophers, while also characterizing the war as a struggle of civilization against barbarism, sees barbarism represented by the Prussian military machine and civilization by the forces of the Allies. In last week's issue we quoted an article in which the Springfield *Republican* undertook to show, by the testimony of Germans themselves, that the German idealism of an earlier generation had been superseded of late by German materialism and commercialism. Now in *The Fatherland* (New York) we find the same charge of deterioration leveled against both England and France by Prof. Herbert Sanborn, of Vanderbilt University. As this champion of German culture sees the situation, "all Europe except Germany has been steadily sinking to a plane of crass materialism." In support of this rather sweeping contention he says in part:

"From the point of view of universal ideals, if not from the point of view of ordinary racial prudence, the Teutons of the North, England, and even France and Italy, ought to be found at the side of Germany in this contest, and the chief explanation of their defection and antipathy is the fact that these nations themselves have lost their former ideals to such an extent that they no longer find themselves as whole peoples in sympathy with the German culture. England, as Münsterberg pointed out in the 'Americans,' has steadily degenerated since the days of Shakespeare, until it has been called appropriately merely a 'nation of shopkeepers,' and France, and Italy, taken as a whole, are not much better off; it is not the France of Molière, nor the Italy of Dante, even in spirit.

"The German nation, on the contrary, has steadily adhered to its ancient veneration for the eternal values of life, and has never, in the midst of material progress, lost sight of the fact that riches and commercial prosperity are not for luxury, but for the development of the higher life to be based upon it. This thought permeates all classes of the nation and makes them instinctively despise Russians and other races with low aims of life.

"It should be the sacred duty of all thinking men to do everything possible to prevent the crippling or the downfall of the German Empire. . . . For the destruction and subjection of this people, to which the present war might be merely a preliminary step, would mean, if not immediately so great a reverse as we find in the Dark Ages subsequent to the downfall of the Roman Empire, nevertheless a return to something nearly as bad in the espousal of a point of view of civilization that makes material values ends in themselves; for no modern nation except Germany, one may venture safely to assert, possesses as a whole any higher ideal.

"Concerning the Slav there can, of course, be not the slightest doubt.

"At the time of Peter the Great the race was a horde of barbarians, just emerging from a condition of semisavagery, susceptible, as Peter in his own person only too plainly showed, of nothing but the most superficial veneer of European civilization, and the race, in spite of so-called universities that it has established, and in spite of a few sporadic cases of genius, not of the first rank, such as Tolstoy, has most certainly remained upon the plane of Peter himself. They have furnished America chiefly its anarchists and nihilists. To such a race the leadership and control of civilization can hardly be entrusted.

"England lives on a higher plane, of course, and so does France; but it is nevertheless true that England (as Carlyle, Ruskin, Matthew Arnold, and other cultured Englishmen of our day have frequently lamented) now lives, as a people, on the sordid plane of thinking which regards the accumulation of material wealth and the various forms of luxury to be obtained thereby as the sole aim and end of civilization. . . . . . .

"Ask the average Englishman of breeding and intelligence—the men who at present control the development and application of English material resources—what the purpose of education is, and he will promptly tell you that it is for some material advantage, 'getting on in the world,' and the like. If you suggest that there may be something further than this, he does not understand what you mean; for he and his kind have not yet come to the stage of self-consciousness that grasps higher aims than this.

"He believes in universities and vocational training, to be sure, but only because he believes that these are instrumental to the realization of greater material prosperity, and he is correspondingly alarmed when he seems to discover that the training process does not produce 'efficient' men. He wants specialist-men rather than men-specialists. Germany, on the other hand, has attained as a nation to that stage of self-consciousness where the eternal values are clearly conceived, where material wealth is consciously and unremittingly transmuted into spiritual values.

"It may be true that Germany desires commercial expansion (and certainly this is the cause of the arrayal of English arms against her), but this is a necessary economic right, not a crime. She desires it, however, not in the interest of luxurious living, as does England, but for the sake of the development of an ever higher stage of civilization and culture; and there is no modern nation whose people as a whole are so thoroughly permeated with this spirit.

"For this reason, if for no other, every friend of true culture of whatever nation, every person who has grasped the strictly German thought that history is a development, and a development in self-consciousness, should find himself in warmest sympathy with this noble people in this hour of fate. Patriotism is a fine thing, and it is sometimes necessary for individuals to follow its impulse in opposition to something that is higher and grander than this—the devotion to that country in which the highest ideals of the race seem most secure; but so long as these two impulses do not stand in opposition, nobility obliges sympathy with higher rather than with lower aims."

A NEW DRAMATIST FROM ICELAND

ONCE MORE, it seems, Scandinavia has given to the world a dramatist who unites realistic portrayal of character and circumstance with poetic vision and diction. And this time it is Iceland which has produced a genius who is already acclaimed as worthy to rank with Ibsen, Björnson, and Strindberg. It is even said by enthusiasts that Johann Sigurjonsonn, who is not yet thirty-four years of age, may to-morrow surpass that famous triumvirate.

Mr. Sigurjonsonn's most successful drama, "Bjoerg-Ejvind," has not only been received with enthusiasm in the principal theaters of the Scandinavian countries, but has been played at the Court Theater of Munich, and before the outbreak of war was about to be staged in Vienna, in Hamburg, in Bremen, in Cologne, and in Essen.

In *La Revue* (Paris) for June 1 and 15, Mr. Léon Pineau, the Dean of the Faculty of Letters of Clermont-Ferrand, writes with enthusiasm of the poet-dramatist's work. Much of Mr. Pineau's article is taken up with an analysis of Mr. Sigurjonsonn's three principal dramas, including copious extracts from all. The subject of the first, "Dr. Rung," is very simple. The hero is making an effort to find a specific for tuberculosis.

"He seeks a poison which can destroy the microbe of the terrible malady. He has experimented on rabbits. The results have not satisfied him. However, in the course of his experiments he has come to see the possibility of producing a special serum which will act as a vaccine. He explains it to his friend, *Otto Locken.*

"*Otto*—'But you don't think of trying it on yourself?'

"*Harold Rung*—'It's the only way of solving the problem. . . . I've made numerous experiments on animals. Unfortunately, none will support a sufficient dose of the poison. In fact, it is requisite not merely that the action shall be durable, but that it shall have also a certain degree of intensity. Man, on the contrary, supports a much higher degree of the poison than any other animal. . . . I shall inoculate myself with tuberculosis in the arm at the same time that I take the poison in progressive doses, which will continue until I have attained my object.'"

The character of *Otto*, who is a young poet full of the joy of living and ecstatic appreciation of the beauties and glories of the material world, is the obvious foil for that of *Harold*, the modern scientist searching above all for truth and filled with an ardor for the delivery of humanity from its ills. The love interest is introduced by *Otto's* sister, *Vilda*, who, after pleading in vain with her lover to abandon his purpose, refuses to leave him.

Finding his remedy ineffectual against the self-inflicted malady, *Harold* eventually commits suicide by the novel method of eating some grapes into which he had injected a subtle poison by means of a hypodermic needle. It may seem rather out of keeping with his character that he should present *Vilda* with some of the same fruit, without telling her of its deadly contents. Mr. Pineau finds, however, in this drama intellectual exactness united to sobriety of language and precision of psychological analysis allied with the most lively and natural poetic sentiment. And these qualities, he goes on to say, are even more evident in the second play, "Gaarden Hraun," or "The Hraun Farm."

"The word 'Hraun' is applied in Iceland to a field strewn with stones of volcanic origin. The characters of the play live in that distant part of the island where the author's infancy was passed, and he sketches in loving detail the patriarchal life. Is not this farm the very spot where he himself grew up?—this farm with the five white pines, the walls of earth and stone, the turf-covered roof, the dairy, the forge, the stables, etc."

The theme is that age-old struggle between the love of the land and the love of the child when the two come in conflict. The peasant *Sveinungi* and his wife, *Jorunn*, have an only daughter, *Ljott*, whom they purpose marrying to the steady but unromantic son of a neighbor, an estimable young man who will properly keep up the place and improve the property. But *Ljott* has given her heart to a wanderer whom she has seen but once, a young geologist tramping through the country. The first scene shows the family happy and united in the peaceful setting of the prosperous farmhouse. But the next shows us the household gathered outside in the yard, after an earthquake which has destroyed the sheepfold and part of the mansion. This partial destruction of the old mansion is a dramatic expedient for bringing to the surface an expression of that intense love of the place which is part of the peasant landlord's very being. He is almost ready to curse God and die at the very thought that another shock may bring the whole to ruin. And his artless expression of his feeling rises to a strain of exalted poetry. He says to *Jorunn:*

> "You know that night when you thought I was lost in the snow-storm. A light was burning in the topmost window. When I saw it I felt happier than if I'd met a friend. And when the dogs began to bark behind the door it was just as if the house itself was talking and uttering cries of joy. It gave me more pleasure than to hear any human voice. And when I opened the door and came into the hall the darkness put its arms about me. I never had a sweeter embrace—not even from my girl when she was a baby. . . . (He points at the house with his finger.) There she is, she who has waited for me every evening as far back as I can remember. I have seen her windows flaming in the sunshine; I have seen them wet with rain; I have seen them white with frost. . . . I have climbed on her roof as I did on my father's shoulders. When I was up there, it was just as if she'd lifted me up so I could see better."

In short, he'll have no son-in-law who'll desert the place and carry *Ljott* away. The girl must choose between father and lover. Sorrowfully but firmly she chooses the latter. But this apparently hopeless deadlock between two iron wills is resolved by *Jorunn*, the obedient wife and loving mother. In a touching and charming scene she finally triumphs by reminding him that *Ljott* will probably have children, and that a grandson may take upon himself the pious care the would-be son-in-law refuses. Says the tactful *Jorunn:* "A daughter's son is often more like his grandfather than his father. You know that as well as I!" The argument suffices, and the curtain falls on a happy ending.

But it is in "Bjoerg-Ejvind" that the dramatist gives the most characteristic picture of his native land as well as the most powerful portrayal of human passions. The hero, whose name gives the title, is an outlaw. Hunger has made him a thief; he has been condemned, but has escaped from prison, taking refuge in the mountains.

> "Tired of solitude, he has descended the opposite slope into a region where he is unknown and taken service under the name of *Kari* with *Halla*, a rich young widow. . . . *Halla's* brother-in-law, the sheriff, wishes to marry her for her property, but she scorns him. *Halla* learns *Kari's* secret, but tells him she loves him. . . . She flies with him to the mountain. She has two children. The first comes at a time of such great material and moral distress that she leaves it to perish in the snow. The second is a lovely little girl, whom she adores. But the sheriff, whose hate is unceasing, finally tracks them to their hiding-place. Then *Halla*, rather than deliver her child to the vengeance of this man, runs, as if demented, to the cascade and throws the sleeping child into it, while *Bjoerg* plunges his knife into his enemy's heart. They must fly farther. And now these former lovers, wandering through the torment of days and nights of ceaselessly falling snow, maddened by hunger, torture each other with mutual reproaches, until finally, beside themselves with suffering and fear, they are lost in the impenetrable gloom of the white night.
>
> "In this frame the poet has placed a number of pictures, which, with those from the 'Hraun Farm,' constitute a very original gallery of Icelandic life and manners. The opening scene is in the great hall of *Halla's* farm; along the walls are ranged the beds with their bright coverlets of knitted wool. The dormer windows, with their openings covered with squares of bladder, light dimly the wainscot, black with soot and decay, the carved chests, and painted trunks."

Space forbids extended quotation of the striking dialog, but we quote some of Mr. Pineau's final remarks:

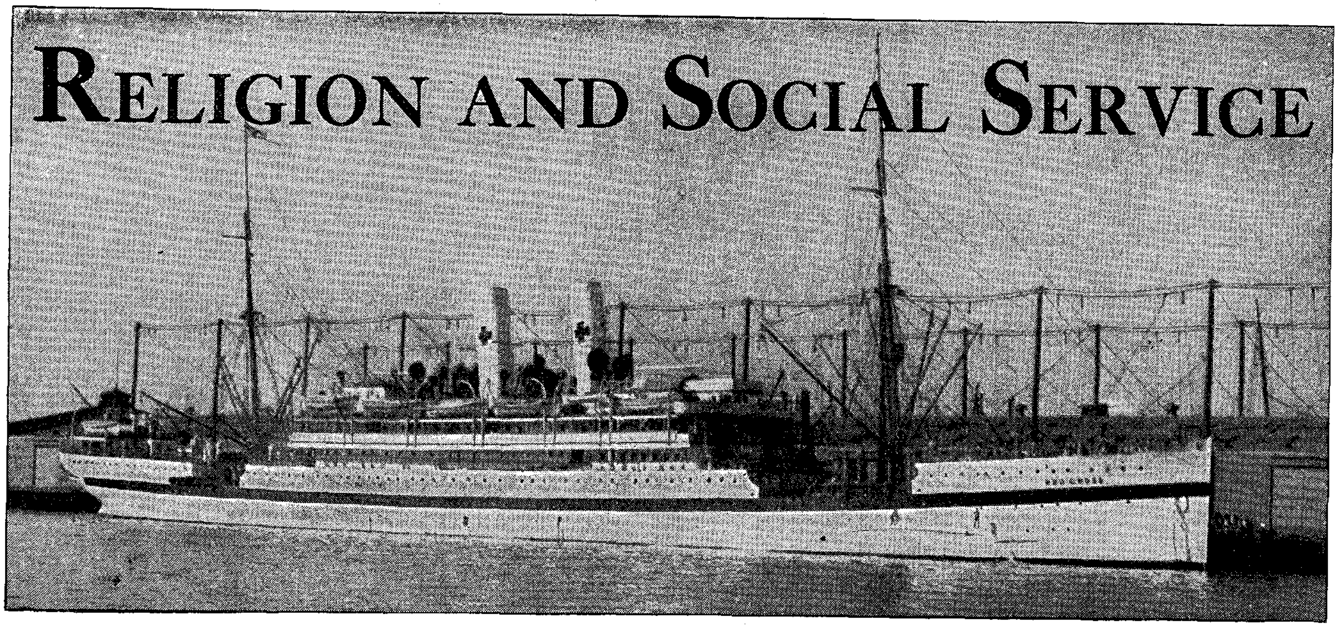
> "'Bjoerg-Ejvind' has been received with enthusiasm wherever it has been played. The picturesqueness and variety of the *milieu*, the vigorous movement of the principal scenes, . . . above all, the love, the all-powerful love of this marvelous *Halla*, who abandons everything for the man—the thief, the servant, the outlaw whom she loves; this love, which avenging famine finally destroys in delirium and madness, explains and justifies everything.
>
> "But some persons can not pardon her double crime, the slaying of her children. In reality, this woman, generally so reasonable, is an impulsive. . . . As the author expresses it: 'I mean to show a person who at certain moments acts purely from instinct. . . . Beneath the snows of Iceland is the burning volcano. . . . In fact, *Halla* expiates by her atrocious death the fault she committed in braving the social law to follow her heart.'
>
> "In this theater there is no obscure symbolism, no fog of fantasy, no scandalous thesis, not even a new theory of art—nothing but poetry. Not the poetry of words, charming and fallacious, not of rhythm nor of dazzling imagery making us forget our miseries . . . , but the sublime creative poetry which makes beings of flesh and blood like ourselves . . . human creatures to whom Sigurjonsonn has given of his own soul."—*Translation made for* The Literary Digest.

WAR AND LITERATURE

THE IDEA, advanced in some quarters, that one effect of the present war will be to impart a pronounced impetus to literary creation in Europe is characterized by a writer in the New York *Globe* as fallacious. While admitting the plausibility of the idea in theory, this writer argues that "the historical precedents are almost entirely against it." He goes on to say:

> "Take Germany, for instance. Here, as in all other countries, nationalism has been violently, artificially stimulated. Cosmopolitan tendencies have naturally been eclipsed for the time. Just as the Englishman feels himself more overwhelmingly English than he did even during the Boer War—for, remember, there was a strong, numerous pro-Boer party in England at that time—just so does the German to-day feel himself more thoroughly Teutonic than he has for forty years.
>
> "The Frenchman does not enter into this discussion except casually. To an amazing extent are the art and literature of France indifferent to outside influence. Sir Walter Scott, of course, left the mark of his example on the novel of all countries. Other exceptions may be picked here and there. But the fact remains that the self-sufficiency, the imperviousness, of the French as a nation to the art and literature of their neighbors, are little short of chauvinistic.
>
> "The German, on the other hand, is peculiarly susceptible. From time to time he has vigorously tried to shake off French influence. In his music he has succeeded. But never in his literature. You can find traces of it in Schnitzler to-day. Despite the Ueberbrett'l movement and the efforts of Bierbaum, Von Wolzogen, Dehmel, Hauptmann, Thoma, and Wedekind, Germany can never keep its eyes off Paris for very long. But surely, one thinks, now that the race-feeling has been so abnormally stimulated, there will be a strong, intensive cultivation of essentially German books, plays, poems. Surely a prolific period of literary vigor will ensue?
>
> "On the contrary, all precedents point to the probability of a period of deadly anemia.
>
> "After the Franco-Prussian War the triumphant nation, having been brought into being upon such strong meat as bayonets and cannon-balls, confined its literary diet to 'pap for babes.' After the Napoleonic wars France plunged into a period of activity that was prolific but futile, a period that did not end until the thirties.
>
> "In the United States most of the big authors antedate the Civil War. Emerson lived until 1882, and Whitman until ten years later. But their creative powers were definitely formed before 1860 ('Leaves of Grass' was published in 1855). And the general taste in the following two decades was undeniably toward the namby-pamby."

RELIGION AND SOCIAL SERVICE



A NEUTRAL SHIP THAT CARRIES AID IMPARTIALLY TO ALL THE COMBATANTS.

THE RED CROSS SHIP

THE SAILING of the steamer *Red Cross* for Europe, with its cargo of thirty doctors and one hundred and twenty-five nurses, bears witness, as the New York *Sun* remarks, "that our solicitude is for those who suffer and our neutrality not the product of indifference." It is the beginning of America's practical response to dispatches telling how the demands made upon the European Red Cross have already run far beyond its resources both in funds and nurses. The *Red Cross* is the transformed *Hamburg*, which was given to the American Red Cross organization for this use by the Hamburg-American line. She sails under the American flag, with American officers and crew. Her commander is Capt. Armistead Rust, U. S. N., retired. While she carries, in addition to the surgeons and nurses, an immense quantity of hospital supplies and equipment for use in the field, she is not fitted out with wards and operating-rooms. In other words, she is not a hospital ship, and it is explained that the only circumstances in which she would receive wounded on board would be in case she encountered a naval battle. The medical staff is under the command of Major Robert U. Patterson, United States Army Medical Service, and the nurses are under Miss Helen Scott Hay, of Chicago. In a statement to the press Miss Mabel T. Boardman, head of the executive committee of the American organization, gives the following additional information:

> "There are five extra nurses, in order to provide substitutes for any possible illness among them. This number of surgeons and nurses constitutes ten units, each including three surgeons and twelve nurses. A double unit will be landed at Falmouth, England, for use by the English medical authorities, and the double unit assigned to Russia will also land at Falmouth and proceed to their destination by way of Copenhagen. A third double unit will be landed at Havre for the French; and double units for service with the German and Austrian armies will be landed at Rotterdam, in Holland.
>
> "Besides the surgeons and nurses, we shall land immense quantities of supplies and equipment for each of the warring countries. Belgium, which has cabled that she does not require surgeons and nurses, will also receive supplies. It is impossible for me to enumerate all the stores we are sending, but everything that can be required in caring for wounded men will be in the holds of the *Red Cross*. . . . . . .
>
> "If this war lasts as long as some authorities say that it will, we shall have to send many more expeditions to Europe and elsewhere. Besides the force going on the *Red Cross*, we are sending a single unit of three surgeons and twelve nurses to Servia on the *Ioannina*, of the Greek line, next week. They will go by way of Piræus and Salonika."

According to the Kansas City *Star* there are 5,000 trained nurses in this country who are members of the American Red Cross Society, each of them pledged to service in any part of the world when called. In the Kansas City paper we read further:

> "In times of peace the nurses of the Red Cross pursue their own course. They are in hospitals, in private service, teaching in training-schools. When they enlist they pledge themselves to the service of the Red Cross. They get no pay from the society until called out, then the pay is $50 a month for service in this country, $60 a month if sent outside the country.
>
> "The pay is small enough for the risks they run and the hard work they do. In battle they will be in danger of bullets and bursting shells, and their days and nights will be filled with uncertainty, fatigue, and nervous strain. There will be little of romance in the work, with its long lines of sufferers, with limbs shot away, crusht heads, torn bodies, lips that babble in delirium. . . . . . .
>
> "When the American Red Cross volunteers get to Europe they will be assigned for duty with the medical staffs of different armies, where the European head of the society decides their services are most needed. They will go to the front at once, and within two or three weeks will be in the thick of the fighting.
>
> "In Germany and in France the Red Cross is officially recognized and is placed under the direct military control. In England, while it cooperates in every detail with the Army Medical Corps, the Red Cross preserves its own organization intact. In Germany, the volunteer organization is presided over by an imperial commission or inspector-general, and the Red Cross operates according to his instructions. Nurses and doctors volunteering are assigned by him to various commands, but it is a rule of the German service that no volunteer who is not of German nationality can be assigned to duty with the army in the field. At base hospitals, however, the services of foreigners are welcomed, but authorization to engage in the work must emanate from the War Office. The same rules regulate the service in France."

The American branch of the Red Cross advertises that it needs $1,000,000 to meet adequately the great opportunity for service created by this war, and in its call for contributions it says: "Give what you can—be it five cents or $5,000." Commenting on this appeal, the Dallas *News* remarks that it is for a cause in which the Church could well cooperate. We read:

> "Thousands have died who, if they had received prompt and proper attention, could have been saved. What is lacking is primarily money. Given the necessary money, and the Red Cross will soon provide even the army of nurses demanded by this monstrous war. If it is to get the money, and if thousands are not to lose their lives needlessly, the people of all countries must contribute promptly and generously. The people of the United States ought to contribute with a double measure of generosity, and call it a thanksgiving offering for their exemp-

tion from the frightful calamity that has been brought on the people of Europe. It seems to us that the churches could do nothing better than to take up collections for the Red Cross. Furthermore, we should think ministers could not easily find a more inviting and appropriate theme for discourse than this of our obligation as a people to contribute to the funds of the Red Cross."

The New York *Times* thinks that the sailing of the *Red Cross* will awaken Americans to the needs of the situation and accelerate their giving. Says the New York *Globe:*

"We should not stop with sending one Red Cross ship to Europe. There is crying need for medical supplies, for doctors and nurses. The war is the greatest the world has ever known, and the suffering caused by it is in proportion. As the greatest neutral nation on the globe and the wealthiest, we must live up to our obligations. The chief of these is that when we are called upon in the name of humanity we must promptly respond. Never has this call been more urgent.

"The American Red Cross Society needs more money to send further relief to the stricken countries of Europe. Thirty surgeons and one hundred and twenty-five nurses! Fine! But let us rather make it three hundred surgeons and twelve hundred nurses. The opportunity is here. Let us rise to the occasion."

Whereas, it is the especial wish and longing of the people of the United States, in prayer and counsel and all friendliness, to serve the cause of peace:

Therefore, I, Woodrow Wilson, President of the United States of America, do designate Sunday, the fourth day of October next, a day of prayer and supplication, and do request all God-fearing persons to repair on that day to their places of worship, there to unite their petitions to Almighty God, that overruling the counsel of men, setting straight the things they can not govern or alter, taking pity on the nations now in the throes of conflict, in His mercy and goodness showing a way where men can see none, He vouchsafe His children healing peace again and restore once more that concord among men and nations without which there can be neither happiness nor true friendship nor any wholesome fruit of toil or thought in the world; praying also to this end that He forgive us our sins, our ignorance of His holy will, our wilfulness and many errors, and lead us in the paths of obedience to places of vision and to thoughts and counsels that purge and make wise.

THE PRESIDENT'S CALL FOR PRAYER AGAINST WAR.

There is no danger of exaggerating the dire need of Red Cross work in the countries now devastated by war, declares *The Union*, of Manchester, New Hampshire, which goes on to speak of the American society's record for efficiency. Not only does its mission of mercy know no discrimination in time of war, remarks the Indianapolis *News*, but in times of peace it is also active in alleviating suffering in the wake of other disasters. Thus we are reminded that it raised a million dollars for the victims of the Messina earthquake, and distributed two million more among the Ohio flood sufferers. "But never before," adds *The News*, "has it been called upon to meet so overwhelming a disaster as now confronts it."

PROHIBITION'S NEW ALLY

BIG BUSINESS is "the new foe of the liquor traffic able to deal a staggering blow," says a writer in *The Christian Advocate* (Methodist, New York), who maintains also that "the day of the sober workman, long dawning, is here." Manufacturers can not be expected to indemnify employees injured in their plants, we read, if the accident is due to the semi-sober condition of the worker. Consequently when, as is the case in New York State, a Workman's Compensation Law provides that employers shall insure their employees against death and injury, the employer rightly insists that none of his men shall drink intoxicating beverages. "Accidents are no longer regarded as providential," says the writer, but are known to proceed largely from the drinking habits of workmen. Of what use is it, he asks, "to have expensive machinery guarded with the most serviceable and approved devices" if even a "moderate drinker" is to handle it? To insure "safety first," we must guarantee "sober first," and he goes on to say that merely on the ground of efficiency, employers are encouraging the workers in various ways to leave drink alone. What is more interesting, perhaps, to believers in prohibition is the fact that—

"The man who thinks more of his job than he does of his drink has the floor. Society is taking so complex a form, competition is so keen, the standards of efficiency required so high that there is a growing discrimination in favor of the man whose hand is steady, brain clear, and judgment unimpaired by drafts of drink. Even the moderate drinker is out of it; the handwriting is on the wall.

"Let us make the daring prophecy that the time is not far distant when a prohibition zone will surround our mills and factories, even as schools and churches are now protected, within which no liquor may be sold. The webs so skilfully spun at doors and gates of industrial plants will have to come down,

AMERICAN NURSES SAILING ON THE *RED CROSS* TO TEND THE WOUNDED ON EUROPE'S BATTLE-FIELDS.

and we shall no longer hear the cordial refrain, 'Will you walk into my parlor?' It is going to be hard on the spiders—but big business is now talking . . . not preachers or reformers. Large financial interests are at stake. Competition is so close that the very existence of factories in the race for trade and maintenance is threatened unless the field be a clear one with no mill discounted by lower standards of efficiency than another."

It is perfectly plain, the writer tells us, why saloons locate close to factories. Indeed, "so desirable is the patronage that if the gates are shifted, the saloons move accordingly," and we read:

"How much of our annual drink bill of $2,000,000,000 is incurred by employees in mills is problematical; but it is not problematical how far this consumption befogs the brains of men entrusted with the machinery, tools, and appliances in our industries. That has been determined. . . . The evidence has been gathering fast, and the call is louder and clearer for sober men in the mills. 'Safety first' is no longer the slogan, but 'Sober first'; then safety will be assured. Men who run dangerous machinery to-day must have steady nerves. They risk their own lives, their fellow workmen's lives, their employers' property, and now in case of accident their employers' money in compensation. It is the drink or the job. Saloons must not be so near that men can steal out unnoticed to the bar. . . . . . .

"Monday following the weekly holiday, with its usual indulgence in liquor, is the dreaded day of disasters in the mills. The curve of accidents for every day has been charted and the 'peak' shows that at ten o'clock in the forenoon and three in the afternoon, just long enough for alcohol to produce its effects after the morning and noon drams, are the dangerous hours for men and machines. And on top of it all, unbiased experts have made rigid investigations as to the cause of accidents in scientifically managed plants, and unfailingly have traced the blame to operators visiting near-by saloons during lunch hour, or slipping out across the alley during an idle moment or two. Telltale snap shots reveal employees stealing out to the saloon. There is only one sure safeguard: a law permitting no saloon to be located so near a factory that workmen can reach it unnoticed by gatemen or watchmen. This calls for a 500- or 1,000-foot limit, and this is the distance that is being advocated by experienced employers who have made a study of the question."

Another proposition in the effort to establish sobriety as a principle of industrial plants, the writer says, is "the substitution of milk for the saloon lunch," and he adds:

"I have before me a letter detailing the names of seven large factories employing thousands of men which provide bottled milk for their employees, one company taking 300 bottles daily. The milk is packed in ice and sold at cost. Saloons which provide a hot soup as an inducement for workmen to drink their beer can be met on the same ground by substantial meals served in the neighborhood without intoxicating liquors. To look afield for a moment: in the Berliner Allgemeine Gesellschaft, Germany, one of the largest corporations in the world, the use of tea, milk, cocoa, and soft drinks is in every way encouraged, and they are displayed for sale at convenient places throughout the works."

As to wholly personal benefit resulting to the workman from the prohibition attitude of big business, the writer mentions the following instances:

"The Philadelphia Quartz Company, located at Chester, Pa., announced last February that it would increase by 10 per cent. the wages of all its employees who would sign the temperance pledge. There was no compulsion about it, but all the 300 men and boys signed up. The manager of the plant says that it is only common sense to state that a strictly sober man is worth more to his company, and that the firm expects to be more than repaid by the improvement in the service it will get from sober workmen.

"Another firm, one of several which might be cited, the United States Steel Mills, covering the entire Mahoning Valley, in March last issued a sweeping order to the effect that all promotions hereafter of whatever character will be made only from the ranks of those who do not indulge in the use of intoxicating drinks. In the same month of March the Great Northern Railroad notified the town of Garretson, South Dakota, that unless it voted out the saloons and kept them out the road would move its division headquarters to an adjoining dry town."

And to such examples, says the writer, may be added the practise of the firms who will hire no drinkers, those that "warn their men that signing a petition for a saloon is an act inimical to the welfare of the factory employing them," and those that "put in their pay-envelops slips bearing pictures of a keg of beer and of a sack of flour with the query, 'Which do you buy?'" In short, argues the writer, "this is the day of the sober workman," and he concludes:

"Time was when the brilliant alcoholic could hold his place in almost any job or profession. That time is past. Industry has come to realize that dependability is better than brilliancy, and that brilliancy itself is more common with men of clear heads than with those whose brains are muddled with alcohol. Manufacturers with near-by saloons closed or pushed back from their doors have just that much advantage over their rivals."

THE MINISTER OVERWHELMED

THERE IS BOUND TO BE inefficiency in the conduct of churches, especially the larger ones, as long as a minister has to fulfil the threefold mission of "preacher, pastor, and manager," says Joseph Ernest McAfee in *The Continent* (Presbyterian, Chicago), and the editor of this journal indorses him as an authority on the subject because of his connection with the Home Board. One who has never undertaken to run a city church with perhaps twenty to thirty different attached organizations, Mr. McAfee tells us, can not realize how great a burden it is. The minister, to make his church successful, must excel in each of the three branches of his work, and while this is a possible achievement in the case of a church of moderate size and a man of exceptional capacity, nevertheless, "in an increasing number of churches this combined office is proving far too heavy a load for one man to carry." The more serious phase of the problem, however, the writer points out, is that "the duties are so varied that the special talent and training demanded for one of the three hamper the same individual in the others." All this is no discovery to "any thoughtful minister," adds the writer, who hopes that in the future the churches will "more and more specialize these three offices and not seek the talents and training for them in one and the same man." For, we are advised, "no individual can prepare a sermon, run upon numerous and heart-wrenching pastoral errands, straighten out the administrative tangles of a great church organization, all in the same day and succeed equally well in each." Yet the present method of helping a minister out of his difficulties by providing him with an assistant or assistants "shows serious limitations," thus outlined:

"Ministers are trained by the same method to do the same kind of work and have been inspired with the same enthusiasm—all measurably the same. The assistant is often as eager to preach as is the principal, and, deprived of the opportunity, grows restive and dissatisfied. There is usually no functional division of duties in the two other departments; to the assistant fall those pastoral and managerial duties which the principal is unable to perform."

A better way, we read, will be found through "scientific and sanctified management," which two adjectives "are to be construed as interchangeable." Of the three offices of preacher, pastor, and manager, which under present conditions the minister is compelled "to jack at," the writer thinks the least capability is shown in that of manager, and he adds:

"Each church ought to embody in its working force as varied elements as there are psychological types in its membership and as there are spiritual needs in the community. Scientific church management will see that it does. Personal magnetism will not of itself express the true science. In short, is not the office of church management too little attended to and, where given attention, is it not handled for the most part in a very unscientific and therefore very unsanctified manner?"

REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS

COUNT VASSILI'S MEMOIRS OF FRANCE DURING THE PAST FIFTY YEARS*

SHORTLY before the appearance of the English edition of this brilliant volume, Count Vassili himself joined the great procession of dead celebrities. A Russian diplomat who was practically a Frenchman by adoption, the Count was peculiarly qualified as an annalist of political and social life in contemporary France. He had had an experience of fifty years of active diplomatic life, in the course of which he came in intimate contact with most of the celebrities of Europe. Hardly a famous name is missing from his witty, scintillant pages, which begin with Napoleon III. and his glittering satellites of the Second Empire and conclude with the régime of President Poincaré.

The portrait of Louis Napoleon has been drawn often enough, and not always in pleasing guise. Victor Hugo has left a sketch that certainly does not flatter the Emperor. The attributes of awe and majesty conceded to "the illegitimate son of Queen Hortense," as he is termed in these pages, were not apparent to the author of "Napoléon le Petit," whose judgment of his sovereign was once rendered in the memorable comment, "He deserves to be led before posterity by the left ear." Vassili's estimate is the most favorable we have seen from a trustworthy source. Without minimizing the responsibility of the Emperor for the cataclysm of 1870, the author gives the sovereign full credit for many achievements during his more or less brilliant eighteen years' reign. It is by comparison with the *épopée* which followed the French Revolution that the second imperial régime lacks historical color or national dignity. One's imagination may well be dazed by the spectacle of a man who, as it were, raised himself by his boot-straps to an imperial throne. "The Emperor's," says Vassili, "was essentially a kind nature. During the eighteen years of his reign he did an enormous amount of good, and certainly France owes to him a good deal of her present prosperity." Of Eugénie, still living at eighty-four in her English home and only recently a visitor to Paris, the author writes in glowing words:

> "The features were quite lovely in their regularity, but a certain heaviness in the chin robbed them of what otherwise would have been absolute perfection. . . . The eyes and the hair were glorious, the figure splendid, and there was an inimitable grace in her every movement. With the exception of the Empress Marie Feodorovna of Russia, I have never seen any one bow like Eugénie, with that sweeping movement of her whole body and head that seemed to be addrest to each person present in particular and to all in general. . . . Her glances had something of Spanish softness blended with French coquetry. In a word, she was a most attractive woman—one of the most attractive that ever lived—but she certainly was not an ideal sovereign."

There are descriptions of the aristocratic society of the Faubourgs and of the social splendor of Eugénie's court, with sketches of the principal figures. The chapters which are devoted to the Franco-Prussian War and the Commune throw fresh light on these terrible events. They reveal some of the inner motives and secret diplomacy which brought about the dénouement of the Napoleonic drama. Separate chapters are given to M. Thiers, the Comte de Chambord, last of the Bourbon pretenders, the Orleans princes, the Duc d'Aumale, Marshal MacMahon, Gambetta, Boulanger, and Dreyfus, and there are highly interesting and diverting descriptions of the *salons* of the Republic, of contemporary Parisian literature and journalism. Perhaps the most striking chapter in the book is one devoted to Madame Juliette Adam, Gambetta's Egeria, the modern survival of the woman who has been a power in French politics and of whom Madame de Staël is the prototype. There is also a striking sketch of Chambord, the most notable part of it being an account of the author's accidental meeting with him in Versailles, where the Count was staying incognito:

> "I had occasion to see him during the short stay which he made at Versailles under an incognito which was only discovered by a very few. We took a walk together in the park, and along the alleys of that garden of Trianon where the young and frivolous Queen, so brutally murdered by the bloody Revolution which she had neither foreseen nor understood, had walked together with the lovely Lamballe and her train of gay courtiers. Everything looked sad and deserted and abandoned; it all spoke of a dead past and of a departed glory. Suddenly the Comte de Chambord stopt in his walk, and turning to me said those memorable words, which I have never forgotten:
>
> "'What a pity that this place was not entirely destroyed in 1793!'
>
> "I looked at him with surprize.
>
> "'You are astonished to hear me say such a thing,' he continued, 'but let me explain to you my thoughts, and you will understand me better. Royalty, like so many other things, is a prejudice, at least for the masses who have neither traditions nor principles. It represents, or at least ought to represent, to them something that is strong, powerful, entirely above them, beyond them; something sacred, that no power save that of God may touch or may destroy. Once this feeling concerning it is gone, half its prestige is gone too. The mob only respects what it can neither harm nor kill. If it once sees that royalty, like everything else, can be touched with a sacrilegious hand, that it is at the mercy of the first boy or man in the street, then the mob not only loses every fear, but also its veneration. It rejoices to see that it has got over the feeling of awe which formerly inspired it with regard to that superior thing which ruled it; it delights in pulling it down, and in treasuring the remembrance of the day on which it smashed it to the ground. Now, nothing reminds one more of deeds done, whether good or bad, than the spots where such deeds were committed.
>
> "'The French people, when looking at Versailles, and walking freely through the rooms where kings formerly reigned, can always think, speak, and remember, with something of that low pride which a boxer feels when he has knocked his adversary to the ground, of the time when they destroyed the power which had ruled them, and feasted in the halls of their former masters. That remembrance is most unwholesome, and can only foster rebellious feelings in the breasts of those who treasure it. Had Versailles been destroyed the Revolution of course would not have been forgotten, but the nation would not always have had before its eyes the sight of the monument of the fallen grandeur of its kings. Facts are forgotten or lose their importance far quicker than one thinks; but places, and spots, keep their eloquence, and unfortunately keep it forever.'
>
> "He stopt, and looked back toward the walls of the massive old pile, whose many windows were blazing in the setting sun. And once more he sighed: 'Yes, I do regret that this place has not been burned down and destroyed; it would not have witnessed then the triumph of the victorious Prussian eagle, and after that, what real French king would care to live in it, even if a king ever reigns again in France!'
>
> "He sighed yet again, and we slowly retraced our steps toward the town. As we passed the castle gates, he stopt again: 'sic transit gloria mundi,' he quoted; 'my glory, like that of my ancestors, has passed away; perhaps it is for the best after all, since I was not destined to see my race continued!'"

CENTRAL-AFRICAN TRIBES

Weeks, J. H. Among the Primitive Bakongo. A Record of Thirty Years' Close Intercourse with the Bakongo and Other Tribes of Equatorial Africa, with a Description of Their Habits, Customs, and Religious Beliefs. With 40 illustrations and a map. 8vo, pp. 318. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. $3.50.

The registration of anthropological facts among primitive peoples is an important and praiseworthy task. This is especially the case when the area dealt with is coming rapidly under the civilizing influence of the white man, under which native customs change, old ideals are lost, and primitive ideas pass forever. Mr. Weeks is no tyro; in fact, his last work was on a similar line, dealing however with the Upper Kongo region, far less affected by Western civilization than the lower stretches of the river.

It is because the Lower Kongo peoples are changing so fast that the present volume is welcome. A newcomer there would find conditions greatly changed. The orderly tabulation of facts begun to be assembled thirty years ago on the various questions that arise out of anthropological science, including the problems of government, public and social life, superstition and religion, industry, warfare, and hunting, was well worth while. And of the twenty-six chapters all but the first two are full of information of this sort. Those on fetishism and religious beliefs have especial value. While there is nothing absolutely new, perhaps, in the entire volume, nothing that is not familiar to anthropologists, new areas are charted for certain well-known features of primitive life—such as mother-right, circumcision, puberty rites, and the like, as well as more

(*Continued on page* 518)

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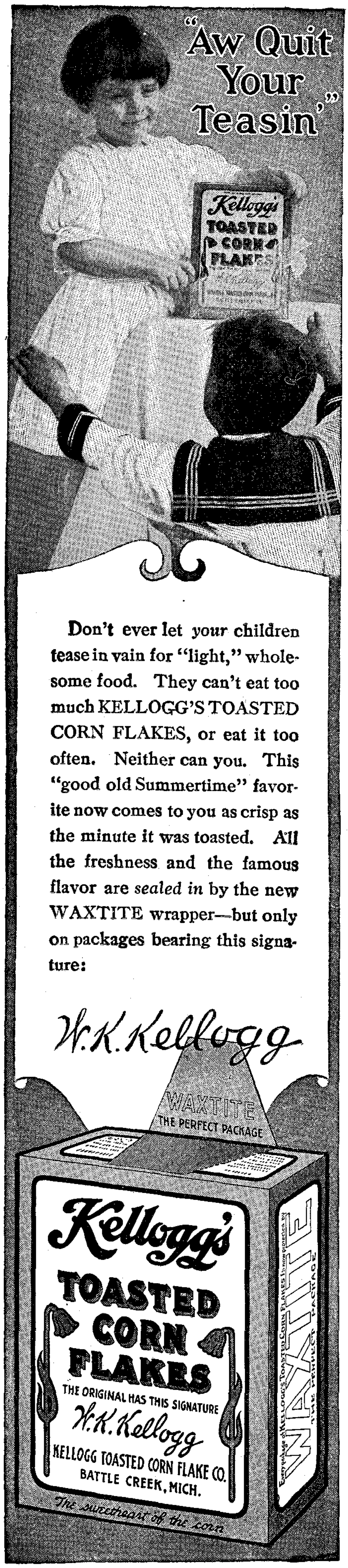
*Vassili, Count Paul. **France from Behind the Veil: Fifty Years of Social and Political Life.** Illustrated. Large 8vo, pp. viii–396. New York and London: Funk & Wagnalls Company. $3.75 net.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CURRENT POETRY

SIMPLICITY is the goal at which many modern poets wisely aim. The greatest art, it has been said, is to conceal art, and the greatest poems of Wordsworth and Landor are those in which the poets have succeeded in uttering beautiful thoughts naturally and directly. But in an age of sophistication and artificiality, writers gain simplicity only by an effort, and sometimes this effort is evident in a poem and makes its simplicity seem an affectation as alien to true art as the most elaborate rhetorical flourish.

This is by way of introduction to a poem which needs no apology. In a recent issue of *The Commercial*, a newspaper published in Pine Bluff, Arkansas, appeared some verses which, in spite of the awkwardness of the first few lines, have an irresistible charm. There is a quality of simplicity and naturalness about this little poem which other poets who have won wider fame would give much to impart to their work. The briefer alternate quatrains, coming as a sort of chorus to the reflections of the woman who sits turning the pages of the old family Bible, have an air of impersonal finality which is dramatically effective. Miss Hocker (the name "Willie" is not uncommon among the women of the South and West) has given the world a poem that is more than quaint; it is beautiful with the beauty which belongs to all things that are natural, wholesome, and fresh.

An Old Family Bible

By Willie K. Hocker

Ancestral Bible leaves I turn,
On ancient yellow page discern
Some trace of birth, but can't acquire
The name of my great, great grandsire

(So small the band
Each generation,
That can withstand
Obliteration.)

The ink is pale, the page is marred,
Good Book, you safely now may guard
His little span of incarnation,
All record gone of appellation

(His fate the same
As millions more,
Time swept his name
On chartless shore.)

But no! the reading lens I bring
And focus brilliant, lighted ring,
Read name, and date, of death and birth,
Of one who long has passed from earth.

(When ages pile
Oh! may I shun
A little while
Oblivion.)

The written line can be erased,
The carved stone is oft defaced,
But goodly lives, their courses run,
From worthy sire through better son

('Til Good shall blend
With man to bless,
And Evil end
In righteousness.)

There is simplicity, too, in the following poem, which we quote from *The American Magazine*. The final couplets of the stanzas are especially telling. Of course, the whole poem suggests one of Swinburne's familiar refrains, but the development of the idea is original and imaginative.

What Three Can Do

By Mary Carolyn Davies

Three men, together riding,
Can win new worlds at their will
Resolute, ne'er dividing,
Lead, and be victors, still.
Three can laugh and doom a king,
Three can make the planets sing.

Three, when the whim shall take them,
Can gleefully fight, and win;
Touch Heaven's doors, and shake them,
Loose them, and look within.
Three can laugh Hell from the code,
As they jest along the road.

Three, with a joyful daring,
Can steal new fire from the dawn,
Ere, in their happy faring,
They've loitered, and galloped on.
Three can level gods to men;
Three can build new gods again.

Here, from *The Book News Monthly*, is a bit of appreciative criticism skilfully done into verse. The second stanza is somewhat weak, but the first stanza and the last two lines of the third are admirable.

Robert Louis Stevenson

By Ethel Talbot Scheffauer

He sings for youth, the passionate and sad,
Youth that despairs and triumphs and is blind;
And ever through the singing, clean and glad,
The keen cool moorland runs and the north wind.

A starkness and a fierceness and a pride
That still defies the night, and with caught breath
Cries hope—tho louder, not to be denied,
The sullen trumpets of the court of death

Peal through the page with strong, insistent surge
And ever is the blackness tenanted:
Somewhere far off, a song rings like a dirge,
And a veiled King stands by the poet's head.

Dr. Johnson's muse is not always solemn. Here, for instance, is a graceful little song that fairly radiates a lover's mirth. We take it from his "Collected Poems" (The Bobbs-Merrill Co.).

Love in the Calendar

By Robert Underwood Johnson

When chinks in April's windy dome
Let through a day of June,
And foot and thought incline to roam,
And every sound's a tune;
When Nature fills a fuller cup,
And hides with green the gray,—
Then, lover, pluck your courage up
To try your fate in May.

Tho proud she was as sunset clad
In autumn's fruity shades,
Love too is proud, and brings (gay lad!)
Humility to maids.

Scorn not from Nature's mood to learn,
  Take counsel of the day:
Since haughty skies to tender turn,
  Go try your fate in May.

Tho cold she seemed as pearly light
  Adown December eves,
And stern as night when March winds smite
  The beech's lingering leaves;
Yet Love hath seasons like the year,
  And grave will turn to gay,—
Then, lover, harken not to fear,
  But try your fate in May.

And you whose art it is to hide
  The constant love you feel:
Beware, lest overmuch of pride
  Your happiness shall steal.
No longer pout, for May is here,
  And hearts will have their way:
Love's in the calendar, my dear,
  So yield to fate—and May!

There is charm in this sonnet; it is a graceful and effective bit of writing, but the octave lacks the strength and dignity which mark the sextet. It appeared in the London *Nation*.

Altho the Season of Thy Life Decline

By Edith Anne Stewart

Altho the season of thy life decline,
  And this thy body show her wintry night,
  These springtime suns will grant perpetual light,
Nor ever coldly on the lily shine,
Nor ever coldly on this flesh of thine:
  Earth's children take no unreturning flight,
  Yearly the primrose hails thy yearning sight,
Yearly each hedge restores the eglantine.

And tho thy brain and body tire and fail,
  And tho Death make a harvest of thy dears,
    And hang his sickle near thy door by night—
Before thee then new mercies will unveil,
  New hands, full of old kindness, stay thy tears,
    New eyes console thee with the old love-light.

There are three contemporary English poets who have learned thoroughly the value of simplicity. They are A. E. Housman, W. H. Davies, and Walter de la Mare. The last-named poet contributes to a recent issue of *The Westminster Gazette* a love-song so direct and so artfully artless that it might have been written in Elizabeth's reign instead of that of George V.

I Went to Pluck a Flow'r

By Walter de la Mare

I went to pluck a flow'r,
To send it to my love,
But no bloom could I find
Perfect enough and fair
To set among her hair,
Or where the laces bind
Her bosom, or above
Her heart to lie an hour.

And so my choice prefers
An unpretentious bloom,
A simple meadow weed,
A humble, blue-eyed thing,
Like the weak praise I sing.
It is to intercede
For one whose sighs presume
To beauties such as hers.

And when my offering
She sees, and reads my rime,
She'll gently put it by,
She'll ponder for a while:
Then smile a little smile,
And sigh a little sigh,
And wonder that old Time
Has such a leaden wing.

"Cook could you spare me a little, please?"

Artful minx! Bound whatever happens, to have *her* fill of this tempting and satisfying dinner-course—

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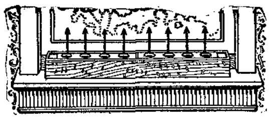

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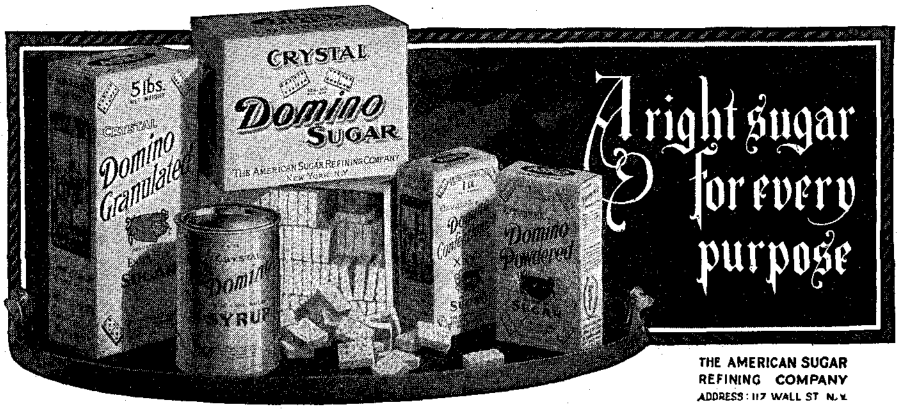
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REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS

(*Continued from page* 515)

exact information on that most difficult of subjects, fetishism. Mr. Weeks covers well the course of life among these tribes from the cradle to the grave, and among all classes from kings to the lowest slave. The illustrations are perhaps less effective than in his other volumes, but still have high value. The format is excellent—as is usual with the firm issuing this volume.

THREE "WHO'S WHO" BOOKS

Marquis, Albert Nelson (Editor). **Who's Who in America.** Vol. VIII. (1914–1915). Chicago: A. N. Marquis & Company. $5 net.

During the fifteen years that "Who's Who in America" has been before the public, it has almost from its start been a necessity to writers and business men in this country, as well as abroad. The eighth edition (1914–1915) in its almost 3,000 pages contains 21,459 biographical notices, over 2,600 more than Vol. VII., altho nearly 1,000 prominent people have died in the biennial period since the previous issue. Of the birthplaces recorded, New York heads the list with 3,322 names. Indian Territory, Oklahoma, and South Dakota claim only one each. Of the 2,259 persons of foreign birth, Canada is credited with 452; England, 424; Germany, 385; Ireland, 178; Scotland, 129; France, 69; Sweden, 69; and Russia, 58; while six were born on the high seas. These figures are interesting as showing the great preponderance of the native-born. The biographical information given, while concise, is remarkably full and up-to-date, and the statistical information thorough.

Mohr, Wm. F. (Editor). **Who's Who in New York, 1914.** Pp. 800. New York: Who's Who in New York City and State, Inc.

This is the sixth biennial edition of "Who's Who in New York." It is restricted to biographical notes of prominent men and women in New York City and State. It is attractively bound and printed in readable type. The alphabetical arrangement makes it comparatively easy of reference, but the make-up could be improved by placing key-words at the heads of facing pages and by placing advertisements at the beginning and end of the book instead of scattering them through the reading-matter.

Shunjiro Kurita. Who's Who in Japan. Pp. (Japanese) 1293; (Foreign) 134. Portraits. Tokyo: Who's Who in Japan Office. Price, yen 3.50 ($1.75?).

This is the second issue of "Who's Who in Japan." Mr. Kurita gives valuable information regarding prominent men and women in Japan, both in politics and business. In his preface he says "it was not very important to insert the names of Koreans, but, if found necessary, they will be included in future editions." Other foreigners in Japan are treated quite fully.

The book shows a great need of competent editing and proof-reading. The editor claims that it is "a complete *cyclophaedia* and the only reference book of present-day Japan." Some of the examples of "English as she is writ" in Japan are peculiar. One advertisement declares that the "Harumoto *saop* factory is the earliest and most experienced soap factory in Japan." Viscount Chinda is described as Ambassador to Washington, but his address is given as "Japanese Embassy, Berlin." Funaki Rentaro went to England in *1893* to attend the coronation ceremony of Queen Victoria. Tadanori Ishiguro is "widely known for his wonderful development of common sense"; Katsuno Sake Inoue was "dismissed from his post, and appointed Ambassador to St. James Court"; Kosuke Tomeoka was "given chage and is engaging in investigation works of social reforming question by the Home Office"; Nichi Torikata was "also awarded *prices* in money and medals"; while Homei Yoshida (altho not a vivisectionist) "once had the honor of engraving a cat in the presence of the Empress." The book, with its many photographic portraits, will be of great aid to newspaper men and others who have occasion to write of men in Japan.

OTHER BOOKS WORTH WHILE

Howells, W. D. The Seen and Unseen at Stratford-on-Avon. Pp. 112. New York and London: Harper & Brothers. $1 net.

This delightful tale is told in a spirit of mischief and delicious humor—a fantasy in which the author meets both Shakespeare and Bacon during the celebration of festivities in Stratford in memory of the "Bard." The entrance of the spirits is made to seem most natural, and their conversations are very enlightening in regard to many mooted points. Reference to the "birthplace, where I wasn't born" is a frequent joke of the poet's, and in the good-natured raillery between Shakespeare and Bacon in regard to the authorship of the plays, Mr. Howells makes his attitude very clear and voices some very telling arguments and explanations in regard to criticized points. The little volume is a bewitching literary gem, whose only fault is its brevity.

Wilson, James Grant (Editor). The Presidents of the United States, 1789-1914. Four volumes. Illustrated. Pp. 1,219. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $7.50.

In these four volumes we have, in the story of the lives and activities of the Presidents, a sort of concise history of our country from the Stamp Act to the beginning of President Wilson's negotiations for the elimination of Huerta. Most biographies make dry reading, but these, from the pens of John Fiske, Carl Schurz, John Hay, and others, give us such intimate knowledge of the motives that actuated the leaders that they have an authority few such works possess. The series is illustrated by portraits of the various Presidents and the ladies of the White House during each administration, with many views. The appendices contain in tabular form the cabinets of each President and the popular and electoral vote for each.

Bancroft, Frederic (Editor). Speeches, Correspondence, and Political Papers of Carl Schurz. Six volumes. Pp. 3,119. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

These handsome volumes were issued by the Schurz Memorial Committee as a tribute to the memory of one of the most useful men in our recent history, and one of the greatest of foreign-born citizens. In them are contained the many speeches and letters—a veritable life-history—of "the American Burke," beginning almost with the day the young German set foot on our shores, together with many interesting letters in reply. Throughout a long and busy life, General Schurz maintained the spirit that animated his student days, which urged him into the revolutionary movement in the Palatinate in 1849, and

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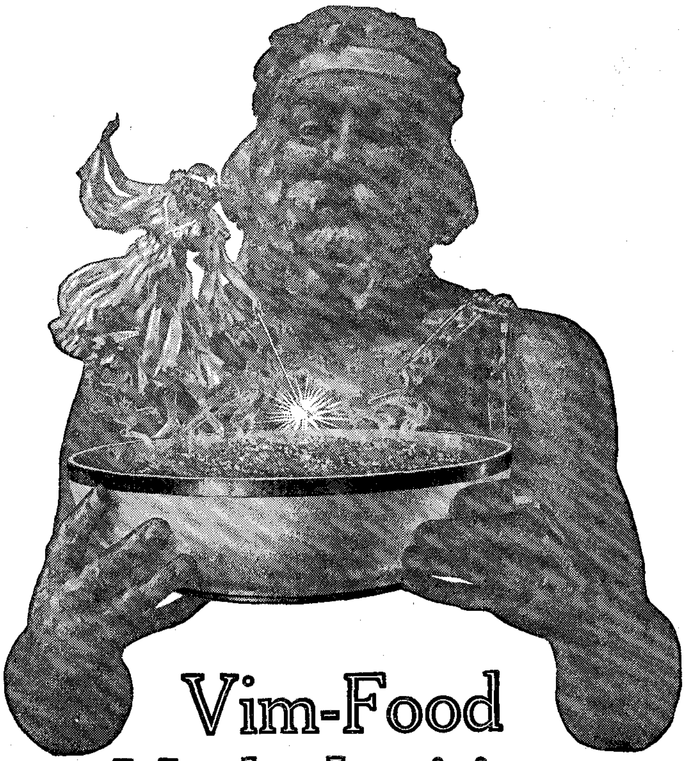

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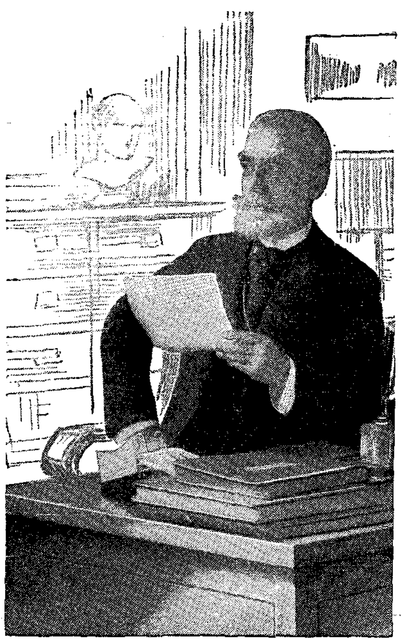

(*Written by a President*)

My final test of a man

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led to his expatriation from the Fatherland. The documents cover the period from 1852 to 1906, and show Schurz's activities as politician, soldier, Secretary of the Interior, and editor. In a prefatory note Mr. Bancroft says: "It has been the aim of the editor to select what will best illustrate Mr. Schurz's political career—his thoughts and acts in the largest and best sense."

Waddington, Mary King. My First Years as a Frenchwoman. Illustrated. Pp. 270. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

Mary King Waddington is not new to the business of authorship. Knowing her style and claims to distinction among literary folk, readers will welcome this account of the years following her marriage to M. William Waddington, who at that time was a deputy in the National Assembly in Versailles, and soon after became Minister of Public Instruction, and later Foreign Minister, delegate to the Berlin Congress, and Prime Minister of France. Besides all this, the fact that she was the daughter of President King, of Columbia, and granddaughter of Rufus King, our second Minister to England, endears her to American readers and gives us a sense of proprietorship in her reminiscences. The narrative covers the years 1876–1879 and recounts simply and graphically her duties as a diplomat's wife. It gives an intimate picture of the lives of prominent Frenchmen and foreigners who shared her social activities. The interested reader will get an insight into the formalities of foreign functions, the obligations imposed on those who served the Republic of France, and will find that, under the formalities, there beat many a heart warm and sympathetic. Vivid pen portraits come from the hands of this woman. We are made familiar with kings and queens, presidents, poets, artists, and musicians.

Sell's World's Press for 1914. Edited by Hubert W. Peet. Large 8vo, pp. xiii–516. London: Sells Ltd. 5s. net. Postage ⅔ extra.

This useful work, now in its thirty-third year of annual issue, is to be welcomed on the editorial desk. As a guide to the British press, it is invaluable, and has made its way throughout the Empire; but the foreign newspaper list is not so perfect as the English, while the Russian, Indian, and Balkan press are inadequately represented. The same may be said to some extent of the Turkish press. But these deficiencies will be felt perhaps only by those who handle foreign news from original sources. No doubt the managers of so indispensable a compilation will in time remedy its defects.

Poincaré, Raymond. How France Is Governed. 8vo, pp. 376. New York: McBride, Nast & Co. $2.25 net.

M. Poincaré is well qualified, both as statesman and writer, to present a living and accurate account of the French Government. While his work is not historic in character, it may be called a parliamentary guide and a living picture of the Republic which has its public offices in what once were the palaces of kings. Side by side with this interesting volume the student should have before his mind France as it was in the age of Louis XIV., when feudal subserviency reigned and the noblesse was paramount. In such days a man like Jaurès would have been summarily decapitated or banished eternally to the lowest dungeons of the Bastile. M. Poincaré gives an account of the republican constitution, the distribution of votes, and the legislation by deputies and senators. The election of the President is explained, and we have a chapter on the administration of justice and the police, the Army and Navy, national education, and compulsory military service. The information thus accumulated is valuable.

Fabre, J. Henri. The Life of the Fly. Pp. 470. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50. (Translation.)

Henri Fabre is already well known in the American literary world from his "Life of the Spider." The "Life of the Fly" is no less interesting and instructive, tho it takes a little patience for one to get thoroughly into the subject. The author writes of flies as tho they constituted a race of architects, lawyers, philosophers, and logicians, and we become amazed at the discriminating powers ascribed to them. Besides intensely interesting facts in fly development and utility, there are introduced some autobiographical chapters which are fascinating and eloquent, describing the author's methods of study and research. His tribute to geometry is unique: "True it does not foster imagination, a delicate flower, blossoming none knows how, and unable to thrive on every soil, but it arranges what is confused, thins out the dense, calms the tumultuous, filters the muddy, and gives lucidity, a superior product, to all the tropes of rhetoric." Practical advice is given as to the proper way in which to protect food, especially meat, against the ravages of the fly. His chapter on the mushroom is illuminating. The value of his own discoveries is thus characterized by Fabre, now a nonagenarian. "In my declining days, I, a humble wood-cutter in the forest of science, make haste to put my bundle of sticks in order. What will remain of my researches on the subject of instinct? Not much apparently; at most one or two windows opened on a world that has not yet been explored with all the attention it deserves." Much of the book is thrilling and dramatic, just as was "The Life of the Spider."

Bruce, H. Addington. The Education of Karl Witte. Translated by Leo Wiener. New York: Thos. Y. Crowell Company. $1.50.

No question is of more vital interest than methods of educating children. Both parents and educators will find many valuable suggestions in this account of Pastor Witte's theories and practises of a hundred years ago. These made a marvel of his son Karl, who, at the age of nine, had mastered nine languages, at ten had entered the University, at fourteen was a Ph.D., and at sixteen a university teacher. To emulate the example of this famous pastor, parents would have to educate themselves, control their friends and assistants, and devote every minute to the correct solution of the daily problems of a growing child. Few, if they desired, could fulfil the conditions necessary to such ideal perfection. No thoughtful teacher could fail to receive help and inspiration, however, from the exhaustive account of Pastor Witte's theories as he worked them out. His text is this: "Even a mediocre child may be approximated to a higher being if one understands

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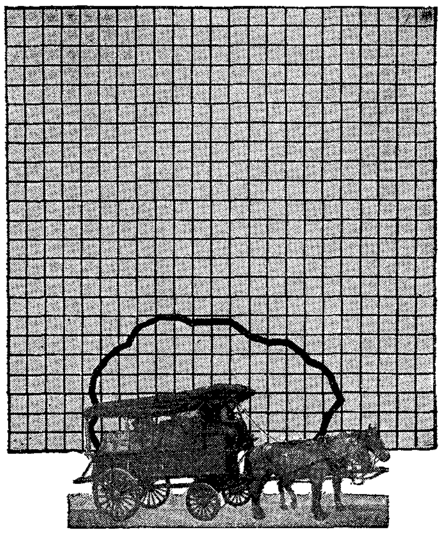

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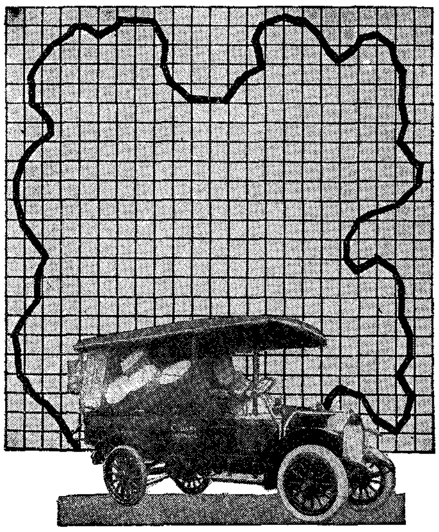

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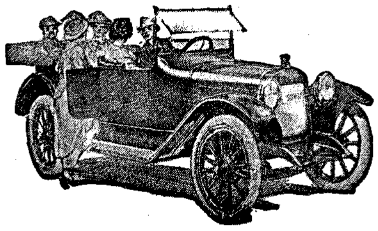

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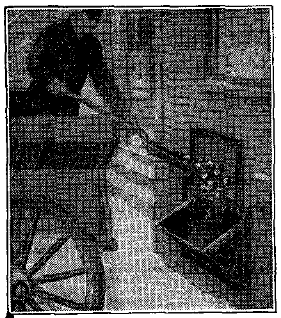

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how to do it and is willing to try it." All his teaching is against allowing a child's mind to "lie fallow," until he is eight or nine.

Kunz, George Frederick, A.M., Ph.D., D.Sc. The Curious Lore of Precious Stones. Pp. 406. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

The object of Dr. Kunz's book is to "indicate and illustrate the various ways in which precious stones have been used at different times and among different peoples, and more especially to explain some of the curious ideas and fancies that have gathered around them." The need of such a book has been vaguely felt by many. There is something interesting for every one in so comprehensive a study of the physical origin of different gems, as well as the significance of their power, either talismanic or religious. The book is beautifully illustrated and full of information in regard to the history of stones, the superstitions connected with them when worn as talismans or amulets, and also their popularity as adornments. The subject of crystal-gazing is delightfully treated. So are legends connected with "birth-stones," and the therapeutic use of precious stones as traced back to ancient times. Each stone is given individual attention. Famous jewels are exhaustively described. Nothing is omitted that can interest or instruct the reader in any phase of the subject in general or particular.

Cabot, Richard C., M.D. What Men Live By. Pp. 336. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.50.

Altho a physician, the author of this mentally stimulating volume looks outside of medicine for the things that should restore health, happiness, and ambition to any one who is discouraged, and should make life broader, deeper, and more "worth while." He chooses four cures: "Work, Play, Love, and Worship." In entertaining chapters he proves how these should form helpful companions to all ambitious men and women. "Real life, then, is after all the best teacher and the best doctor." His style is intimate and searching. He makes it very plain how to distinguish "Work, Play, and Love," from "Drudgery, Frivolity, and Lust," claiming that the former trio is open to rich and poor, to young and old; they are of all times and all races in which character is an ideal. The practical application made by the author of his principles to our daily life and its problems makes the book doubly interesting and singularly helpful in giving a sane and healthful comprehension of apparent difficulties. The real key-note of his plea is: Give each one an aim in life, something in the line of work which will make him feel that he is of use and adding to the world's success, and you have made that man contented and happy, and the rule of "Give and take" should be the prevalent adjuster at all times, and in all cases.

Laughlin, Clara E. The Work-a-Day Girl. Pp. 320. New York, Chicago, and Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Company. $1.50 net.

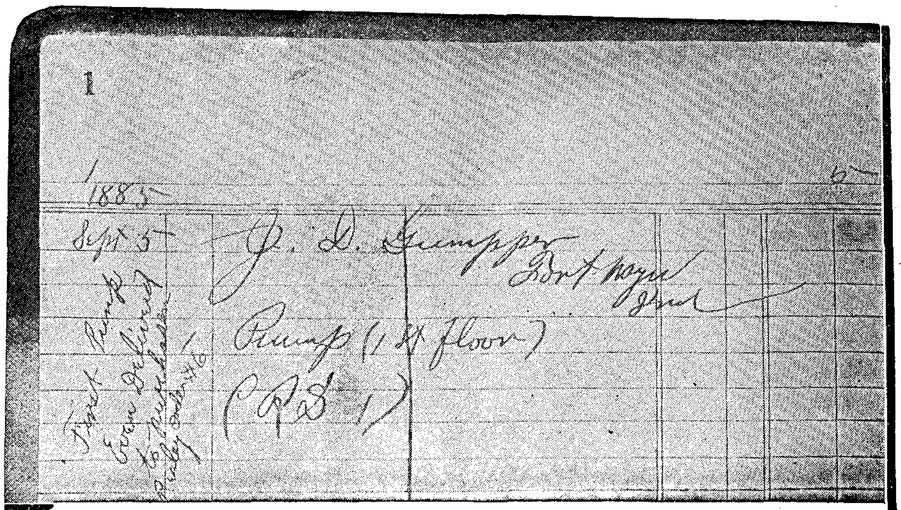
This is a book on present conditions among the working girls and developed along lines of the present agitation in regard to the "white-slave" traffic, and the perils of the unsuspicious girl in search for work. It is not so much a discussion and indicated solution of the problem as a brutally frank statement of certain facts and a recounting of certain incidents witnessed by the author in the night courts, the factory, public offices, and places of amusement frequented by the young bread-winner. The episodes cited and conditions described are sufficiently startling and revolting, but, in spite of the plea for help in changing conditions, the book does not give convincing plans for amelioration of dangers, except in making a plea that each woman shall take hold and help, assuming personal responsibility in order to make impossible some common occurrences. We wish we could agree with the writer that woman's participation in politics would solve the problem successfully. The author is earnest and explicit, and she puts her finger on the most potent and fundamental cause of wrong-doing when she calls attention to the natural and deep-seated love in all young people for "good times" and recreation.

Hawley, Walter A. Oriental Rugs. With 11 color-plates and 8 half-tone engravings, and 4 maps. New York: John Lane Company. $7.50.

Here is a book that to the connoisseur will be a delight, to the student an invaluable acquisition, and to the one who has regarded the values of oriental rugs as fictitious and the admirers of them either faddists or poseurs, an enlightening revelation. Mr. Hawley, who is thorough in his treatment of the subject, says:

> "The more we study the several fields of art in the Orient, the better we realize the wonderful creative genius of its people, and . . . when we realize that in different lines of artistic effort the genius of Asia has rivaled and surpassed that of Europe and America, we can believe that choice specimens of woven fabrics are to be regarded as works of highest art."

It is principally in the coloring that rugs claim interest and admiration. The colors derived from vegetable or animal dyes grow more mellow and beautiful with passing years. It is the commercial element, the attempt to cheapen the products by use of aniline dyes, that has detracted from the value and beauty of the more modern rugs now on the market. We may begin the study of oriental rugs with the assurance that the further it is pursued the greater will be our appreciation and delight. First, we are told in most interesting narrative of the physical environment which influenced the rug-producing lands, the effect of the climate, the highly imaginative and poetic temperament of the people in contact with elemental forces, and the materials used by different makers. The rug-producing countries may be regarded as a "geographic unit," as all are contiguous—China, India, Afghanistan, Baluchistan, Persia, Turkestan, Caucasia, and Asia Minor. In order to understand the nature of the nomadic tribes as well as the artizans of the more populous cities, we have to understand the history of the country and its conquests, as well as its political home struggles, as it all has an important influence on art. A comprehensive study is given of the materials used and their comparative values, then of the methods of producing and applying the different vegetable dyes, and finally a detailed description of the looms used in weaving, with maps of localities of production.



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Since then Millions Have Been Saved in Gasolene, Oil and Power—and Human Life Protected

Above is shown the record of sales of the first Self-Measuring Oil Pump which was invented by S. F. Bowser—*Sold on the Idea alone—long before the pump itself was made.*

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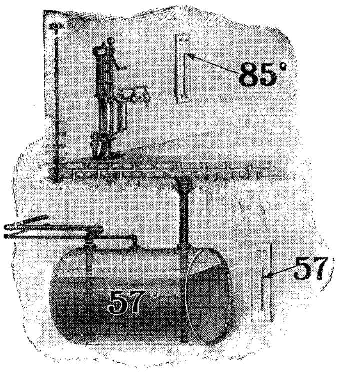

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You need a Bowser System. It means added power to your gasolene. Utmost safety in your garage. Greatest return *every* way from your oil money.

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Standard of the World

An Eight Cylinder Cadillac

The matchless mode of motoring reserved to only a few privileged persons in the Old World (at an almost prohibitive price) developed by the Cadillac Company for American Motorists!

Serious minded motor car manufacturers have sought the ideal power principle for fifteen years.

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It is admitted, we believe, that this Company produced in the four cylinder field, a succession of cars which earned the title "Standard of the World."

Beyond that, loomed for us only one hope and possibility—the promise of a motor in which there would be *no* lapse, *no* pause, *no* hesitation between impulses, but an overlapping of strokes so complete as to produce a flow of power almost literally liquid in its continuity.

We sought the medium by which the Cadillac would be endowed, not with *approximate* freedom from gear shifting, or *approximate* hill-climbing ability on high, or *approximately* swift acceleration, but with the *highest possible form* of these three characteristics.

The Cadillac already possessed those qualifications in an extraordinary measure, but we wanted them developed to a point *beyond which it was not possible to go*.

This requirement pointed straight to an Eight Cylinder Cadillac with four power impulses during every revolution of the flywheel.

How fully these luxuries of travel have been achieved, nothing but your first memorable ride in the new Cadillac can reveal.

As the Cadillac softly speeds along under the almost magic influence of this new power-principle, you become oblivious to the wonderful mechanism which gives you motion. The sensation is as unique as though you had never motored before—the sense of floating through space comes to you as it never came to you before.

It is useless to try to depict in words, thrills which you have never felt—or to portray a degree of ease which you have never experienced.

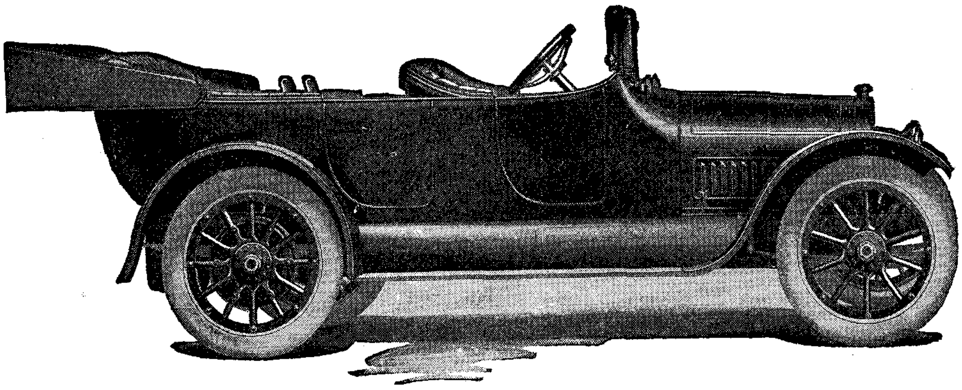
Good roads yield up a velvet quality of travel undreamed of.

Bad roads lose much of their terror, and hills seem almost to flatten out before you—so easily, so quietly, and with so little effort does the car surmount them.

In operation, you enjoy the extreme of flexibility—from less than three miles an hour in crowded city streets and congested traffic to more than sixty miles an hour on the open highway, without change of gears.

Comfort is subserved in the highest degree by the absence of vibration and the pronounced flexibility—and, again, by the yielding springs; the ease with which the car is handled and controlled; the smoothness of the worm bevel driving gears, the soft clutch action and the exceptional sense of rest and relaxation.

The supreme motoring experience of your life awaits you when you take your first ride in this truly remarkable car.



Seven Passenger Touring Car illustrated with Eight Cylinder V Type Engine.
Observe that the Power Plant does not demand a hood of abnormal proportions.

Styles and Prices

Standard Seven passenger and Five passenger cars, Four passenger Salon and Roadster, $1975. Landaulet Coupe, $2500. Five passenger inside Drive Limousine, $2800. Seven passenger Standard Limousine, $3450. Berline type Limousine, $3600. Prices F. O. B. Detroit.

Dealers will have demonstrating cars in the near future

Cadillac Motor Car Co. Detroit, Mich.

PERSONAL GLIMPSES

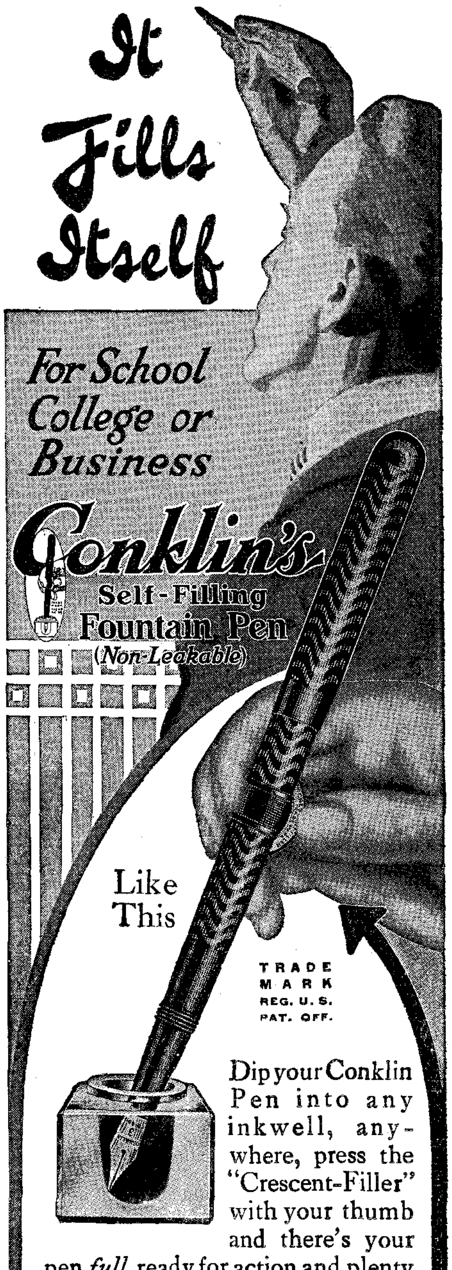
KITCHENER OF KHARTOUM

IT was our own O. Henry who told the story of the little department-store girl, of the smirking "Piggy" waiting below stairs, and of the eyes that seemed to glow from the lithograph of the Sirdar, Lord Kitchener of Khartoum, on the wall of the little girl's third-floor-back. Those steady, cold, fierce eyes are responsible for many more remarkable things than the rescue of a department-store girl in Gotham. They have made the Englishman, who, the Hartford *Times* remarks, is not an imaginative person and is strongly averse to hysteria of any sort, work himself up into a state of mind wherein he regards the present head of his army as a sort of supernatural being. It is interesting to reread George W. Steevens's chapter on Lord Kitchener, in his "With Kitchener in Khartoum" (New York: Dodd, Mead & Co., 1899), to note with what superlatives his eulogy is phrased. Steevens, of the London *Daily Mail*, was one of the most brilliant of modern English journalists, and his estimate of a man should not ordinarily fall too high or low of the mark. We may believe, then, that we are come near to looking at the real Kitchener in this pen portrait from Steevens's book:

> Major-General Sir Horatio Herbert Kitchener is forty-eight years old by the book; but that is irrelevant. He stands several inches over six feet, straight as a lance, and looks out imperiously above most men's heads; his motions are deliberate and strong; slender, but firmly knit, he seems built for tireless, steel-wire endurance, rather than for power and agility; that is also irrelevant.
>
> Steady, passionless eyes, shaded by decisive brows; brick-red, rather full cheeks; a long mustache, beneath which you divine an immovable mouth; his face is harsh, and neither appeals for affection nor stirs dislike. All this is irrelevant, too; neither age, nor figure, nor face, nor any accident of person, has any bearing on the essential Sirdar.
>
> You could imagine the character just the same as if all the externals were different. He has no age but the prime of life, no body but one to carry his mind, no face but one to keep his brain behind. The brain and the will are the essence and the whole of the man—a brain and a will so perfect in their workings that, in the face of extremest difficulty they have never seemed to know what struggle is.
>
> You can not imagine the Sirdar otherwise than as seeing the right thing to do and doing it. His precision is so inhumanly unerring, he is more like a machine than a man. You feel that he ought to be patented and shown with pride at the Paris International Exhibition. British Empire: Exhibit No. 1, *hors concours*, the Sudan Machine. . . . . .
>
> The man has disappeared. The man Herbert Kitchener owns the affection of private friends in England and of old comrades of fifteen years' standing; for the rest of the world there is no man Herbert Kitchener, but only the Sirdar, neither asking affection nor giving it. His officers and men are wheels in the machine; he feeds them enough to make them efficient, and works them as mercilessly as he works himself. He will have no married officers in his army—marriage interferes with work. Any officer who breaks down from the climate goes on sick leave once; next time he goes, and the Egyptian Army bears him on its strength no more. Asked once why he did not let his officers come down to Cairo during the season he replied, "If it were to go home, where they would get fit and I could get more work out of them, I would. But why should I let them down to Cairo?" It is unamiable, but it is war, and it has a severe magnificence. And if you suppose, therefore, that the Sirdar is unpopular, he is not. No general is unpopular who always beats the enemy. When the columns move out of camp in the evening to march all night through the dark, they know not whither, and fight at dawn with an enemy they have never seen, every man goes forth with a tranquil mind. He may personally come back and he may not; but about the general result there is not a doubt. You bet your boots the Sirdar knows; he wouldn't fight if he weren't going to win. Other generals have been better loved; none was ever better trusted. . . . . . .
>
> So far as Egypt is concerned, he is the man of destiny—the man who has been preparing himself sixteen years for one great purpose. For Anglo-Egypt he is the Mahdi, the expected; the man who has sifted experience and corrected error; who has worked at small things and waited for great; marble to sit still and fire to smite; stedfast, cold, and inflexible; the man who has cut out human heart and made himself a machine to retake Khartoum.

Lord Kitchener is sixteen years older now, and it may be supposed that his ambition, which Steevens has hinted was the backbone of his "never-fail" efficiency of the old days, will not be as keen an inspiration as before. Still he has already fulfilled one prophecy of 1898, for Steevens writes: "There are some who nurse a desperate hope that he may some day be appointed manager of the War Office. He would be a splendid manager." And that is just what he is at present. The Hartford *Times* comments briefly upon the man's career, and upon the part that he is likely to play in the present war:

> In his two best-known campaigns Kitchener has shown a tremendous capacity for arrangement; a genius for the utilization of men and munitions. Seemingly inspired at times in his plans of campaign and ruthless in the accomplishment of his purposes, Kitchener, altho never tested in a really great war, undoubtedly holds place in many military minds as the ablest soldier of Europe. He is sixty-four now and old as field commanders go, but if physical decay or loss of mental alacrity has made itself felt in him it has given no outward sign. As



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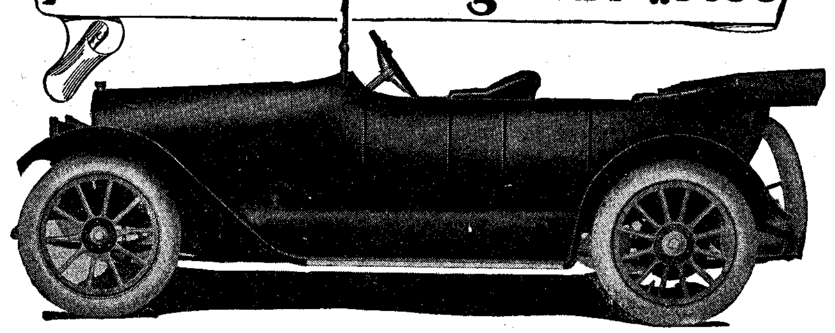

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America's Greatest "Light Six"

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We also build Model 31, "Big Six," with 65 brake horsepower and 130-inch wheelbase—$2250; Model 32, Haynes "Four, with 48 brake horsepower and 118-inch wheelbase—$1660.

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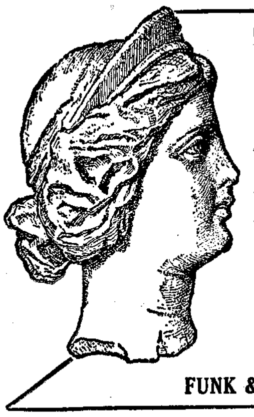

The Home Life of the Ancient GREEKS

Translated from the German of *Prof. H. BLUMNER*
By *ALICE ZIMMERN* (Girton College, Cambridge)
With Over Two Hundred Illustrations

The purpose of this volume is to present, in a clearly written and attractive style, a description of all sides of life in ancient Greece. While to the student, by illuminating the many allusions to customs and manners, it will make clear the preparation for, and study of, the Greek texts, its interest will be equally felt by the general reader. *The Nation*, New York, says: "It is a book which may be used either for consecutive reading, or, owing to its full index, for reference."

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the administrator of the English Army he has a difficult task. The line forces of the empire are not generally credited with the professional skill of their continental neighbors, the Territorials are an unknown quantity, and while the Boers made plain the lesson that men on horses move faster than men on foot, and that modern cannon shoot with greater rapidity, range, and accuracy than venerated armament of an earlier date, there is some ground for fear that the War Office may not have maintained the efficiency it knew just after 1900.

But in the balance of international conflict a master mind may outweigh many physical defects. Of what value was the mitrailleuse, which Bazaine did not know how to use, against the infantry which Moltke did know how to use!

In view of these comments upon the personality of England's leader on the field of battle, it is interesting to run over Lord Kitchener's last word to the men of the English expeditionary forces. Each British soldier now on the Continent carries in his knapsack a pamphlet signed by Field Marshal Earl Kitchener advising him how to conduct himself. The text of the pamphlet is as follows:

> You are ordered abroad as a soldier of the King to help our French comrades against the invasion of a common enemy.
>
> You have to perform a task which will need your courage, your energy, and your patience.
>
> Remember that the honor of the British Army depends on your individual conduct.
>
> It will be your duty not only to set an example of discipline and perfect steadiness under fire, but also to maintain the most friendly relations with those whom you are helping in this struggle.
>
> The operations in which you will be engaged will, for the most part, take place in a friendly country, and you can do your own country no better service than in showing yourself in France and Belgium in the true character of a British soldier by being invariably courteous, considerate, and kind.
>
> Never do anything likely to injure or destroy property, and always look upon rioting as a disgraceful act.
>
> You are sure to meet with a welcome, and to be trusted. Your conduct must justify that welcome and that trust.
>
> Your duty can not be done unless your health is sound, so keep constantly on your guard against any excesses.
>
> In this new experience you may find temptation both in wine and women. You must entirely resist both temptations, and while treating all women with perfect courtesy you should avoid any intimacy.
>
> Do your duty bravely. Fear God and honor the King.

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When notifying THE LITERARY DIGEST of a change in address, subscribers should give both the old and the new address. This notice should reach us about two weeks before the change is to take effect.

CURBSTONE COLLOQUIES

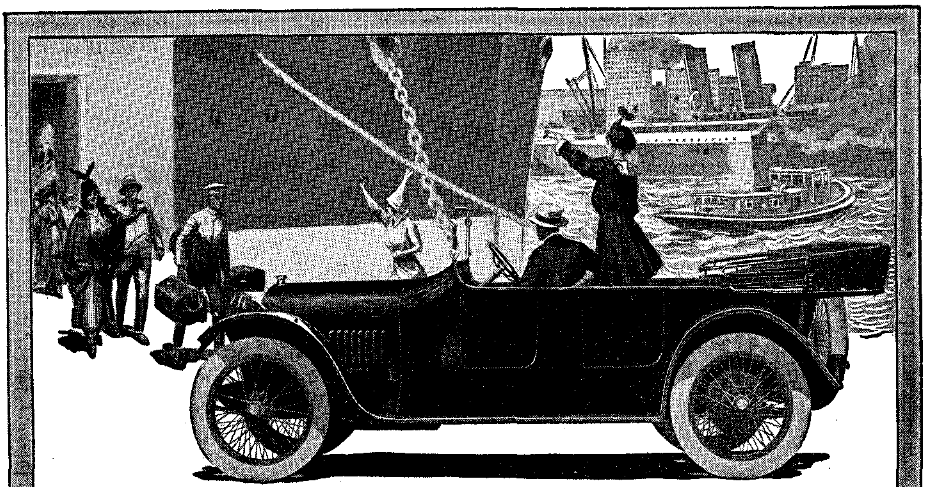
THE New Yorker is no different from other men in his fondness for making public his views on important topics, or in his willingness to argue out any matter of general interest with the nearest opponent. Give him an hour or so in which to form some idea concerning what it is that the newsboys are shouting, and he is ready for all comers. When not debating, himself, he enjoys picking up ideas from others who are, and in this way has been formed, quite naturally, the Times Square Debating Society, as the New York *Times*, in all modesty, calls it. We learn that—

Its daily sessions, and especially its nightly sessions, have become a feature of the life of the town. Night-workers going home near dawn often find it still unadjourned, and at sunup forehanded debaters are already gathering. On Sundays such of the holiday crowd as does not go to the beach or has returned from it boards the Subway and hastens to the square, packing it to the curb. The bulletins are the excuse, but after the bulletin service stops the debating society is still in session. There is never a moment of the day when it is not there. It is the outlet for the city's feelings, a fine chance for expression.

Any one can become an orator, and hundreds do. The crowd is like no other crowd ever seen in New York. It is split up into little rings. In the center of each ring stand two debaters, brought into collision by accident, generally of varying speech. Here a German declares himself, and instantly a Frenchman challenges him to verbal duel; in a moment their audience forms itself into a circle about them. There a Servian and an Austrian are clashing, with their laughing and applauding auditors around them. The style varies enough to suit any taste. If you like repartee and satire, you can get it from these two duelists at the Subway kiosk; if you prefer solid argument and knowledge of the matter in hand, step over toward the newsstand and join the audience around these other two.

If you seek a fiercer excitement, you will go away disappointed; the argument does not degenerate into fisticuffs. It is remarkable, considering how deep the passions are that find expression here, how well the debaters hold themselves in hand. Each speaks for his endangered fatherland, and the matter lies close to his heart. Flashing eyes and voices that deepen and become rough with feeling you will see and hear, but tho sarcasm and retort often run close to the border line, they do not cross it. There is real wit, too, and sometimes rough eloquence. "You'd better give it up, you're outnumbered," called a Frenchman to a German beset with three adversaries. "I can take care of three at once, and so can Germany," is the retort that brings applause from a none too friendly audience. In the center of another group is a woman making a moving appeal for sympathy for Germany. No statement goes unchallenged, but the challenge is usually couched in terms that are not provocative. The man who knows his subject is instantly the center of a respectful crowd seeking information.

The police were suspicious and vigilant



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The Moline-Knight cars now in the hands of private owners have made good. Every claim made by us has been substantiated.

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This is the motor that made the phenomenal 337 hour non-stop run in the laboratory of the Automobile Club of America, New York, averaging 38 horsepower under load and at the end of the test reaching 53.6 horsepower at 1682 revolutions per minute.

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Because of our limited production—not over 1200 cars during 1915—and the increasing and insistent demand for Knight motored cars at a fair price—the Moline-Knight 50 H. P., Four-Cylinder at $2500 will be oversold early. So write at once for descriptive booklets and get acquainted with this splendid car.

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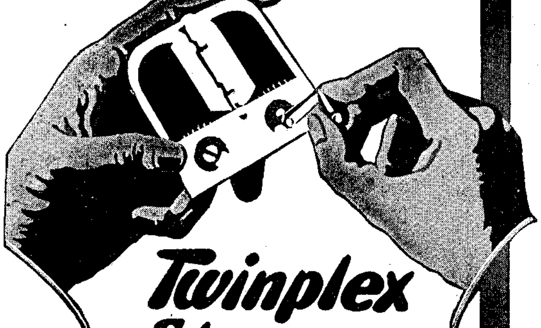

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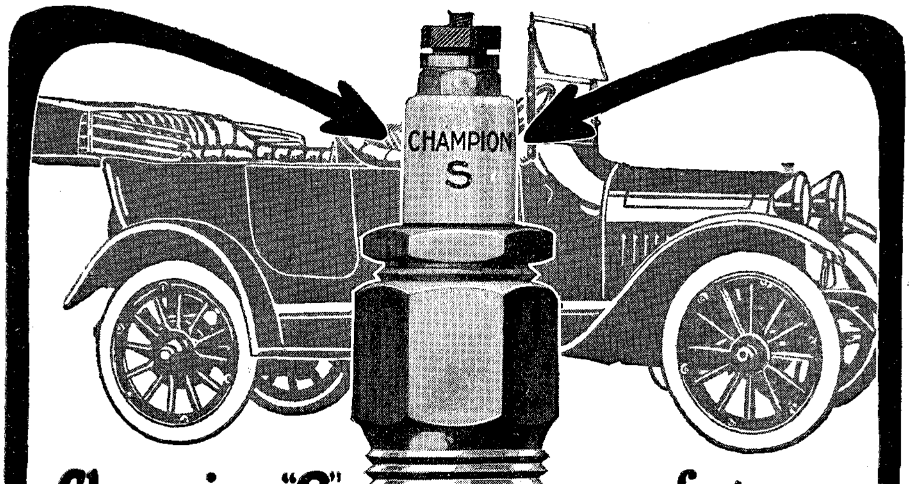
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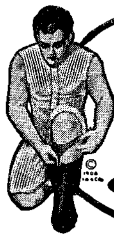
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the first few nights, but they soon found that there was little to be afraid of, and the Manhattan Debating Society became an institution. New Yorkers may take pride in this institution, this new way of venting war feeling, which so quickly succeeded the dangerous and provocative parades and war-songs. And we extend our respectful congratulations to our fellow citizens from the eight warring nations on the object-lesson they are giving in Americanism.

A SKY-SCRAPER SCHOOL

THOSE who have been inclined to disapprove of the rapid advance of the technical and trade schools have now, in the new "school for office-boys," started in the New York Woolworth Building, an opportunity to see how strong is the demand for business and industrial training for school-children. The school for office-boys is the result of a need universally felt. If the young people who come to the offices to find work have not learned in the city schools enough to enable them to perform their tasks thoroughly and intelligently, so that they may attain to increased responsibility, then another school must be found for them. Cases have been known where the boy or girl assistant could not file letters alphabetically because the new method of teaching does not start with alphabetical study. The New York *Times* points out that the Woolworth school may be followed by many similar schools in office-buildings. As to the present plans:

> The Merchants' Association is working with the Board of Education in the matter. Officials of the association and of the board have had extended conferences, and it is believed on both sides that the formation of this school—which, it is stated, will be the first office-building school in the world—will mark a new step in vocational education.
>
> Teachers will be provided by the Board of Education, their number depending on how many employees become pupils. It is expected that the school will begin with 100, but it is thought that ultimately as many as 500 boys and girls, young men and young women may be enrolled.
>
> To make the school a success it will not only be necessary for the employers to cooperate, but the employees themselves must enter into the plan with enthusiasm. It is believed that there will be little difficulty on this score, once the school gets under full headway and once the employees find that what they learn in class is going to make them worth a bigger weekly wage and will aid them to promotion.
>
> It is a cause for complaint now among many down-town business men that it is difficult to get satisfactory employees among the juniors. Office-boys are declared frequently to lack rudimentary knowledge and the idea of thoroughness. The same complaint is made as to office-girls. Other juniors, such as assistant clerks and typists, are stated to lack the education which will enable them to be promoted to better posts.
>
> The idea of the school came, indeed, from an experience of this sort in the office of the

Merchants' Association itself. There was in the office a young woman employed as a typist. She was bright and trustworthy. It was desired to promote her and make her a stenographer. Then it was found she lacked the knowledge which would enable her adequately to do stenographic work of the kind required. Thereupon the girl was given six months' leave of absence to take the courses she needed. This incident led to the discussion of the feasibility of the establishment of schools in office-buildings, and thus to the present intended experiment.

A WILD VOYAGE

A YOUNG Englishman, working his way around the world and traveling strictly "on his own," once found himself stranded in San Francisco, apparently for good and all. The only alternative that presented itself during the short time that his slender resources held out was to ship on a typical "coffin-ship," or tramp steamer of the very worst and most uncertain sort, and work his way to Japan. His name was A. Loton Ridger, and he tells the story in "A Wanderer's Trail" (New York: Henry Holt & Company). Incidentally he is a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society. At that time, however, he had only two dollars in his pocket, and with the whole region in a terrible state of financial panic due to the recent earthquake, with no chance to get work on land, and surrounded by thousands of men even more desperately situated than himself, he did not delay in making up his mind. There was always the chance that the old ship might stay above the water, and this uncertainty compared to the certainty of starvation on shore seemed the lesser evil. He made his way to the docks and finally managed to find the *Santolo.* He says of her:

> In appearance she was about as dilapidated an old tramp as one could have wished to see, her rusted sides and ancient paintwork fully testifying to her age of twenty-five years. Her design was old-fashioned, most of her accommodation being aft in the poop, which was connected to the bridge deck by a running bridge over the aft-well deck. Her registered tonnage was 2,700 tons. I am not giving any unnecessary detail regarding the *Santolo,* for to follow all the old ship's adventures it is necessary to have a little idea of what she was like. The man-in-the-street knows very little about the deep-sea tramp that supplies him with his daily requirements, his slight knowledge of the mercantile marine being limited to a superficial acquaintance with palatial mail steamers.
>
> The *Santolo* flew the German flag, being captained and officered by Teutons; her crew was Chinese. I said officered by Teutons; that, at the time of my joining her, was hardly correct. Her deck officers then consisted of the captain, a young man of twenty-six, tho none the worse for that, and the chief officer, an even younger man. The engine staff was equally deficient in officers. The "chief" was only possest of a second's "ticket," besides being hopelessly addicted to drink, and a poor engineer to boot. The second engineer, the only other officer the engine-room then possest, was, however, quite a different type

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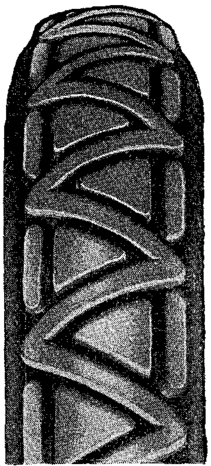

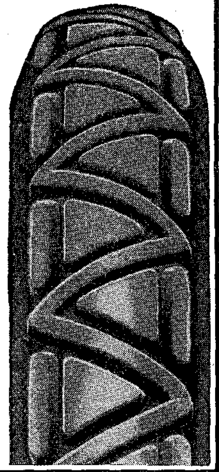

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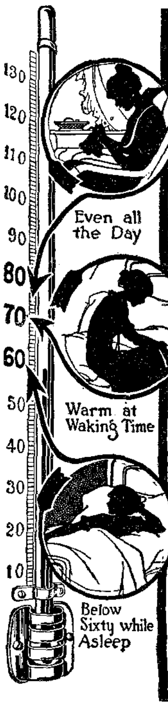

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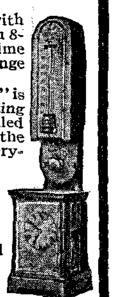

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Our wide experience has taught us that the best way to eliminate the "bite" from a smoking mixture, is to use mild tobaccos in its blending that have no "bite."

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Whip
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"Whip" owes its absolute freedom from "bite"—as well as its unequaled mildness—to the pure, natural, mild tobaccos used in the blending.

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In writing, please mention the name of your dealer. "Whip" is put up in one-ounce tins at 5 cts., and 2-ounce tins at 10 cts.; also in handsome Pottery Patented Self-Moistening Pound Humidors.

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Why not wear the same becomingly stylish hats worn by the best dressed men in New York? Why not secure the same high quality for $2.00, with charges prepaid? 26 Stores, 14 in Greater N. Y. *Write for booklet of Truly Warner Hat Styles*
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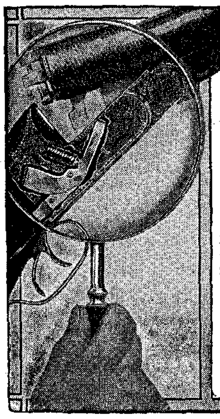
Truly Warner

$2 Prepaid



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Dept. H, ITHACA, N. Y.

of man; and it was due solely to him that the engines were in a passable condition.

The first item of unpleasantness that young Ridger encountered, after securing the position of second mate on the *Santolo*, was the fumigation of the ship, a rite imposed by the harbor authorities on every ship leaving the port. For fear of the heavy penalty resulting from any disobedience of this order, it was carried out with painstaking strictness, so that for days afterward the air 'tween decks was acrid with sulfur fumes. Before leaving, three more men were signed on: a deck officer and two engineers. We read:

The former was, like myself, without any certificate, but was, on the other hand, a very capable and experienced sailor, having been bo'sun on many Boston trawlers. For some years, however, he had been a butcher in the States. The two engineers we shipped were both of the beach-comber type; one, without a certificate and with no more experience than that of a fireman, was the better man of the two. He joined the ship as fourth engineer, the other being in possession of a junior certificate. We were not exactly what would be termed a highly efficient crew, for, apart from the officers, our Orientals were about as bad a bunch of Chinks as could be scraped out of the dives of Hongkong.

Thus manned, the *Santolo* proceeded up the coast to Puget Sound, where we were to load for the East. Being in ballast, we made a quick passage and by noon of the 10th we anchored off Port Townsend. Here we started to load our cargo. As part of my duties as junior officer I had to take a twelve-hour anchor-watch during the night in all these Pacific coast ports. Apart from ordinary navigation reasons, it was more than essential that an officer should be on watch during the night, as the steamer was liable to a fine of five hundred dollars for every one of the Chinese crew that absconded from the ship, unless all reasonable precautions had been taken by the master; and the fact of an officer being on watch could save the situation. It was a long and tedious watch—from six o'clock in the evening till six in the morning—and seemed more wearisome than a watch at sea. The greatest hardship was to keep awake. . . . . . .

On the evening of the 20th we steamed north for Vancouver Island very deep in draft. We reached Ladysmith early the following morning and started to coal. We were ready for sea by ten o'clock the next day. During the night we experienced some extremely violent squalls—a foretaste of the weather that awaited us—and more than once during the night I had to slack the ship's lines to prevent them carrying away. At eleven-fifteen "full speed" was rung down to the engine-room, and the old *Santolo* began her eventful and perilous voyage on the 22d of December, 1907. . . . . . .

After breakfast I turned in till noon. Tho expecting some bad weather, I was surprized when going on watch again to find quite a strong gale blowing: the unexpected force of the wind nearly took me off my feet. The captain was on the bridge when I went up. He looked anxious. I was hardly surprized, for I knew that we had all our coal-bunkers in the alleyways unbattened down, being unable to attend to them till the coal had settled.

The ship was already making bad weather, being very heavily laden. Shortly after two o'clock "half speed" was rung down to the engine-room, as the seas were getting too high. The glass kept steadily falling and hourly the wind grew stronger. By six bells in the afternoon watch the gale had increased to a hurricane. So terrific was the force of the wind that the seas were almost beaten down flat, and only one white mass of foam met our gaze. It was nearly impossible to see beyond the bows of the steamer, so blinded were we on the bridge by the driving rain and spray. The hurricane increased in force till it reached its height late in the afternoon. Its fury then was beyond description, the force of the wind incalculable.

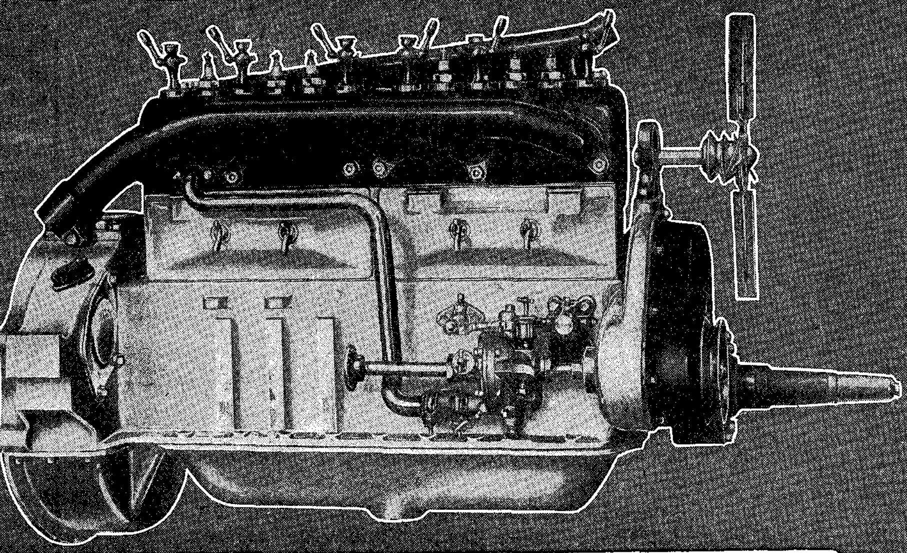
Rather foolishly the captain had delayed heaving to, and the heavily laden tramp was now laboring badly in the seas. To heave to at once was imperative. Shortly before four o'clock this was done, tho not before some big seas had swept us fore and aft, carrying away numerous spars and stanchions. A heavy one struck us on the port side; it broke clear over the ship, smashing the engine-room skylights and pouring a ton of water or more down on the engines below. A quartermaster was sent from the bridge to make fast some canvas over the part where the skylight had carried away. While thus occupied, the first of the long list of accidents and troubles that befell us on that eventful voyage occurred. A big sea struck the ship; there was a lurch; a foothold was lost—and all was over. Carried by the almost irresistible force of the wind, the quartermaster was swept overboard. A life-buoy was thrown to him; of no avail—the poor wretch drowned before our eyes! To attempt to launch a boat in such seas was madness. Even if we had been successful in doing so, no boat could have lived for a minute in such a turmoil of raging waters. With a muttered prayer we turned and faced the bows again. . . . . . .

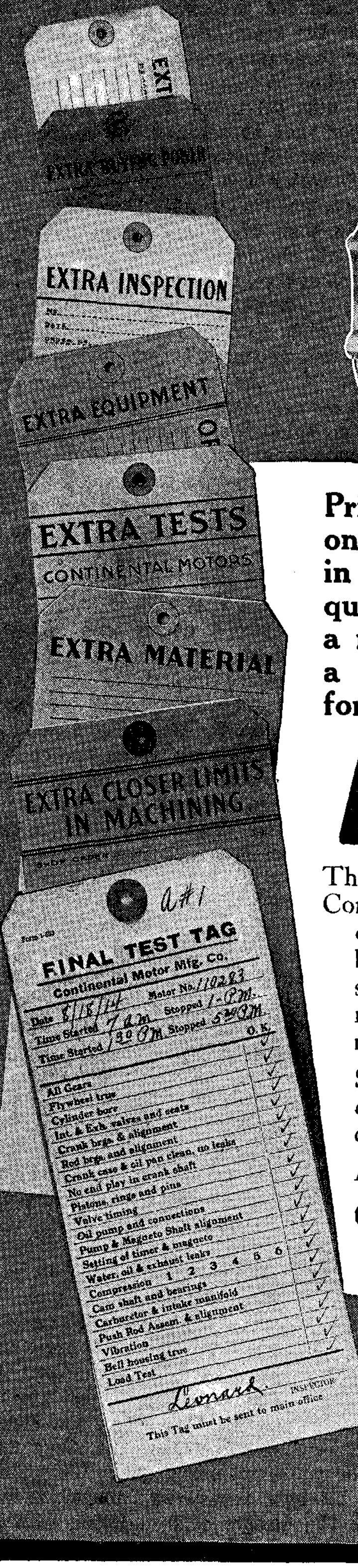
At five o'clock in the afternoon the second accident occurred; one that came very near to finishing the old *Santolo* then and there. Our steering-gear carried away! A clatter of heavy chains amidships, the steamer falling off her course—told the tale only too well. We were now in about as helpless and hapless a position as we could possibly be. And night was fast approaching. Tremendous seas broke over the helpless tramp, as she lay wallowing in the trough of the water. She rolled nearly to her beams' ends. Our hand-steering gear was useless, smashed by a big sea, tho I wouldn't be sure that it was in working condition on our departure.

With but little effort I recall to-day the picture of that vast expanse of tumbling and raging seas on which the luckless vessel tossed, under dark and gloomy storm-clouds that scurried over the heavens. I can hear again the dismal sound of the abating storm whistling and moaning through the swaying masts. And I can see again the fast-disappearing daylight ushering in that stormy night, through which we drifted, never knowing but that the next moment might be our last. Such nights need no diary to recall them; the mind bears faithful record.

They made what shift they could to close the hatches over the coal-bunkers, but the loose coal, instead of settling, made their efforts each moment more difficult. One

The Extra Guarantee





FINAL TEST TAG
Continental Motor Mfg. Co.
A#1
Date 8/18/14 Motor No. 110283
Time Started 7 a.m. Stopped 1-P.M.
Time Started 1.30 P.M. Stopped 5.30 P.M.

	O.K.
All Gears	✓
Flywheel true	✓
Cylinder bore	✓
Int. & Exh. valves and seats	✓
Crank brgs. & alignment	✓
Rod brgs. and alignment	✓
Crank case & oil pan clean, no leaks	✓
No end play in crank shaft	✓
Pistons, rings and pins	✓
Valve timing	✓
Oil pump and connections	✓
Pump & Magneto Shaft alignment	✓
Setting of timer & magneto	✓
Water, oil & exhaust leaks	✓
Compression 1 2 3 4 5 6	✓
Cam shaft and bearings	✓
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Push Rod Assem. & alignment	✓
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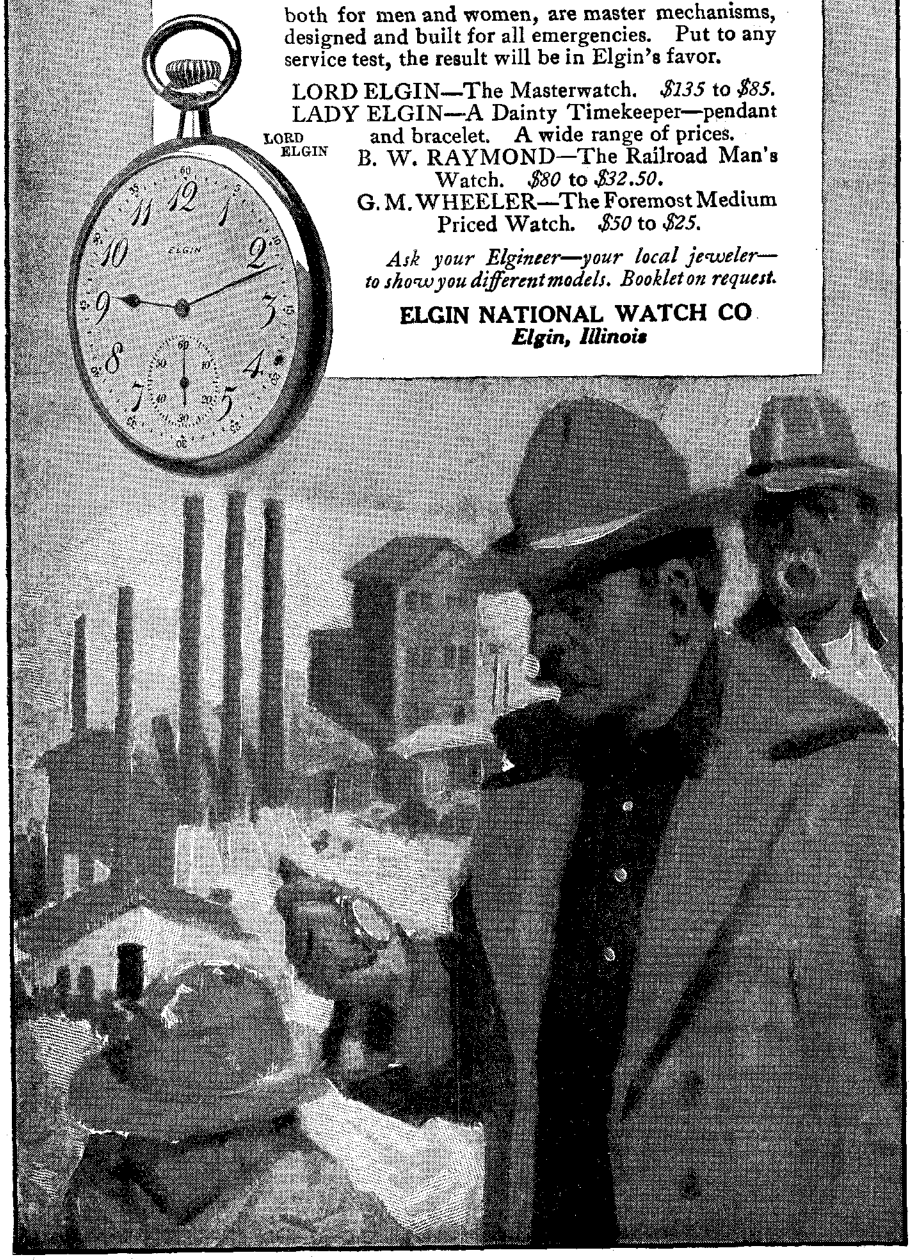
Elgin, Illinois



of the steel connecting-rods of the steering-gear parted under the strain and left the runner to the mercy of the seas and in imminent danger of being so battered as to be useless. On top of this the Chinese crew struck. The men, paralyzed with fear and certain that the ship was ill-omened, insisted upon remaining below in the forecastle, burning incense to their gods, awaiting the end with sullen and silent fatalism. The writer continues:

There remained but the four of us deck officers to start in the dim light of a flickering lantern the almost hopeless task of lashing the rudder. Large six-and-a-half-inch hemp hawsers snapt like twine under the tremendous strain of the seas. After three unsuccessful attempts we were compelled to leave the poop for a time to turn our attention to an even greater danger that threatened the safety of the ship—our unbattened coal-hatches, through which water was fast pouring. The ship, in fact, was slowly filling.

The task of shoveling the loose coal from off the hatches was a heartrending one, as every lurch of the distrest steamer undid the work just done. Working feverishly, with shovels and with our hands, we at last were able to get the hatch-covers on, despite the constant shifting of the loose coal at every roll of the ship. This task completed, we once again returned to the poop to try to lash the rudder-quadrant. Realizing that hemp ropes were unable to stand the strain, we thought of a heavy steel hawser. This was stored in the forecastle. The ship, lying in the trough of the seas, was now rolling nearly on to her beam-ends. To keep a footing on the sloping sea-swept decks was an almost impossible feat. So the task of bringing that steel hawser through the ship, dodging the heavy seas that continually broke over us, hanging on to life-lines, clutching, in short, to anything on which one could get a hold, while sea after sea swept us clean, was about the hardest I can recall. But our effort with the hawser was successful. By means of it we at last securely lasht the quadrant to the "bits," thereby rendering the rudder immovable. When divers examined the ship at Honolulu, they found one of the sockets of the rudder all but broken off; it was not lasht a moment too soon. . . . . . .

The day—Christmas day—broke dull and threatening. Another serious trouble now confronted us. Owing to the continual rolling and lurching of the steamer, the cargo in two of the hatches had shifted considerably, listing the ship well over to starboard. By noon she was listing fully seven degrees. There was nothing to be done but open up the hatches and retrim the shifted cargo. To open up hatches while big seas were being continually shipped was a risk we had to run. The ever-increasing list of the ship was a serious danger, one that might at any moment be the cause of the vessel foundering. Consequently the best part of the day was spent under the hatches restowing the sacks of flour. All hands, from the chief officer to the cook, were engaged. The Chinese had by now recovered from their fright, since the danger of foundering was for a time averted. By night time the ship was considerably straightened.

It was not, certainly, the most ideal way of spending the season of Christmas; we had, however, no alternative. My Christmas fare consisted of some old salted pork—of very doubtful age—with the luxury of a bottle of German beer. Salt junk was the staple diet on board. Rations of one tin of milk, two pounds of sugar, and tea, had to last five of us in a mess for a week—of course it never did. We had also some tough Shanghai pigs on board. Eating them in no way compensated us for the ungodly row they raised in bad weather.

At daybreak on the following morning—Boxing-day—the clattering of chains amidships and the ship falling off her course informed us that once again the steering-gear had broken. I was on watch at the time. A glance at the compass was enough! Calling out all hands I rushed aft. In a moment I saw that the repaired rod had again parted. Fortunately the mate had had the foresight to leave in readiness the wire hawser; so it was not long before the rudder was securely lasht. Perceiving the uselessness of again repairing the rod, we substituted in its stead a length of wire rope. This answered rather too successfully, as the strength of the wire threw extra strain on the chains round the quadrant. In the night watch a link in one of these chains snapt; and—for the third time—the ship drifted helpless before the wind. The link was repaired and for the third time we endeavored to continue our luckless voyage! The old tramp was a veritable "coffin-ship"; over-laden, ill-equipped, under-manned—*and yet she was 100 A1 at Lloyd's!* I wonder who was the surveyor.

The *Santolo* certainly bore a charmed life. It was something to have been drifted three times in the worst weather imaginable and yet to be still afloat!

The idea of continuing our attempt to make the northern passage through the Pacific to Vladivostock in our present battered condition was abandoned, despite the exhortations of the captain, who, poor devil, was anxious to make the speediest voyage possible. It was his first command. But it was obvious to all that a few more days of similar battering about would be the finish of the old steamer. . . . . . .

Our course was changed and we headed for Honolulu, in the Hawaiian Islands, to put in for repairs.

The weather till the 29th kept moderately good—moderately in comparison with the weather we had been lately enjoying. We made but poor progress, tho, owing to the heavy seas that were running—the aftermath of the gales that had been sweeping over these northerly waters. I would like to meet the man who gave to this ocean the name of PACIFIC!

In the evening of that day a heavy gale from the southeast sprang up. The seas soon got too high for us to proceed, and again for some hours we were compelled to heave to. When the storm abated and the seas had moderated to some extent, we resumed our course. Not for long, however, as an even stronger gale broke over the ship the following day. Again we lay hove to for hours! During all this bad weather we had with us the continual anxiety as to whether our patched-up steering-gear would stand the strain of the mountainous seas that broke over the ship. We became nervous as cats. On watch the sound of

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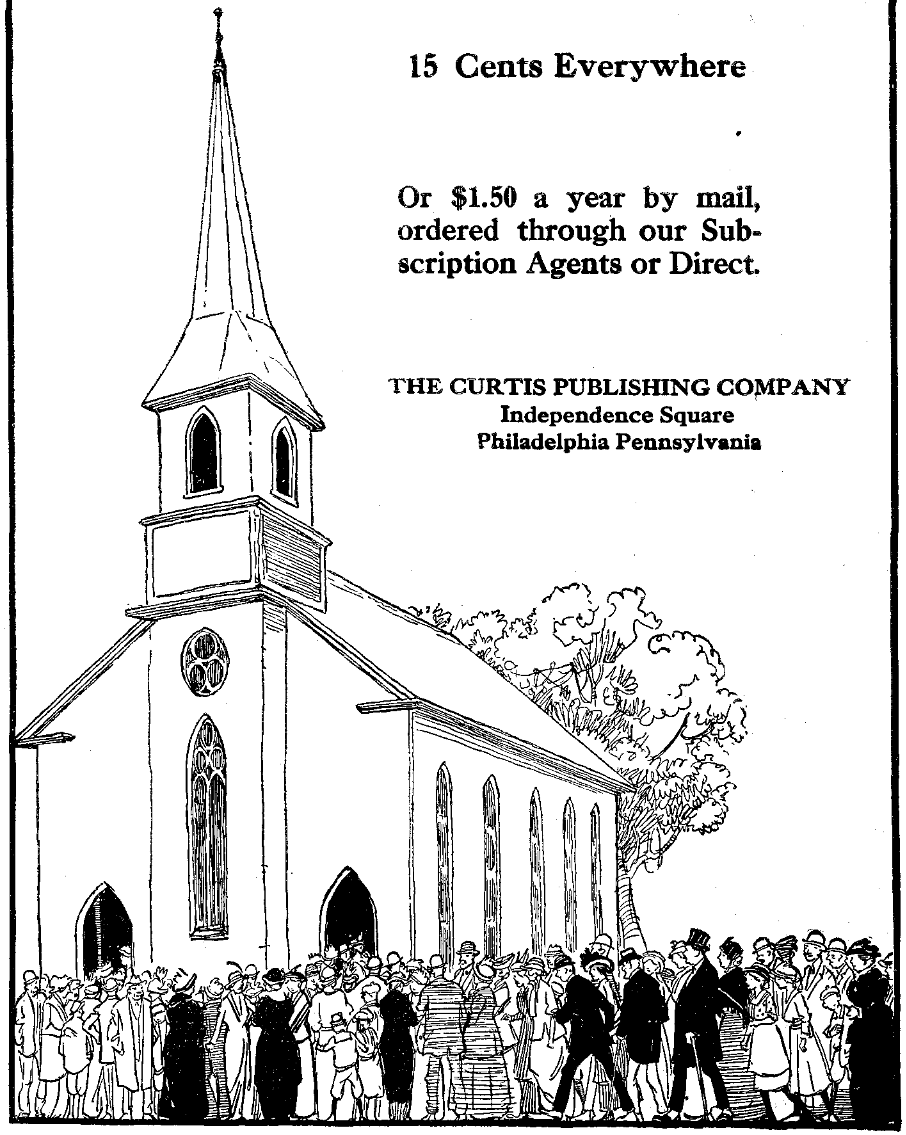
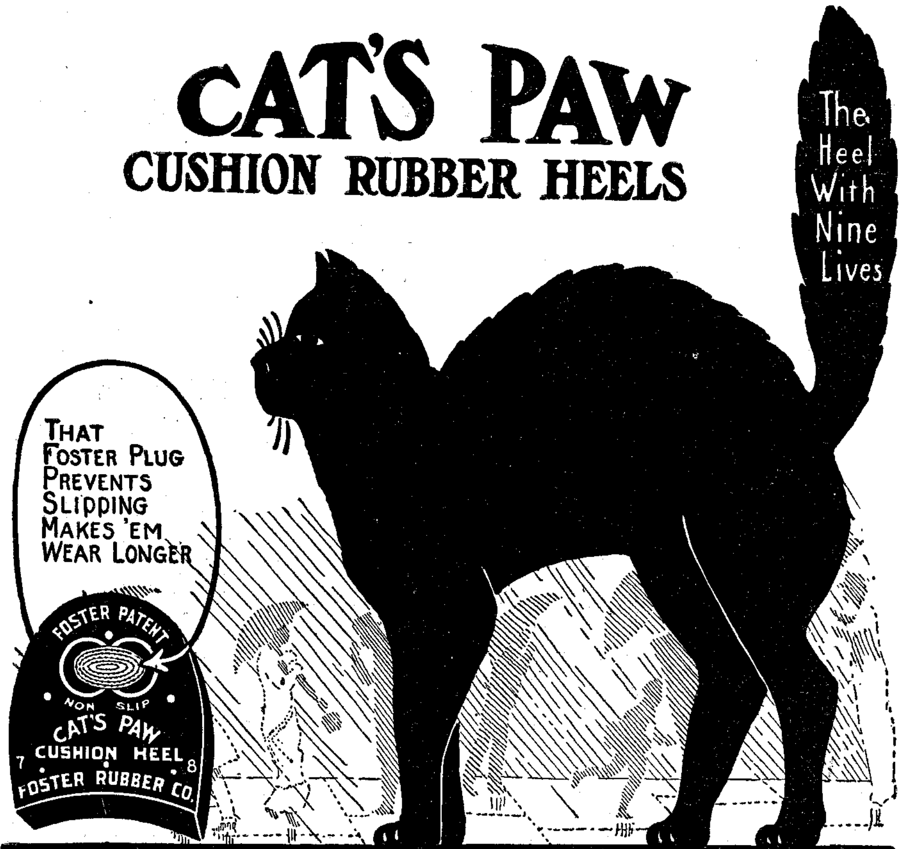


CAT'S PAW
CUSHION RUBBER HEELS


The Heel With Nine Lives
THAT FOSTER PLUG PREVENTS SLIPPING MAKES 'EM WEAR LONGER
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FOSTER RUBBER CO.

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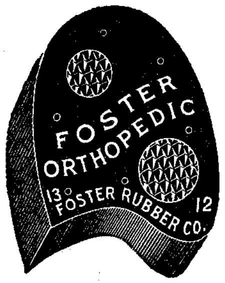

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the fireman damping over the ashes would strike our ears as the sound of the steering-chains unshipped; and for a moment our hearts would be in our mouths. Fortunately the gear held. We all considered ourselves very lucky that we had come out of the storm, and that the damage had been no worse. But we had no wish to try the capricious kindness of Fate too much, for fear she might take it into her head to withhold her helping hand on the next occasion. With every storm the vessel met the cabins amidships were flooded. The ship leaked like a sieve! The pumps were kept going more or less continuously the whole voyage. The bilges and bilge-pumps were now in order again, tho not till after some very trying work for the engineers.

On the last day of the year the weather cleared and the seas moderated. We set our coast southwest and rang down "full speed"—for nearly the first time since our departure.

Our oriental crew from the outset of the voyage had been constantly giving trouble, quite apart from their mutinous behavior while the ship was in distress. This day is marked on our log as the occasion of an attempt on the life of the captain by one of the crew, who had been detected in the theft of some of the ship's stores. The Chinaman was put in irons. He was kept there for forty-eight hours and was only released because he was the ship's cook. He had to thank his unspeakable deputy for the taking-off of the chains of justice, for as long as he was in irons no one could get a decently cooked meal.

They reached the Hawaiian Islands at last, where they were welcomed by ardent journalists, Americans purveying news of a varichromatic sort, who seized with glee the opportunity to feature such stories as "Three Days' Awful Battle with Elements," or "Thrilling Tales of Peril at Sea," and so on. Later these same journalists made things vastly unpleasant for the *Santolo* by featuring in the same way a rather exciting dispute between the officers and the Chinese crew. Fortunately, the Chinese consul to whom the crew appealed did not allow his imagination to be stirred, but, on the contrary, criticized the officers for having dealt so gently with the offenders. There were further minor troubles, but eventually the *Santolo* was put into repair and was ready to continue the hazardous journey. Patched up as well as she could be and still retain her identity, she set forth from Honolulu in the latter part of January. She steamed out of the harbor proudly enough, only to heave to at noon in a seemingly hopeless state of breakdown. The situation would have been delightfully comic, were they not forced to share in it. As the writer says:

> The pilot had just left us when the second engineer came on the bridge with the unwelcome information that the engines of the steamer (100 A1 at Lloyd's!) were disabled, and, incidentally, that the chief engineer was lying drunk in his cabin! I could not but feel sorry for the young captain on this first command of his having such innumerable troubles; they were enough, indeed, to

try a far more experienced man. But the German sailor is no chicken-hearted type of man, and our young captain was no exception. Then and there he disrated the drunken engineer, promoting the second engineer to the position of chief. After a period of six hours lying anchored just outside the harbor, the engines were repaired, and we set our course northwest. Just one more untoward incident occurred before we had seen the last of the islands. While heaving up the anchor the flukes dropt overboard, the connecting-pin having parted, consumed by the rust of years. Had not the ship been sold to the Japanese (a nice, new, skilfully disguised wooden pair of flukes being substituted), Lloyd's doubtless would have been generous enough to supply us with a new anchor!

Mere trifles such as this we now regard as of no importance. We were quite prepared to see the funnel roll overboard. In fact, during the second part of the voyage we were compelled daily to tighten up the stays that supported the smoke-stack.

We kept fair weather with us till four days after leaving the islands, when, getting into more northerly latitudes, signs of approaching bad weather were soon visible. After one strong southeast gale had battered us about, we decided to sneak away south again. Our course was changed to west by south.

The new steering-gear that had been put in was now the source of fresh anxiety; for, being new and consequently strong, it threw an unusual and extra strain on the sheaves amidships, which, we found to our dismay, were being slowly dragged from out of the decks. Lashings were consequently fastened to prevent this happening, and one by one the old bolts were taken out and replaced by new ones. The old bolts, once seven-eighths of an inch, were worn and rusted in their center to less than three-eighths of an inch!

Once more the ship's decks were littered with lashings. The running bridge which connected the amidships quarters with the poop—over the aft-well deck—had to be lasht securely to the ship's side, as the seas that continually struck it were slowly forcing it from its support. At night time, particularly on dark nights, it was just about as much as one could do to cover the length of the decks without breaking one's neck over the blocks and tackles that lay here, there, and everywhere. About the only parts that were not lasht were the two sides of the steamer.

Steaming south and west, we ran again into more moderate weather. A week out from Honolulu we were delayed for a few more hours, our engines again breaking down. But what were a few hours to us, already weeks late? The day following—the 26th—my diary reads: "Did not live to-day; crossed the 180° meridian!"

During the three following days we ran again into extremely bad weather, a series of gales and violent squalls coming from all directions to meet the ship. On the 29th we were hove to for nearly twelve hours; our log for that day registered under ninety miles. We were "standing by" most of that night, as we feared that at any moment something would carry away, or that one of the hatches would be stove in under the onslaught of the tremendous seas that struck the ship. At daybreak the bleak and awful expanse of raging seas

Frantz Premier ELECTRIC CLEANER—NOW $25

West of the Rockies, $27.50 Dominion of Canada, $32.00 Attachments for special purposes, $7.50

9 ——"Telephone Now and have a Frantz Premier sent to Your Home."

You are entitled to same freedom from dusting and sweeping and the priceless leisure hours that 75,000 "Frantz Premier" housewives enjoy every day. Don't delay any longer in merely *wishing!*

Telephone today—and have this sturdy, compact and efficient electric cleaner do your cleaning! You can do this without the slightest obligation and with perfect security.

All Frantz Premier Electric Cleaners are exactly alike—there's only one model. They are made with watch-like precision and guaranteed.

If you don't know our dealers, write us. We will gladly send you name of the nearest dealer, and a free copy of our illustrated "9 A. M." booklet.

The Premier Vacuum Cleaner Co., Cleveland, U.S.A.

Canadian Office: Toronto, Ontario

Barrett Specification Roofs

A *good* building and a *good* roof

A fine, big, permanent building like this usually carries a Barrett Specification Roof. Why?

Well, first—because it's big. Mere bigness compels a careful study of costs—and the cost of a Barrett Specification Roof is lower than that of any other permanent roof.

Second—Its bigness compels careful study of future maintenance costs and the maintenance cost of a Barrett Specification Roof is practically nothing. It will usually last 20 years or more without painting or tinkering of any kind.

Third—Being a first-class modern building, it is safe to suppose that it is being built by a first-class, up-to-date architect or engineer, and such live men know the low unit cost of Barrett Specification Roofs.

Big schools, big factories, big warehouses, big piers, big apartments, big office buildings, big everything usually have Barrett Specification Roofs. For small buildings they are just as economical and satisfactory.

A copy of The Barrett Specification with roofing diagrams mailed free on request.

Special Note—We advise incorporating in plans the full wording of The Barrett Specification, in order to avoid any misunderstanding. If any abbreviated form is desired, however, the following is suggested: ROOFING—Shall be a Barrett Specification Roof laid as directed in printed Specification, revised August 15, 1911, using the materials specified and subject to the inspection requirement.

BARRETT MANUFACTURING COMPANY

TRADE B MARK

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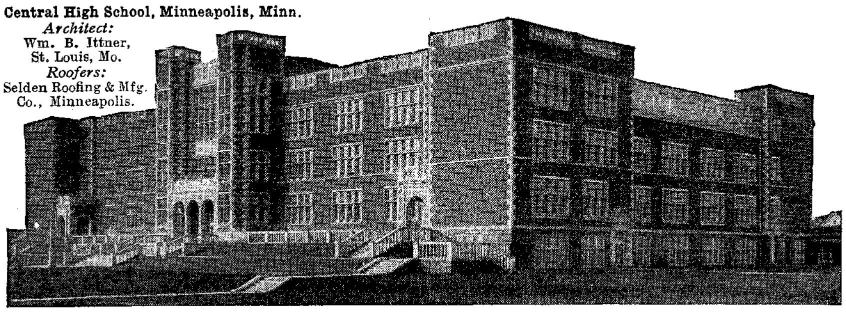
Cincinnati Pittsburgh Birmingham Kansas City Minneapolis Seattle
The Paterson Mfg. Co., Ltd.: Montreal Toronto Winnipeg Vancouver St. John, N. B. Halifax, N. S. Sydney, N. S.



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I WILL
CHICAGO.

My Beauty Exercises

will make you look Younger and More Beautiful than all the external treatments you might use for a lifetime. No massage, electricity, vibration, astringents, plasters, straps, filling or surgery—**Just Nature's Way.**

Let me teach you how to exercise your facial muscles so that you can make your complexion clear and beautiful (through invigorated circulation), lift sagging muscles, obliterating resultant wrinkles, and fill in hollows in face and neck.

Double chins disappear quickly, leaving the **flesh firm.** Results come soon and are permanent. No one too young or too old to benefit.

My Beauty Exercises are supplemented by special work to make the **figure** more **shapely** and **youthful;** instructions to beautify the hair, eyebrows and eyelashes, hands, nails, and feet.

No matter how tired, five minutes of my Facial Exercise will freshen your face wonderfully.

Write today for my New Booklet on Facial Beauty Culture, Body Culture and New Beauty Suggestions—FREE.

KATHRYN MURRAY

Dept. 1392, 209 State Street, Chicago

The First Woman to Teach Scientific Facial Exercise

that met our eyes, the mountainous waves at which we would gaze up, each appearing as tho it would break clear over the ship, struck a chill in all our hearts. We remained hove to all that day. When the groaning and creaking of beams and stanchions would sound more ominously than usual in our ears, as the ship was riding some of those tremendous seas, the thought that the old tramp might at any moment break her back flashed through our minds. But the *Santolo* behaved splendidly; she was indeed a credit to her builders. Tho nearly three decades old, she was a far better sea-boat than some of the thin-plated tramps designed to-day. Good material was used in the building of the old *Santolo;* any weak spot would soon have been discovered in the weather she battled with for days on end during that voyage.

Slowly the *Santolo* struggled on, daily battered by storms and gales, tho we kept as far south as we could. Our poor progress now began to raise in our minds the sickening thought that we might run short of coal before we could reach Japan—the nearest land. This thought growing, we experimented with sacks of flour mixed with cinders to see if we could save our coal; but the result was not promising. On February 5, we found ourselves six hundred miles from Yokohama and eight hundred miles from Muroran, the latter port being a small coaling place in the north island of Japan, where the steamer had arranged to bunk. We were in a regular quandary. If such weather continued and we made no better progress than we had in the last ten days, we had barely sufficient coal in our bunkers to reach Yokohama. And to go into more northerly latitudes with the chance of encountering even worse weather to Muroran, some two hundred miles farther off, seemed madness. Yet to go to Yokohama was a course the captain was naturally to adopt, for there the price of coal would be considerably higher as he had no contract; and it was also much out of our direction. At this juncture the captain fell ill and the mate took command. For a day or two we postponed our decision and kept on our southerly course. The weather seemed to grow even worse. Driving gales and storms came up to meet us from every quarter. In fact, within forty-eight hours a full cyclonic movement of the wind would be completed. The movement would start with a gale from the southwest; the wind would then veer round to the north, whence it would blow hard. Blowing itself out in this direction, it would then shift to the eastward and blow hard from the northeast. A few hours afterward it would be round again in the south. This is an extract from my diary for February 3: "Wind S.E., moderate gale with high seas. In the afternoon watch—high confused sea running; heavy rainfall, with squalls almost of hurricane force. Stormy night—hove to all night from noon." This was nearly a typical day's entry in the ship's log since we left Honolulu. It is hard to convey in a few words a description of the bad weather that we had daily with us then. I relate just one instance which may convey a slight idea of the force and height of some of the seas that swept the heavily laden steamer. A big sea struck us on our starboard quarter. It swept the bridge; hurled both the quartermaster at the wheel and myself to the deck, which for nearly five minutes was running a foot in water; and half-wrecked the wheel-house, smashing the windows to fragments.

On the 8th we had 75 tons of coal left, barely four days' steaming power, and we were 400 miles from Muroran and half that distance from Yokohama. As the weather seemed changing slightly for the better we decided to risk it; and our course was changed to northwest by north. We were hoping against hope that when under the lee of the Japanese coast we should be more sheltered and make better progress. This was fortunately the case; for in the afternoon of the day following our change of course we sighted in the distance the snow-clad hills of Japan—a very welcome sight!

Skirting the sheltering coast of Japan, we entered the Straits of Hakodate early on the morning of the 10th, and anchored off the port of Muroran shortly afterward. We had on our arrival less than twenty tons of coal in the bunkers. Had it not been that we had experienced comparatively good weather since sighting the shore of Japan, I fear to contemplate the position in which we should have found ourselves—adrift in those seas!

The voyage from Ladysmith to Muroran had taken us a period of exactly fifty days, instead of the nineteen days estimated when we started the northern passage. It had brought to all of us one series of incessant troubles and privations and had been to me as startling as the preceding trip round South America had been uneventful. I think I saw more in that one trip than if I had been going to sea steadily for a period of seven years.

WAR-TIME ADVERTISEMENTS IN ENGLISH PAPERS

BOTH ludicrous and grim are the stories of the uses made in war-time of the appurtenances of peace. The handsome touring-car and limousine have been seized, to supplant the army mule. Schools and libraries are turned ruthlessly into field hospitals. Everywhere effects, sacred to peaceful uses, are seized and converted, wherever conversion is humanly possible, into the necessities of war. The New York *Evening Post* prints a story from London, telling of the strange uses that are being made of the advertising space in the daily papers. The war, it is said, is killing the newspapers, partly because of the scarcity of paper, and mainly because the advertisements have fallen off to a startling degree. What advertising is done now is, for the most part, urged solely by the needs that are arising as the result of war. They are as different from the ordinary run of advertisements as could be imagined and constitute alone an instructive side-light upon the general conditions in England at present. "Almost every item of five or six lines," we are told, "is a news story in itself"——.

In the "Personal" column, for instance,

Insurance Can Never Pay for a Burned Home

INSURANCE can never pay for the loss of those things that are worth more to you than their mere physical value. Therefore, build *your* home as fireproof and durable as possible.

A Herringbone house costs little more than a frame one, but it is enduring, low in repair cost, an economy from every standpoint.

Herringbone

Rigid Metal Lath

grips and holds—prevents falling stucco and plaster

Herringbone makes walls that are fire-resisting, economical and durable; ceilings that never fall, crack nor show lath stains. Herringbone stucco on outer walls needs no repairs nor painting. It makes a warm house in winter, a cool house in summer.

For damp climates and wherever lath may be subject to corrosion, we recommend the use of Herringbone Armco Iron Lath. It is the purest iron made, therefore resists rust indefinitely.

If you are interested in building a home that will resist fire, decay and time, and cost little if any more than wood

Write for Book on Building Helps

It is full of illustrations of beautiful Herringbone houses and facts of value to prospective home builders. Let us help *you* as we are helping hundreds of others in the selection of the right building materials. Mention your architect's or builder's name so we can co-operate through him.

THE GENERAL FIREPROOFING CO.
4919 Logan Ave., Youngstown, O.

Makers also of Self-Sentering, the concrete reinforcement that makes forms unnecessary

GF YOUNGSTOWN OHIO
Trade Mark

Residence of Mrs. J. H. Davis. Oakland, Cal. C. W. McCall, Arch't

Telephone Over Your Buzzer Wires With a Western Electric Inter-phone

This No. 16 Private Line Outfit is an inexpensive, complete telephone which you can attach to your present buzzer, bell and push-button wires. You will then have full telephone connection and can tell what you want at once instead of waiting for the called person to arrive.

Send us your check for $8.75 and we will ship you a pair of these Inter-phones by parcel post. They come with full directions—your office boy can connect them to your buzzer wires.

WESTERN ELECTRIC COMPANY
Manufacturers of the 8,000,000 "Bell" Telephones
463 West Street, New York
500 S. Clinton Street, Chicago
and all other principal cities

Important Books That Deal With The Places, Peoples, and Problems Concerned in the Present WAR IN EUROPE

France From Behind the Veil, by COUNT PAUL VASSILI. Political and social life in France during the last fifty years, as viewed from the inside. An unusual record of great interest. Octavo, cloth. $3.75; by mail, 16c extra.

The Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World, by SIR EDWARD CREASY. A classic narrative covering the stirring drama of the world's greatest battles from Marathon to Waterloo. 12mo, cloth. 35c; by mail, 8c extra.

The History of Civilization in Europe, by FRANCOIS GUIZOT. A wonderful series of lectures, written in Guizot's usual luminous style, and covering the various forces, problems, policies, etc., that have affected European civilization since the fall of the Roman Empire. 12mo, cloth. 35c; by mail, 8c extra.

Guizot's History of France from the Earliest Times to the Outbreak of the Revolution (abridged). A remarkable condensation of Guizot's great work, containing a thorough index, tables, etc. Octavo, cloth. $1.75; by mail, 16c extra.

Warships and Their Story. A large, beautiful book detailing the fascinating story of the growth of the warship from the primitive craft to the marvelous fighting machines of the present day. Profusely illustrated. $5.00 net; carriage 20c extra.

Delightful Dalmatia, by ALICE LEE MOQUE. An intimate and charming description of one of the Austrian provinces which may soon be devastated by the war. Just issued. 12mo, cloth, about 50 beautiful illustrations. $2.00 net; by mail, 12c extra.

From Naval Cadet to Admiral, by ADMIRAL SIR ROBERT HARRIS. Filled with the romance of British naval progress from 1865 to the present day. Octavo, cloth, boxed. $4.50 net; by mail, 16c extra.

The Victoria Cross: Its Heroes and Their Valor, by D. H. PARRY. From personal accounts, official records, and regimental traditions. 8 full-page illustrations. New large edition. Octavo, cloth. $1.75 net; by mail, 12c extra.

Funk & Wagnalls Company, 354-60 Fourth Ave., New York, N. Y.

there are many appeals from people who want help of some kind or other that they may go to the war. Young Englishmen ask for motor-cycles, as loans or gifts or part gifts, that they may become dispatch-riders. A London doctor appeals for £600 to free him from practise for voluntary service where experienced surgeons are urgently required. A trained engineer, anxious to serve England, wants an aeroplane. A university man, wishing to take a temporary commission in the Army, is hindered by the fact that he is associated with a foreign firm, who are not prepared to make any allowances while he is absent. Will some one assist financially in the form of a loan? Eugene Sandow, the physical-culture expert, offers to take in hand men who are prevented by some physical deficiency from offering for active service in the field.

The grimmer side of war is suggested by announcements of special classes in nursing and first aid, and by requests for cars to serve Red-Cross associations as motor-ambulances. Two gentlemen are wanted immediately with £200 each to complete the volunteer crew for a large yacht now fitting out for Red-Cross work in the Baltic and the North Seas.

How the normal routine of the business world is being disturbed by the war can be seen most notably in the shipping column. The usual announcements of North German Lloyd and Hamburg-American sailings have, of course, completely disappeared. Other lines warn passengers and traders that all their sailings are liable to cancellation without notice. Some lines give lists of vessels that are to sail, but no dates. Stranded Americans appeal for staterooms on Atlantic liners at almost any price. "Willing to pay very large bonus for good cabin for two on steamship sailing under American or other neutral flag to the United States or even Latin America." The purchaser of a ticket by a boat for Montreal is unable to leave England, and asks offers for his cabin, any excess over the original price to go to the Patriotic Fund.

Auctioneers announce the postponement until next year of their intended sales of houses and estates. A firm of mineral-water manufacturers give notice that, in consequence of the Government having requisitioned a large number of their horses, it will be impossible for their vans to call on customers oftener than once a week. As tho with a special view to this sudden need, another firm advertises: "If your horses are being commandeered by the Government, why not use instead a light motor-vehicle? The —— light van, etc., etc."

It is in this line of articles for sale, however, that the shortage in advertising is most evident, and where it does appear it is, as in the above example, colored by the state of war. Those who have goods for sale seem to think that no one is left who will buy anything that has not a purpose connected with the war. Hence there are some rather amusing attempts to twist respectable, peace-loving wares into the machinery of warfare. *X*-ray apparatus are advertised for use in finding bullets, boots are soldiers' boots, and sewing-machines are displayed for use in making Red-Cross equipment. Bookstores display only war books and maps. Even Baedeker finds a chance for profit in the present situation, and the red-backed tourist's friend is advertised as containing "the fullest general information in regard to the geography, history, and national characteristics of the States involved." Gradually the advertisements for work appear more frequently, some of which are noteworthy:

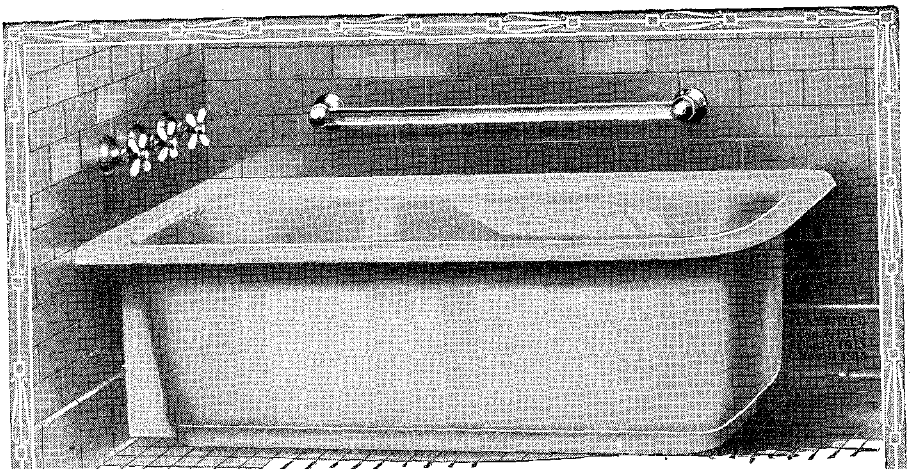
The evidence accumulates, day by day, of the sore straits in which many middle-class people find themselves through the loss of their ordinary occupations. English refugees from the Continent are looking for situations at home. "Stranded Englishman, fourteen years in Germany, expelled through war, good address, appearance, and education, married, no children, fluent French and German, seeks employment, permanent or temporary."

Anglo-Indians, detained in England by the war, are similarly in quest of posts. Members of the Stock Exchange, their ordinary occupation gone, advertise for employment that will tide them over the war. Many persons finding themselves in this plight offer their services to business firms which need emergency help in superintendence while the principals are away at the war. Some, in their anxiety for a livelihood, are ready to take the risk of going back to the Continent on difficult missions.

"Englishman, served South-African war, linguist, just arrived from the Continent, now familiar with ways and means to bring back refugees to England, is willing to return at once and bring back British and American refugees." "Cantab, speaking good French and knowing Belgium and France, willing to go out as newspaper correspondent, or to assist people to England." "An Englishman, speaking Russian, French, German, and Danish, is prepared to undertake the arrangement of business requiring immediate and personal attention in Russia or France. Influential connections, expert negotiator." Only a very few special vacancies are advertised in reply to all these out-of-works. A notable instance of this from Lady Knox: "Chauffeur, gardener, and groom-gardener, wanted, to replace men who have joined the colors. No able-bodied man who can handle a rifle need apply."

Traces may be found in the advertising as well as the news columns of the unpleasant position in which Germans, or persons with a German name, find themselves just now. "Camerer, Kuss & Co. announce that there is no foundation for the rumor that their establishment has been raided by the police. The firm has been established in London over 120 years, and the proprietor is a British-born subject."

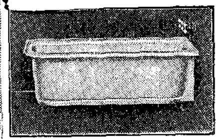
A Manchester storekeeper with an English name publishes in a local paper a quarter-column advertisement headed "One Thousand Pounds Reward." "Some person or persons are stating that we have been fined for charging excessive prices. This is untrue, and the above reward will be paid to any person or persons who will give us such information as will lead to the conviction of the originator of this libel."

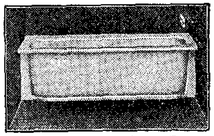


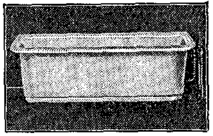
The BUILT-IN Bath Is In Vogue Today

STYLES progress in baths just as in other furnishings for the modern home. The noteworthy advance represented by "Standard" porcelain enameled *built-in baths* is the result of our years of effort to produce a fixture which would represent the last word in sanitation and convenience, ***at a reasonable cost.*** These baths bear the "Standard" "Green and Gold" Guarantee Label.

Features of "Standard" Built-in Baths


"Standard" CONRED BATH FOR RIGHT CORNER LEFT CORNER SHOWN ABOVE


"Standard" RECONA BATH FOR RECESS OR ALCOVE


"Standard" PIERCON BATH BUILDS INTO WALL AT BACK.

The baths shown here are made in one-piece, enameled all-over, with the outside as glossy as the inside. (When, to lower cost, enameled inside only is desired, they should be so ordered. However, enameled all-over is more desirable.)

They build into the wall and floor, thereby reducing care and cleaning to a minimum. No reaching nor stooping to clean under and back of the bath—no space for dust and splashings.

They are lower than the ordinary type of bath, yet have better bathing accommodations. Only 18 inches from bottom to top, and 17 inches deep inside.

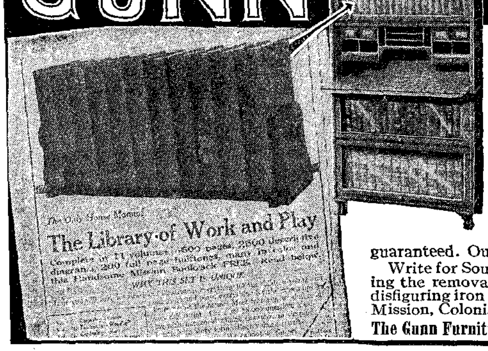
Consult your Architect or Plumber about "Standard" Built-in Baths, or see all types displayed in the "Standard" Showrooms listed below.

Our book, "Modern Bathrooms," showing these baths and complete line of "Standard" Plumbing Fixtures, sent free upon request to persons directly interested. If possible, send name of Architect or Plumber.

Dept. 35 Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co. **Pittsburgh, Pa.**

New York	35 West 31st Street	New Orleans	846 Baronne Street
Chicago	900 S. Michigan Avenue	Cleveland	4505 Euclid Avenue
	and 656-662 Washington Boulevard	Houston, Tex.	Preston and Smith Sts.
Philadelphia	1215 Walnut Street	Washington, D. C.	Southern Building
Pittsburgh	106 Federal Street	Toledo, Ohio	311-321 Erie Street
St. Louis	100 N. Fourth Street	Fort Worth, Tex.	Front and Jones Sts.
Boston	186 Devonshire Street	San Antonio, Tex.	212 Losoya Street
Louisville	319-23 W. Main Street	San Francisco	719 Rialto Building
Erie, Pa.	17-19 W. 11th Street	Toronto, Can.	59 Richmond Street, E.
Cincinnati	633 Walnut Street	Hamilton, Can.	20-28 Jackson Street, W.
Nashville	315 Tenth Avenue, S.		

GUNN SECTIONAL BOOKCASES


The Library of Work and Play

are made for little libraries that are bound to grow. You will find them adapted to the books you have and are getting this season, and you will be just as delighted with their usefulness, fitness, beauty, good quality, and economy when you have hundreds of books in your own collection.

You can start with one section and add as needed. We have agencies everywhere. Gunn quality is guaranteed. Our prices are lower than others.

Write for Souvenir bookmark and Catalog showing the removable, non-binding doors, absence of disfiguring iron bands, and the handsome Sanitary, Mission, Colonial, and Standard designs.

The Gunn Furniture Co., Dept. B-19, Grand Rapids, Mich.

GUNN OFFICE DESKS — WRITE FOR CATALOGUE

ROOFS
ABOVE
CEILINGS
PARTITIONS
INSIDE
FURRING
SIDINGS
OUTSIDE
WALLS
FLOORS
BELOW
CONDUITS

HY-RIB
EVERYWHERE

IN any type of structure, HY-RIB assures permanent concrete construction, quickly erected at low cost. HY-RIB eliminates forms, studs and channels in all concrete work, saving labor and expense. In this simple construction merely set up the HY-RIB sheets and apply the concrete or plaster. HY-RIB also cuts down weight and saves valuable floor space. Used with equal success in structures of all types—factories, warehouses, offices, stores, hotels, public buildings, residences, garages, silos, culverts, etc.

Valuable HY-RIB Hand Book, full of useful suggestions, sent free. Write today.

Trussed Concrete Steel Co.
Dept. H-36 Youngstown, Ohio

Reinforcement
Metal Lath
Steel Sash
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in paint makes paint complete. It is the ingredient that should be added to all paint to make the other ingredients more effective.

Send for Booklet, "Your Move"

The New Jersey Zinc Company
55 Wall Street, New York

Such is the welter of announcements and appeals—pathetic, shrewd, self-sacrificing, self-seeking—that now meets the eye of the newspaper reader every morning; in the midst of all this breathless confusion, some unknown advertiser has introduced these words: "And Asa cried unto the Lord his God, and said, Lord, it is nothing with Thee to help, whether with many, or with them that have no power. Help us, O Lord, our God, for we rest on Thee, and in Thy name we go against this multitude. O Lord, Thou art our God; let no man prevail against Thee."

A NOVEL SKY-PILOT

THE celebrated feat of the lovely lady, who held enchained the fancy of a cruel and callous potentate with the fascinating tales she invented, has at last been duplicated, albeit under radically different circumstances. Instead of the dim-lighted, incense-fragrant harem, the scene was that of a very occidental Seattle Turkish bath; the keen-eyed, bearded son of the Prophet was replaced by an uncertain-visioned, staggering sailor, and the modern Scheherezade was "Mac"—George McPherson Hunter, Scotsman, rescuer of mariners marooned by ignorance and recklessness, friend of all seamen who are morally and spiritually derelict—whether they wish him to be their friend or not. The *Associated Sunday Magazines'* columns recount the incident that put Mac in the class with the mythical Queen of Story-tellers. Mac's idea of reformation is to convince his subjects that there is actually more fun in being decent than in wildness and debauch. One of his charges was wary, but Mac followed him, and the story developed as follows:

Hunter met the fellow in a saloon near a sailors' bethel. The sailor, staggering in through the doors, teetered simultaneously against a table and against Hunter. The sailor insisted upon fighting Hunter on the spot. Hadn't Hunter's table been in his way? Sure! Consequently there was nothing to do but fight. Of course a fiction version of this story should now go on and tell how the little innocent-looking Hunter cleaned up the floor with the giant brute. But, unfortunately for the melodrama and spectacularity of our narrative, this event did not occur. What did occur seems commonplace enough beside it.

Hunter, with perfect seriousness, challenged the man to a soap bath! The laughter of the drunks that crowded the place laughed the fight out of the sailor's fists, as laughter has a way of doing with intoxicated men. After a very brief pause the drunken sailor, slamming his hand down unsteadily on the table, said that "by" many marine things he'd accept.

The next morning, in the Turkish bath, when the sailor woke up, Hunter insisted on treating him to a shave. The treat negotiated, the sailor remarked that he felt so good that he thought it would be a grand idea if he and his neighbor (meaning Hunter) would go out and "inhale a little redeye."

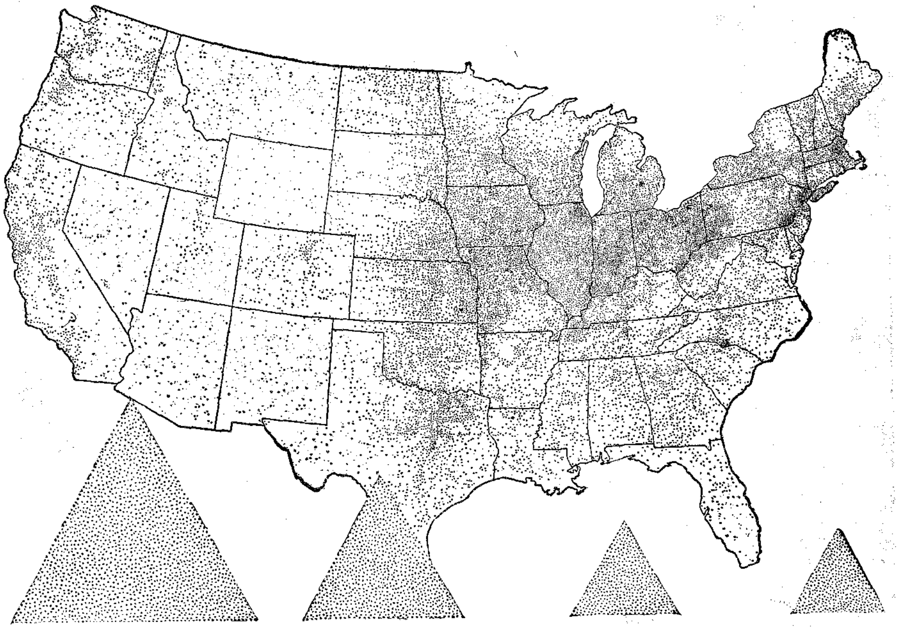
It was up to Hunter to win the sailor back to decency now or never, and it was up to him to do it quickly. "Preaching," as he has said, he had long and vainly tried—no more preaching for him! What to take its place? His thoughts had to work with speed. They did that day. And they formed, accidentally, he admits, one of the numerous utilitarian plans that were to stand him in such effective stead in the years to come. The sailor had dropt a hint in his more lucid moments in the hot room that he was "keen on exciting dime novels." That was Hunter's cue.

"All right," he said, relative to the invitation to imbibe, "I'll go out on a jamboree with you to-night; but let's send out for some novels and lie around reading for a while. It'll put us in good shape," he bluffed along genially, "for this evening's party." The sailor agreed. And Hunter sent out for a couple of the detective novels of Gaboriau. If you know the detective tales of Gaboriau you are aware they are exciting tales, and also that they are pretty long. Well, anyway, Hunter managed to "excite" that sailor so with one of the novels, which he proceeded to read aloud to him, that the sailor remained passive, so far as the whisky was concerned, all through the afternoon. And the second novel, at the sailor's own suggestion, kept him away from saloons that night. The sailor slept in the Turkish bath again. He was getting cleaner, and with his increasing cleanliness of body came increasing cleanliness of mind. This is the most truthful of pious platitudes, always. And soon he began to let up on the whisky—"detective stories were more exciting, and when you were boozed up you couldn't read"—and soon he and "Mac" were comrades.

The Christianity that in its frigidity sometimes chills cruelly a naked soul is in Mac warmed by a spirit of brotherliness to a combination of good-fellowship and good fun. Doubtless this would be a weak weapon with which to war against some enemies of right living, but among the sailor folk of Hunter's parish its power is like that of some rare charm. How it works is even better shown by one incident in New York that should bring to Hunter more credit than it has—the rescue of the little handful of sailors who survived from the wreck of the *Titanic*. The newspapers counted them among the "saved," but Mac knew better and was ready for them. We read:

> When these sailors reached the port of New York, they were a wretched lot, despairing of everything, prepared to "go on the loose" and drink their woes into oblivion. Hunter met them. One of their number explained to him their plight and state of mind. "We've got no money; there's nothing for us to do, that we can see, in the future; we're without clothes or food or jobs. What is there left but liquor?"
>
> Hunter took these men in and told them that people were coming to their assistance; altho he didn't know positively at the time where the help, if any, was to come from, and bluffed the sailors into leading a

What the Telephone Map Shows



56.8%
Exchanges Bell-connected, but not Bell-owned.

23.5%
Exchanges Bell-owned.

10.5%
Exchanges not Bell-owned or connected.

9.2%
Places served by two companies.

EVERY dot on the map marks a town where there is a telephone exchange, the same sized dot being used for a large city as for a small village. Some of these exchanges are owned by the Associated Bell companies and some by independent companies. Where joined together in one system they meet the needs of each community and, with their suburban lines, reach 70,000 places and over 8,000,000 subscribers.

The pyramids show that only a minority of the exchanges are Bell-owned, and that the greater majority of the exchanges are owned by independent companies and connected with the Bell System.

At comparatively few points are there two telephone companies, and there are comparatively few exchanges, chiefly rural, which do not have outside connections.

The recent agreement between the Attorney General of the United States and the Bell System will facilitate connections between all telephone subscribers regardless of who owns the exchanges.

Over 8,000 different telephone companies have already connected their exchanges to provide universal service for the whole country.

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(John T. Lewis & Bros.
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(National Lead &
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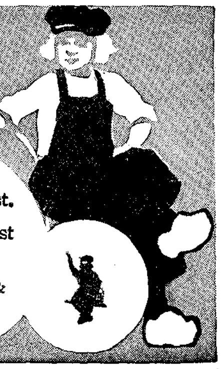


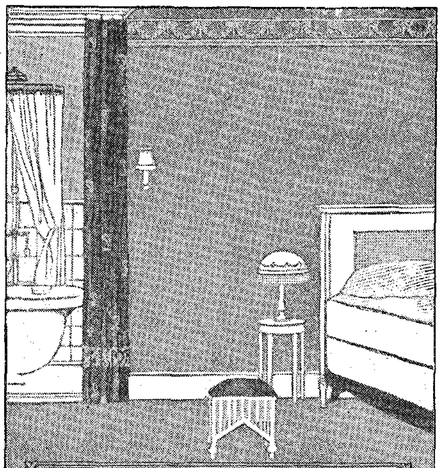
decent life where otherwise they would have resorted to the reddish-brown nepenthes that in its time has landed tens of thousands of sailors in jail, and worse. And in token of this act on Hunter's part these grateful men of the sea, on their return to England after assistance came to them, assistance for which Hunter worked tooth and nail, sent him the following words engrossed on parchment:

"We, the survivors of the crew of the ill-fated ship *Titanic*, send to you our heartfelt thanks and extreme gratitude for your great kindness to us during our unfortunate stay in New York. 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.' 'We were strangers, and ye took us in.'"

THE DEVASTATION OF WAR

Whatever the final outcome of the war in regard to Alsace and Lorraine, there is a good chance that the destined lot of these two unfortunate provinces will have been paid for at a ruinous rate. Even if they return to France and become once more French provinces, that triumph will be won only at a cost of men and wealth, property and energy, that will make the net result rather a loss than a gain. So it would seem at present, and the end is still far in the future. It is possible that fighting, desultory and active, may continue there throughout the whole extent of the war, draining the country of all its best and worthiest. A correspondent stationed at Basel, Switzerland, describes for the New York *Tribune* the scenes in the neighboring territory, recently swept by a single wave of the flood of conflict:

> I have just returned from an inspection of scenes of the recent fighting between the French and Germans in the southern districts of Alsace. Dispatches from Paris and Berlin describe the engagements between the frontier and Mülhausen as "insignificant encounters between advance guards." If this be true in the military sense, and if preliminaries of war produce the terrible effects I have witnessed, the disastrous results of the war itself will exceed the possibilities of human comprehension.
>
> As a Swiss subject, I was equipped with identification papers. I was accompanied by four fellow countrymen, all on bicycles. At the very outset the spectacle of peasants, men and women, unconcernedly at work in the fields gathering the harvest, struck me as strange and unnatural. The men were either old or well advanced in middle age. Everywhere women and girls of all ages and mere lads were working.
>
> The first sign of war was the demolished villa of a Roman Catholic priest at a village in the vicinity of Ransbach. This priest had lived there for many years, engaged in religious work and literary pursuits. After the outbreak of war the German authorities jumped to the conclusion that he was an agent of the French secret service and that he had been in the habit of sending regularly to Belfort information concerning the German military movements and German measures of



For bedroom walls—here's the finish ideal

Beautiful, sanitary, durable, washable—these four words tell why the ideal finish of your bedroom is

Lowe Brothers High Standard Mellotone

Mellotone gives a pure white finish or the choice of many hues, "soft as the rainbow tints."

Mellotone gives an absolutely smooth surface, that leaves no clinging place for dust and is *washable* as often as you like.

Mellotone is more economical than unsanitary wall paper or than easy-marring calcimine. It is not easily injured, does not fade and lasts for years.

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after trying electrical and other devices find that the

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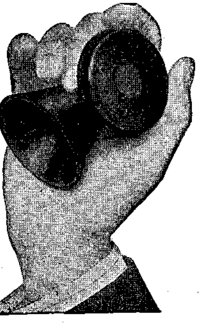

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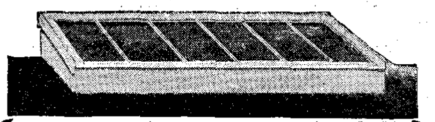

Don't Stop Gardening Now

There's no need of it. When, with great reluctance, you see the vines, plants and flowers withering, dying and going to seed, do not consider the season for fresh, *wholesome, home-grown vegetables gone.* You can

GROW DELICIOUS VEGETABLES THROUGHOUT THE WINTER

by using Lutton's Miniature Glass Gardens. Thousands have learned to appreciate the easy luxury of winter vegetables and flowers grown right at their back doors. So can you. The expense is a trifle. For only $10.50 you can get

OUR SPECIAL SASH FOR HOME GARDENERS

Anybody can set it up. Anybody can garden in it—for the complete planting instructions sent with each frame are simple and explicit.

Price complete (single glazed), ready to put together, freight prepaid anywhere in the United States........ $10.50

This sash and frame are 8 ft. 4 in. long and just wide enough to put in a 3 ft. space with southern exposure. The large lights of extra heavy glass allow the maximum of life-giving sunlight. Strongly made, easily *ventilated. Double glazed, if desired, for $1.00* extra.

We also manufacture regular 2, 3 and 4 sash frames and a new special portable greenhouse. Write today for catalogue.

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ALL READY TO BLOOM

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3 Oxalis Double Rosebud, clusters of exquisite golden bloom
3 Oxalis G. Duchess, 3 colors.
3 Freesia, Purity, new, white,
2 Gr. Hyacinths. White,

Potted this Fall, all will bloom finely this winter in any window. All mailed for 10c., also Catalog containing a complete treatise on culture of Fall Bulbs. **Big Catalog** of Hyacinths, Tulips, Narcissus and all bulbs and plants for Fall planting free

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Wagner Plants planted now will bloom *all next year*

Now! is the season to plant your Bulbs, Shrubs, Hardy Roses and Perennials. Wagner Nurseries can supply you not only with all the plants best suited for your grounds, but also give complete detailed directions as to how to plant—when and where.

Whether your grounds be small and modest or a vast estate, Wagner Landscape Staff will give you the benefit of their experience and knowledge. Write today for our Free Catalogue L.

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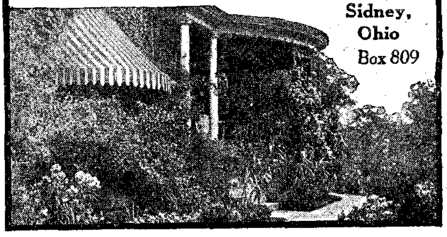

Sidney, Ohio
Box 809

defense, very often by means of carrier-pigeons.

The Alsatians declare these accusations to have been utterly unjust, but last week a military party raided a priest's house, dragged him from his study and placed him against his own garden wall and shot him summarily as a traitor and spy. The house was searched from top to bottom and numerous books and papers were removed, after which the whole building was completely destroyed by dynamite. The priest himself was buried without a coffin at the end of his little garden plot, and some villagers placed a rough cross on the mound which marked the place of interment.

In the next large village we were told it had been successfully occupied by French and German troops, and had been the scene of stiff infantry fighting. Here we found groups of elderly men and boys burying the bodies of men and horses. Pestilence was feared. Further on were a number of German soldiers beating about on both sides of the road, searching for dead and wounded. It was said that many wounded soldiers had crawled in among the corn to escape being trodden on by troops marching along the road, and also to gain relief from the blazing sun.

On the outskirts of another large village we were shown a garden bounded by a thick hedge, behind which a company of French infantry had taken their stand against the advancing German troops. Among the crusht, downtrodden flowers there were still fragments of French soldiers' equipments, including two French caps, stained, and three torn French tunics were likewise dyed red. The walls of a cottage bore marks of rifle-bullets and the roof was partly burned.

Passing through villages we saw on all sides terrible signs of the devastation of war—houses burned, uncut corn trodden down and rendered useless, gardens trampled under foot—everywhere rust and distress.

Just outside this village there was a large common grave, in which French and German soldiers were buried together in their uniforms. A large mound marked this site. Here again the villagers had placed roughly hewn crosses.

Not far from Huningen we met an intelligent Alsatian peasant who remembered the war of 1870 and had witnessed some of the engagements during the last few days. Here is an account of what he saw:

"The bravery of both sides was amazing. The effects of the artillery fire were terrific. As the shells burst, where you formerly saw a body of soldiers you saw a heap of corpses or a number of figures writhing on the ground. Those who were unhurt would scatter for the moment, but would quickly regain their composure and take up their positions in the fighting-line as if nothing had happened.

"The effects of the other weapons were as bad. It seemed remarkable that the soldiers could see the destruction worked all around them and yet control their nerves sufficiently to continue fighting. I remember battles in 1870, five or six of which I fought in myself, but they bear no comparison with the battles of 1914. The war of forty-four years ago was child's play compared with the war at the present time."

Heats 12-Room Home for $27.00 with an Underfeed

Here are the facts—

Meadville, Penna., Dec. 18, 1913.

Gentlemen: I have used one of your UNDERFEED furnaces for past seven years for heating our twelve-room residence. Have never had a dollar's worth of repair on it—always able to keep temperature above 70 degrees throughout the house during our coldest weather—use coking coal slack for fuel—largest fuel bill covering one year's heating $27.00; smallest yearly bill $22.00. These are facts which speak for themselves.

H. C. BEMAN, President,
Beman Automatic Oil Can Co., Ltd.

Mail This Now!

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3621 W. Fifth St., Cincinnati, O.

I would like to know *how* to cut my coal bills from ½ to ⅔ with a Williamson *New-Feed* Underfeed.

Warm Air.............Steam or Hot Water............
(Mark an X after system interested in)

Name..
Address...
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Over 25,000 Underfeed Users have proved our guarantee that Williamson Underfeed furnaces and boilers cut coal bills ½ to ⅔ and deliver clean, even heat with minimum attention.

Our improved Williamson *New-Feed* Underfeed is the last word—the best word in heating systems. All the good points of the old Underfeed have been retained and a score of improvements added. Every possible objection has been banished. Now the attention of a 12-year-old boy twice a day for firing and *once* a week for removal of ashes is all that is needed.

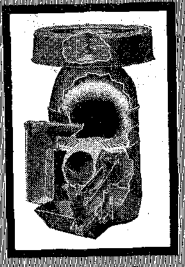
WILLIAMSON NEW-FEED UNDERFEED Furnaces and Boilers

Cut Coal Bills ½ to ⅔

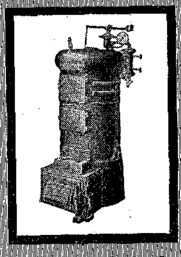
Coal in the Underfeed is fed from *below*, and, like a candle, burns *from top down*. With the fire always on top, smoke and gases are consumed, making more heat with *no* soot, smell, smoke, clinkers or dirt, and few ashes. *Cheap* slack soft coal and pea or buckwheat sizes of hard coal yield in the Underfeed as much clean, even heat as *highest* priced coal in other heaters. Any kind or size of coal may be used. The Underfeed is adapted to warm air, steam or hot water in buildings of all kinds, large or small.

50% Saving Guaranteed We guarantee a saving over your present coal bills of at least one-half by means of the Williamson *New-Feed* Underfeed, when properly installed and operated. This guarantee is backed by a $1,000,000 company. Mail the coupon for our great free book "From Overfed to Underfeed." This book will surely startle you and show you how to save money.

THE WILLIAMSON HEATER CO., 3621 W. Fifth St., Cincinnati, O.
Formerly THE PECK-WILLIAMSON COMPANY (36)



Cut-Out View Underfeed Furnace



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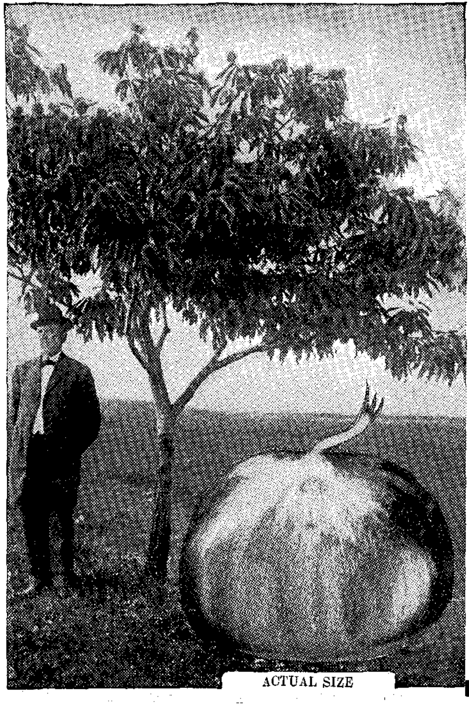
If You Are Going to Build or Remodel Investigate The Underfeed

$30,000 for one crop from a Sober Paragon Orchard



ACTUAL SIZE

Plant for profit or for decoration—***Plant a thousand trees*** or a single one—Sober Paragon Chestnut will pay you more in dollars and satisfaction than anything else you could plant.

1913 crop sold for the highest price per bushel, on record. Large nuts averaging 1 to 2 inches in diameter, and as sweet and delicious as the Native Chestnut. The only large ***sweet*** chestnut in the world.

SOBER PARAGON
Mammoth, Sweet Chestnut

The tree pictured, seven years old, bore more than a bushel of perfect nuts. At one year from graft, bore three pints, at three years it bore three quarts. An orchard pays almost from the start, because **you start with bearing trees.**

Every Tree We Ship is a Bearing Tree

They are magnificent trees for park or lawn; making quick, hardy, symmetrical growth, with luxuriant spreading foliage, clean trunk and stately appearance.

We have had exclusive control of this variety since 1907, when we introduced it and sold the first trees. Every year our stock has improved, and we now have 100,000 **bearing** trees to offer. **CAUTION—Be sure your trees bear the metal, copyrighted seal** with the trade mark name "Sober Paragon."

Our 1914 Catalog and Planting Guide—Includes Nut Culture, Fruits, Roses, Shrubs, Evergreens, etc., mailed Free on request.

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2259 Main St., Rochester, N. Y.

INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE

THE EFFECT OF WARS ON NATIONAL DEBTS

STATISTICS showing the effect of great wars on the debts of nations are presented in the New York *Times Annalist*, which takes England's struggle with Napoleon and the American Civil War as examples. England's struggle comprised the period from 1795 to 1815. The rapid increase in her debt during those twenty years is shown in a list of the new loans and fundings she had to make from year to year as follows:

1795	£36,000,000	1806	£22,000,000
1796	25,500,000	1807	16,000,000
1797	50,000,000	1808	10,000,000
1798	20,000,000	1809	14,000,000
1799	15,000,000	1810	13,000,000
1800	20,000,000	1811	24,000,000
1801	37,000,000	1812	36,000,000
1802	25,000,000	1813	67,000,000
1803	12,000,000	1814	24,000,000
1804	15,000,000	1815	54,000,000
1805	24,000,000		

In 1816 the British debt reached its maximum, which was £894,979,075. Equally rapid was the growth of our debt as a consequence of the Civil War. When the war broke out, a total debt of less than $70,000,000 existed in this country. In 1866 the debt had reached $2,332,331,208. This was the largest debt this country ever had. Reductions began to be made soon after the war closed, and at times were made with great rapidity. The lowest point in the debt was reached in 1892—something under $1,000,000,000. After 1892 the debt began to rise, and during the Spanish War increased sharply. Except for that war, it would have stood for many years at a smaller figure than one billion dollars. Between 1865 and 1895 the debt was reduced about 58 per cent. Great Britain, however, in those thirty years reduced her debt less than 7 per cent.

EUROPE'S FINANCIAL PREPARATIONS FOR WAR

Charles A. Conant recently pointed out in the New York *Times* that, for two years or more before war broke out in Europe, the shadow of a conflict had been thrown across the horizon by the course of European finance. Germany and Russia had been for a considerable period engaged in "a relentless struggle to accumulate gold." Meanwhile, they had made heavy levies of taxation and gradual withdrawals of their balances in foreign countries. Following are points in his interesting article:

"Russia began setting her house in order by withdrawing the large balances which she had kept in German, French, and English banks, and which in time of peace she had counted as a part of her gold reserve, having the same security as coin and bullion in the vaults of the Treasury or the State Bank.

"In Germany, the story was familiarly told that the Kaiser, near the end of the year 1913, inquired of the Governor of the Imperial Bank if the German banks were equipped for war. Being told that they were not ready, he is said to have replied, 'When I ask that question again, I want a different answer.'

"To be able to give a different answer was the end toward which the Imperial Bank strove resolutely and persistently from that moment until Germany stood forth in shining armor to oppose the intervention of Russia in behalf of threatened Servia. By maintaining a discount-rate of 6 per cent. at the Imperial Bank from January 1 to October 27, 1913, by active bidding at the London gold auctions for the gold which arrived weekly from South Africa, and by several changes in monetary legislation, the gold was steadily piled up which might enable the Governor of the bank to answer 'yes' when again asked whether German finance was equipped for war.

"From a gold fund of $184,000,000 on December 31, 1912, the Imperial German Bank increased its reserve to $336,000,000 on June 30, 1914. In addition, it gathered up for the Imperial Government a sum of about $30,000,000 to be added to the same amount stored in the vaults of the Juliusturm at Spandau.

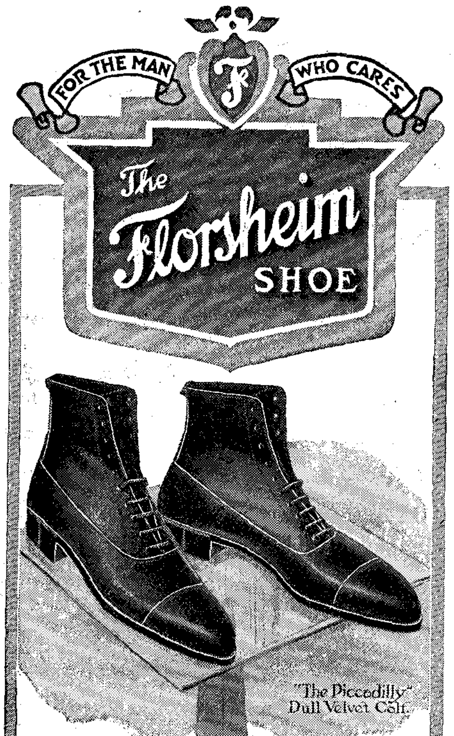
"France and Russia were not far behind Germany in the scramble for the world's surplus gold to be added to their reserves. Russia and France were from the beginning in a much stronger position in respect to gold than Germany, even at the outbreak of the war. France piled up her gold holdings in eighteen months from $616,000,000 to $792,000,000, and Russia, with a reserve already approximating $800,000,000, materially increased the amount.

"Austria-Hungary has not undertaken under the monetary reform of 1892 to pay gold freely in the redemption of notes, and her gold fund of approximately $250,000,000 has remained comparatively unchanged in amount. It was not surprizing that, under pressure like this, the New York market should have been called upon to export about $84,000,000 in gold before the war-cloud burst, during the first six months of the present year, and that it should have lost another sum of about $46,000,000 when Europe decided to throw over American securities at any price in order to convert her assets into money.

"The entire gold production of the world during the eighteen months ended on June 30, 1914, was approximately $705,000,000. Of this amount about $200,000,000 is required for the arts and $150,000,000 went to British India. This left about $355,000,000 to be applied to monetary uses, and the whole of this amount was absorbed by the four great central banks of Germany, France, Russia, and Austria-Hungary.

"What course Germany should pursue in respect to her monetary system in case of European war was the subject of considerable discussion in the special commission which was appointed in 1908 to consider the revision of the charter of the Imperial Bank. It was generally agreed that two steps were advisable—to permit the utmost accumulation of gold in the Imperial Bank, and to protect that gold against abnormal demands.

"These two steps were, first, the issue of notes for small amounts, with the object of substituting notes for the gold in circulation; and, secondly, making the notes of the Imperial Bank legal tender throughout the empire. In 1906 the bank had already departed from its original policy of keeping the circulation saturated with gold coin by authorizing the issue of notes for 50 marks ($11.96) and 20 marks ($4.76). The effort was at first made to limit the issue of notes of these denominations to 300,000,000 marks ($72,000,000),



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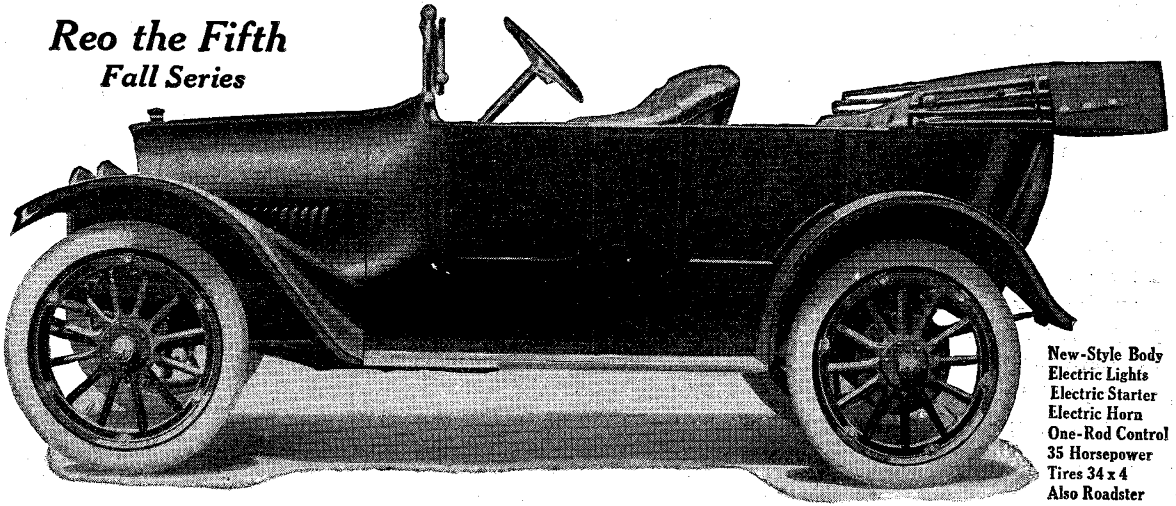

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but early in 1912 this limit was passed, and within the next two years the issue of these two denominations of small notes rose to 681,822,000 marks, and their ratio to the total note circulation to about 26 per cent.

"The Government of Russia had already reversed its original policy of 1897, of saturating the circulation with gold coin, and adopted the policy of issuing small notes. The notes of the smallest denomination, 1 ruble (51½c.), were indeed retired; but notes for 3 rubles, 5 rubles, and 10 rubles ($5.15) were steadily pumped into the circulation until, as early as 1909, they constituted 46.5 per cent. of the total amount of paper outstanding. Within the next five years the gold in the State bank was increased by about $170,000,000, which nearly covered the increase of the outstanding note issue by $209,430,000.

"With the general suspension of gold payments at the central banks of Europe, except at the Bank of England, the banks are in a position to resist raids upon their gold and to lend their resources, as far as sound banking policy permits, to the struggle of their Governments to maintain national independence. In England, while the bank is still paying gold for notes, the policy of keeping gold in circulation has been abandoned, and the old limit of note issue, which was £5 ($24.40), has been lowered to 10 shillings ($2.44) and £1 ($4.88).

"It is not the purpose of any of the European Powers, however, to carry on the war by issues of paper money. The suspension of gold payments at the banks and the issue of notes for small denominations, which are legal tender in domestic transactions, is for the purpose of husbanding the gold stock against needless runs and keeping it as a guaranty fund of national solvency. It is the course which was adopted by France at the time of the Franco-German War in 1870, but so prudently were the affairs of the Bank of France conducted that the paper never fell more than 2½ per cent. below its value in gold.

"A similar policy of reserve will probably be pursued by the banks of France, Germany, and Russia in the present contest. The Government of France has raised the maximum limit of the note circulation of the bank by nearly $1,000,000,000, but the increase will not be used except as additional currency may be required, owing to the restriction in other forms of credit and the special demand for notes in the districts where the armies are gathered.

"The suspension of specie payments does not convey to the banking community quite the same doleful warning of the unlimited issue of paper and its steady depreciation in gold which were conveyed by specie suspension in the United States in 1861 or by Austria-Hungary and Russia in the desperate contest of the Napoleonic wars. Monetary science is better understood at the present time than in those days."

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THE HUMAN SIDE OF THE FIGHTING MAN

To speak of "the human side of war" seems paradoxical, for amid the flying death of lead and steel, the cunning little machines built to pour out hundreds of death-dealing bullets a minute, the greater enginery of the siege-guns, modern fortifications, dreadnoughts, and, more than all, the endless phalanxes of the men themselves, drilled to a machinelike precision and solidarity, there would seem to be little chance for any human aspect of the war to make itself apparent. It has appeared now and then, however, in fleeting glimpses, and even has made its way across the Atlantic cable, in spite of heavy cable tolls. The Kansas City *Star* has collected a few of the best of these narratives that "present the human side of the war—present its deeds of valor and its sufferings." We read:

> The first actual witness to give a description of the fighting on the French frontier is a reservist named Jacquin, and his story is told by George W. Price, the special correspondent of the New York *Sun* and the London *Mail*. This is Jacquin's story, told on his hospital bed at Chambéry:
>
> "All night long we listened to the roar of gun-fire. As the dawn appeared we could hear the first Prussian bullets pass our ears. It was a curious sensation. One could say at first that a swarm of bumblebees was passing him. Then we all take our breath and instinctively one opens his cartridge-pouch. The officers there are as calm as during the July 14 review in the celebration of the fall of the Bastile.
>
> "A brief order rings out. We lie down and a fusillade begins again. What a noise! We make a few leaps forward and lie down and begin firing again. We carry out this maneuver right to the frontier posts.
>
> "A hundred yards farther are the German positions. The charge bayonets order comes, and we leap forward and the Germans decamp. They are afraid. When we passed the frontier post and knocked against it it fell. One would have thought that the German frontier was firmer than that.
>
> "At last we tread on Alsatian ground. Formidable shouts resound in our chests. I run fifty yards and fall senseless from sunstroke. I recovered twenty-four hours later, but the surgeon would not let me remain on the firing-line.
>
> "At one moment on the day preceding the fight at Col du Bonhomme we saw an aeroplane with a French flag-plane over us. We were overjoyed. A minute later we saw it drop a couple of bombs near a transport-train. One fell three yards and the other ten yards from the train and buried themselves in the ground. They did no harm. An officer called out, 'Pigs! They are Germans,' and ordered us to fire, but they were too high."
>
> Another correspondent gives a description of the fight at Ramillies, where the

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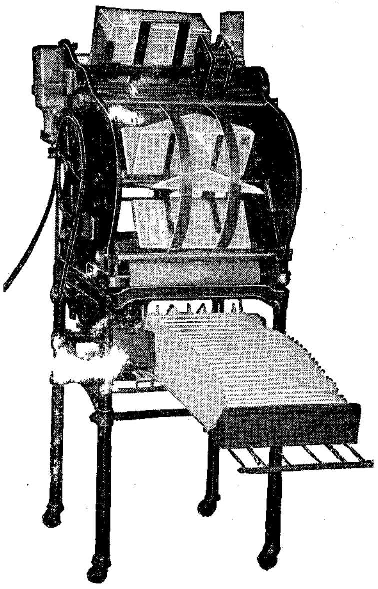

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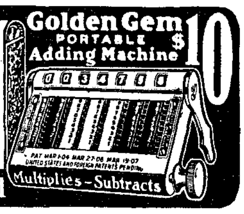
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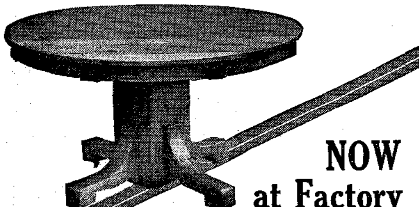
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German cavalry retreated before the French. Of the battle and what followed he writes:

"Throughout the afternoon the allied force passed through a series of burned villages from which the invaders had been forced to retreat, hastily in many cases. They had set fire to them by means of petrol. Everywhere one heard tales of desolation and of outrage wreaked by Germans as they retired before the triumphant Allies.

"I saw some houses still burning when they had been fired but two hours previously by the enemy.

"The Allies, especially the Belgians, are in a state of fury bordering on madness at these outrages and have vowed that they will exact full measure of retribution for these brutalities.

"The French cavalry completed a long forced march, of which it is not advisable to give particulars here, but when it comes to be written it will certainly rank among the finest things ever accomplished by any mounted force, not excepting Stuart's great raid during the American Civil War.

"The Belgian infantry which was attacked by Uhlans behaved splendidly. They clamored to be allowed to join the pursuit organized by the French cavalry, and if they had been permitted to do so, they would cheerfully have marched in quest of the enemy until they dropt.

"This fair land of Flanders presents a doleful picture of sad ravages of war. In fading daylight one could see everywhere on the horizon the rim of flame and the smoke from burning villages."

And there is another side of the fighting that presents itself but rarely to the imagination of him who has seen no actual warfare. What of the long hours spent by the soldiers in the trenches, awaiting attack, tense, alert, but enforcedly inactive and unable to avail themselves of the relief of physical exertion? Here as never in the day's march or campaign, or in the night's dead sleep of fatigue, must come thronging the deeper, more serious thoughts of what the fighting can mean to the individual. It is in such long watches that a man may turn craven, rather than in the peril of actual conflict, and here a sturdy concentration upon the commonplace becomes a rather fine sort of courage, as in the following case:

Percy Phillip, the Brussels correspondent of the London *News*, gives the following picture of life in the Belgian trenches:

"Sometimes the trenches are only just ditches cut like deep furrows among potatoes or along the edge of a field of corn. Others are banked on the attacking side and branches are placed over them to screen the men from the eyes of airmen.

"Along the quiet banks of the Meuse, between Namur and Dinant, are threescore of these (trenches). There I saw men lying in readiness, with rifles by their sides. Some were asleep on the earth, with a little straw under them, but ready at a word to seize their weapons. Others were gossiping.

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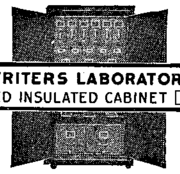
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in the trenches?' I asked a man who was off duty for a moment. His answer was:

"'Oh, anything—the heat, the flies, our experiences. Don't think we confide much in each other. When one is in a situation such as that, one catches at anything interesting. We do not talk philosophy, but some of us practise it. Most are only waiting for orders to kill, perhaps, just as one waits for a tram and lets one's interest be taken by anything."

A STOLEN JOURNEY

"I WANTED to do it," says Frederick Niven, a young Englishman sojourning in Canada, in the London *Daily News*, "because a man had told me I could not do it, and I was young, and he was ten years older than I, and the curve of his lips, as he said I could not do it, exasperated me." "It" was riding on the underside of a freight-car for a hundred and twenty miles, from Vancouver City up to Yale on the Fraser River. The reader has heard so often of the penniless traveling in this way, that he fails, perhaps, to give such tourists full credit for the daring they display in choosing the nether Pullman in preference to safe and sane tramping. Short of actually trying it, no better way of judging this form of travel could be found than Niven's story gives us. It was a new thing to him and a fearsome one; he experienced it intensely and has chronicled his experiences carefully. Having taken his dare and found his train, the next step was to reach a wheel-truck without detection from the train crew. Already he had been instructed in the art of "holding it down" on the road; but to attain the dark recesses below the body of the car from the station platform was a matter of momentous difficulty. At length the coast was clear. Niven was quick to grasp his opportunity:

> I looked forward and back. Nobody! I swallowed my heart and made one dive of it under the car, down on hands and knees, and crawled to the front axle. It was just as I had been told it would be. I saw a brace-rod a foot from the ground, the great timber of the truck, with the springs on it, behind. But as I approached a voice said: "Full up, partner!" I wanted to yell. Yet it bucked me to hear that voice. I scuttled back to the rear truck, crawled under its front axle, and there, again, was a brace-rod.
>
> There was a drumming in my ears, and through that drumming I heard a bell ring. I went onto that rod in a cold sweat, perched on it, leaned backward so that my shoulders were against the truck. The rod seemed thin as a match as the car received a bump, and then was twitched ahead and jerked slightly back again as the one behind received its tug. My feet, stretching out in front, just grazed a tie (or sleeper), and drawing them up cautiously I got the heels to catch on the rod on which I sat, taking care, you may be sure, to lean back against the truck with some force, remembering that the whole

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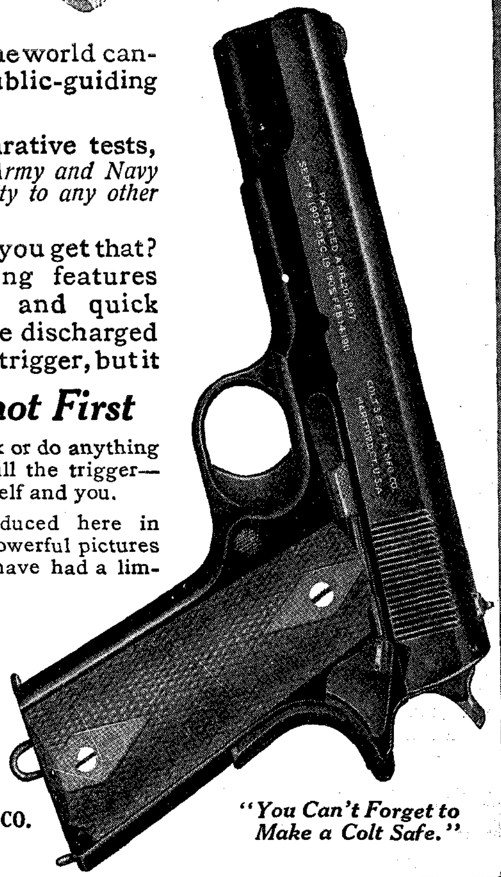
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SEPT. 9, 1902 DEC. 19, 1905 FEB. 14, 1911
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All the talk or claims in the world cannot down this one big, public-guiding fact, viz.:—

That after severe comparative tests, *the Colt was adopted by the Army and Navy because of its marked superiority to any other pistol.*

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because you don't have to think or do anything to release the action. Just pull the trigger—the grip safety takes care of itself and you.

"Colts to the Front" (reproduced here in miniature) is one of the most powerful pictures of modern war scenes. We have had a limited number, without advertising, finished in beautiful tones by the new offset process, size 26 in. x 20 in., on heavy white stock suitable for framing. Sent on receipt of 10c to cover cost of postage. Mention picture No. 26. Also request booklet, "How to Shoot."

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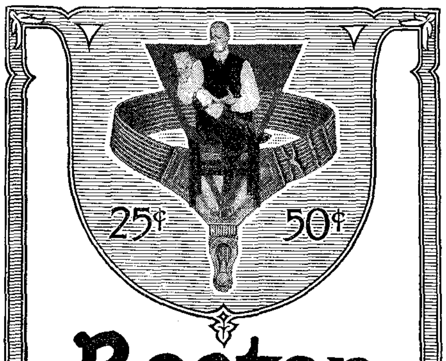

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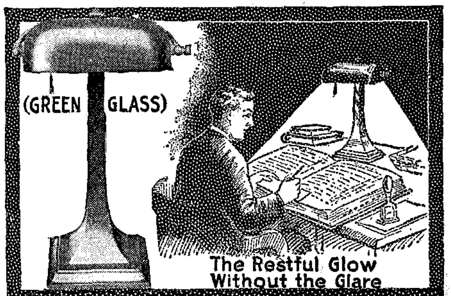
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point was for me to make myself into a wedge between rod and truck.

We got up speed. We went over the criss-cross of terminal lines in a dance with a rebounding motion. Then we slowed down, stopt, puffed back. I took it for granted then that I had been seen, or that the man ahead had been seen, and that she had stopt so that we might be hauled out and committed to prison. Then the bell clanged again. I sat back, took the jerk forward safely—and we were off once more. I don't know what she backed for. I don't care.

We were off in earnest this time. The sleepers kept running underneath as if some one were drawing lines in haste, more haste, frantic haste, to dazzle my eyes. They charged on me and slid under sickeningly. Presently the whole world seemed going from under my feet. I wanted to lean forward and grab it, dust flying in on my face, pricking in my ears, tingling on my cheeks as flies do on summer nights when motoring. For safety's sake I looked up to the floor of the car over me, and glared at it steadily for the next quarter of an hour perhaps, tho it seemed a lifetime. The next thing I had to protect myself against was trying to balance the cars! At curves the solid body of the car overhead moved like a long compass-finger or behaved like a ship going against the wind when the wind suddenly thrusts her a point or two off, and before the steersman brings her up again.

After a little while, however, I began to feel (as they say out West) "good." A great hilarity filled me. My heart was down again where it should be; it was not going to burst after all. I puckered my eyes because of the dust and wind that rushed at me. Ever and again, in some rocky cutting, the sound went up from deafening to awesome. But it was the long trestle over the Fraser that gave me the greatest sense of being attached to life by a mere thread. These bridges are not filled in underneath; between the ties one looks down on the river.

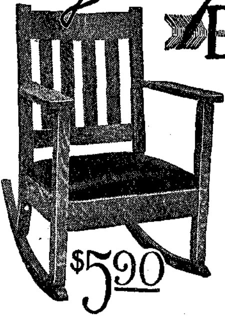
I "held her down" to Yale, where I dropt from the rod and crawled out, feeling as if I had been beaten all over, or as if I had the severest symptoms of influenza. I crawled out and stood up, and then went down on my knees, hauled myself up again, and with wobbly knees crossed to the bushes south of the track and sat down there. A brakeman, stepping down from the cars, saw me, crossed over to the bushes, and stood looking at me long and thoughtfully.

"Got it in the neck all right," he said at last.

I merely looked up and made some kind of smile at him. I did not care very much what he did, severe tho he looked, and helpless tho I was.

"Got any dough?" he said. "Dough" is money.

I put my hand in my pocket and fished out a handful of dust and small cinders, and extracted twenty-five cents ("two bits"), which I tendered to him. The fare would be about six dollars, but it was not money-saving I was after that day. He pocketed his perquisite and strolled away contented. I, too, was contented. I had "beaten my way" underneath—"tangling up with the trimmings," in the slang of the country—to show myself that I could



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do it. I had done it—but I never want to do it again.

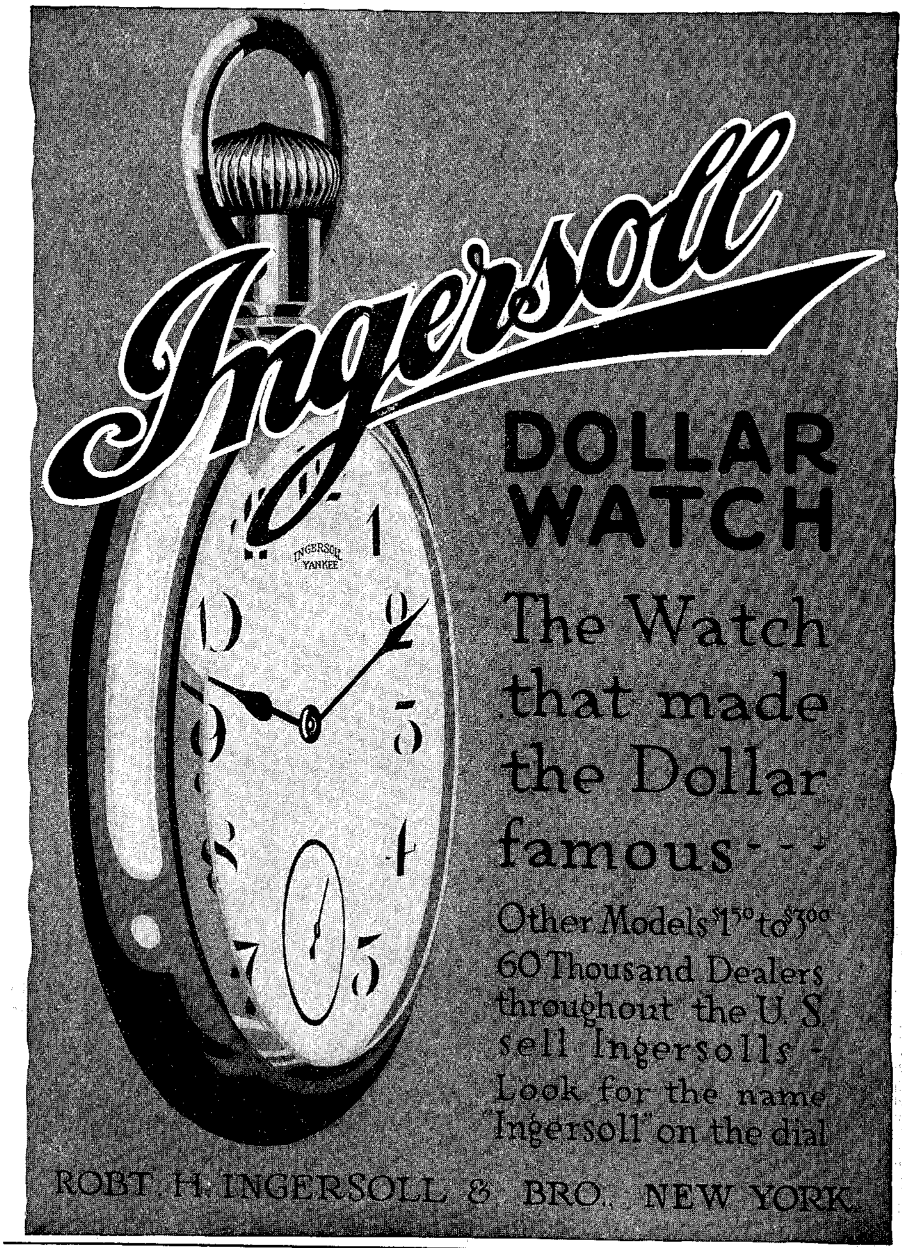
THE HIGH COST OF MURDER

THE Louisville *Times* calls its readers' attention to the crisis in crime that is at present blighting Chicago. It appears that, in the trades particularly of slugging, the *coup de leadpipe*, and murder, the cost of protection, the underground charges, and the scarcity of raw material have brought about the situation where the criminal must receive a higher remuneration for his crimes or he will be forced to seek a more profitable occupation. Such is the disgust of some of the more expert thugs at the present conditions that they threaten to turn honest. *The Times* quotes from the Chicago *Herald* some data on the prohibitive scale of prices upon which all self-respecting Chicago thugs now insist:

> A business-agent who actually has hired sluggers in times past has told State's Attorney Hoyne and the *Herald* something of the added cost.
>
> He said that a few months ago an A No. 1 thug, competent and experienced, could be hired on an ordinary knock-down job for $10. He would hire his own get-away, too. A complete killing would cost $500 and a one-way ticket.
>
> The old prices per head quoted to employing "business-agents" were about as follows:
>
> "Simple knock-down, victim unconscious and marked up a little, $10 to $20.
>
> "Vicious slugging, with a bone or two broken, victim taken to hospital, $40 to $75.
>
> "Murder, where slugger had to leave town, $500 and car-fare."
>
> The new prices, resulting from convictions of labor gunmen and previous to the *Herald's* exposé, were given as follows:
>
> "Hospital cases, light, medium or heavy, $100 to $500.
>
> "Killing, necessitating leaving the city, $2,500 and car-fare.
>
> "In addition the employers of the thugs now must furnish a satisfactory swift automobile to aid in the get-away."

Well might the student of political economy face the future with dismay. With the cost of murder jumping from $500 to $2,500 at a single bound, it is enough to discourage even the most opulent promoter of assassination. And it will be noted, too, that under the revised schedule the thugs have eliminated the "simple knock-down," presumably because they can't afford to indulge in any sort of thuggery for such a paltry sum as $10. Every case now must be a "hospital case," and the price has soared into the hundreds. If conditions do not improve shortly the Chicago thug may have to turn to the hazardous calling of burglary and the exponent of assassination will be obliged to do the job himself.

It is only in Louisville that the price of "hospital cases" and killings remains stationary at a maximum of $250, provided the work is done with an automobile.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Nancy says: "What! you can't read your gas meter? Why it's as easy as telling time. I read mine every few days just for the satisfaction of knowing what my light and fuel are costing. And I know I'm getting all I pay for. I wish I knew that all the other things I buy were as accurately weighed and measured."

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THE SPICE OF LIFE

A Cautious Owner.—A Pennsylvania farmer was the owner of a good Alderney cow. A stranger, having admired the animal, asked the farmer: "What will you take for your cow?"

The farmer scratched his head for a moment, and then said: "Look a-here, be you the tax assessor or has she been killed by the railroad?"—*The Argonaut.*

Zooratory.—There is no place like the House of Commons for a "nice derangement of metaphors." It will be a long time, however, before we have a mixture equal to the outburst of an effusive orator who said:

"The British lion, whether it is roaming the deserts of India or climbing the forests of Canada, will not draw in its horns or retire into its shell!"—*Tit-Bits.*

Goods Returned.—Once an old darky visited a doctor and was given definite instructions as to what he should do. Shaking his head he started to leave the office, when the doctor said:

"Here, Rastus, you forgot to pay me."

"Pay yo for what, boss?"

"For my advice," replied the doctor.

"Naw, suh; naw, suh; I ain't gwine take it," and Rastus shuffled out.—*Norfolk Ledger-Dispatch.*

Perhaps You Know?—"Begorra," observed Pat, "making love to a widow is a quare thing to do. Before ye begin ye know what the end will be and yet you're scared that mebbe somethin'll happen. Ye make up your mind it's no use tryin' and thin ye discover ye've gone so far ye can't back out. It's full av disappointments and hopes and in the end comes the greatest surprize av all whin just what ye expected happens."—*Puck.*

Explained.—"What's yours?"

"Coffee and rolls, my girl."

One of those iron-heavy, quarter-inch, thick mugs of coffee was pushed over the counter. The fastidious person seemed dazed. He looked under the mug and over it.

"But where is the saucer?" he inquired.

"We don't give no saucers here. If we did some low-brow'd come pilin' in an' drink out of his saucer, an' we'd lose a lot of our swellest trade."—*Savannah News.*

"Wolf! Wolf!"—The heavy black clouds had massed in the east and west, the lightning was flashing fiercely between the heavy incessant rolling of the thunder.

Francis was terribly frightened, and his fond mother had gathered her young hopeful and tried logically to calm his fears.

"Don't be afraid, darling. There's nothing to fear. God sends the thunderstorm to clear the air, water the flowers, and make it cooler for us. Now, don't cry, dear; it won't harm you, and everything will be better when it's over."

The little fellow listened intently, and as his mother finished he looked up at her gravely and said: "No, no, mother; you talk exactly the way you did last week when you took me to the dentist to have the tooth pulled."—*Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.*

Rare.—" Sadie, what is a gentleman? "

" Please, ma'am," answered the well-bred child, " a gentleman's a man you don't know very well."—*Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.*

Too Much.—Wife—" Ta-ta, dearie; I shall write before the end of the week."

Husband—" Good gracious, Alice; you must make that check last longer than that."—*London Opinion.*

Not the Same Thing.—" A great deal of what we call pleasure is largely imaginary," said the ready-made philosopher.

" I suppose so," replied the man who was working on his automobile.

" Now, wouldn't you like to be able to take a long ride without having to worry about speed limits or spark-plugs or tires or anything at all? "

" I should say so ! "

" Well, here's a street-car ticket."—*Washington Star.*

Hopper Recognized.—" Even animals show their feeling," remarked De Wolf Hopper, the comedian, to a friend the other day. " Only yesterday an animal showed me gratitude. I was wandering along a stream in the country when I met a cow in great distress. Her calf was drowning. I plunged in the water and rescued the calf and the grateful cow licked my hand."

" That wasn't gratitude," replied the friend. " The cow thought she had twins."—*Troy Times.*

The Victim.—It was a wizened little man who appeared before the judge and charged his wife with cruel and abusive treatment. His better half was a big, square-jawed woman, with a determined eye.

" In the first place, where did you meet this woman who has treated you so dreadfully? " asked the judge.

" Well," replied the little man, making a brave attempt to glare defiantly at his wife, " I never did meet her. She just kind of overtook me."—*Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.*

A Costly Substitution.—" Come here, Bates ! " roared the master of an English village school, one morning. " I have a letter from Mr. Johnson informing me that his son is unable to attend school in consequence of a thrashing you inflicted upon him yesterday. Is that a fact, Bates? "

" N-n-no, sir," quailed Bates, " I never touched 'im."

But the master did not believe him, and two minutes later Bates was asking permission to stand up in class.

On the following day Johnson returned, and the master sought justification for his act before the whole class. " Did you tell your father that Bates thrashed you, Johnson? " he asked.

" No, sir," piped the youth.

The master's countenance clouded. "But your father wrote to me, saying that Bates did it."

" I know 'e did," sniveled Johnson. " It was Billy Beauchamp did it, sir; but father couldn't spell 'Beauchamp,' and so he wrote 'Bates.' "—*Youth's Companion.*

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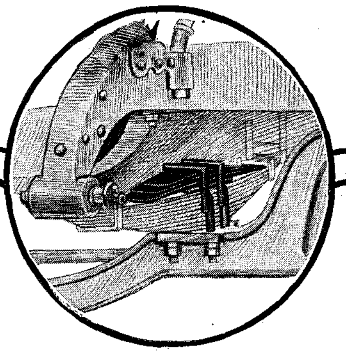

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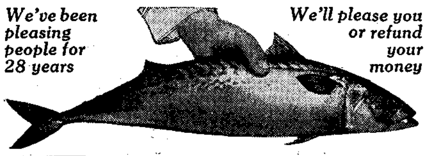

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Nervous States
Their Nature and Causes
By PAUL DUBOIS, M.D.
Author of "Psychic Treatment of Nervous Disorders," "Influence of the Mind on the Body," "Self Control," etc.
Authorized Translation
By EDWARD G. RICHARDS, M.B., C.M.

Dr. Dubois points out that neurasthenia, contrary to a general impression, is not a new disease created entirely by the conditions of modern life. Most men and women are subject to various degrees of neurasthenia due to the influence of fatigue, by which are brought on psychic debilities, so that nature reacts and they become irritable or sad. The most healthy of men may become temporarily neurasthenic.

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CURRENT EVENTS

European War

September 3.—Prince William of Wied leaves Albania.

The capture of Amiens and La Fère by the Germans is reported in London.

China protests against the landing in her territory of Japanese troops bound for Tsing-tao.

September 4.—It is reported that Russian troops are being brought to Belgium by way of Archangel, the White Sea, the Arctic and Atlantic oceans, and Scotland.

The Russian Army under General Ruzsky takes Lemberg, the capital of Galicia, while General Brussiloff's takes Halicz; 1,500,000 men are said to have been engaged in this campaign.

The German advance in France swings to the southeast of Paris, and reaches La Ferte-sous-Jouarre.

Fighting is resumed in Belgium near Termonde.

The British Prime Minister announces that two divisions of Indian troops are on their way to the front.

September 5.—It is announced in Petrograd (St. Petersburg) that Jews will henceforth be admitted as officers in the Russian Army and Navy.

Five German Army corps arrive at the Vistula River to help keep back the Russians.

The capture of Reims by the Germans is reported.

Representatives of Great Britain, France, and Russia sign an agreement that no one of the three shall make peace without the consent of all.

It is announced in Paris that the German advance is checked.

The Wilson passenger liner *Runo* is destroyed by a mine in the North Sea and twenty-five of her 238 passengers are lost.

September 6.—It is reported that the British light cruiser *Pathfinder* has been destroyed by a German submarine in the North Sea.

Dispatches tell of Montenegrin success against the Austrians in Herzegovina.

A French fleet bombards Cattaro, the Austrian seaport in Dalmatia.

September 7.—A dispatch is received in New York from five well-known American newspaper correspondents discounting reports of German brutalities.

Official statements from London and Paris report German repulses along the whole battle-line in northern France, a decided retreat of the German right wing, and victorious encounters at Percy-sur-Oise and Nanteuil-le-Haudouin.

Germany asks China to bar from her soil Japanese and British troops directed against Tsing-tao.

German troops marching to occupy Ghent defeat a Belgian force at Melle.

September 8.—The Russian capture of the strongholds of Nikolaief and Mikolojow in Galicia is reported.

The right wing of the German Army in France is pushed northward over the Marne.

September 9.—The Germans report the capture of Maubeuge with 400 guns and 40,000 men.

President Wilson of the United States receives a message from the Kaiser protesting against the use of dum-dum bullets by the Allies and fighting by Belgian non-combatants.

The Russians report a victory over Austria at Ravarusska, in Galicia.

Israel Zangwill appeals to all Jews to support the Allies as against Germany.

The converted cruiser *Oceanic* (Br.) is reported wrecked on the north coast of Scotland.

General Foreign

September 2.—Representatives of the United States and the Republic of Panama, at Panama, sign a treaty giving the United States important rights in the harbors of Colon and Ancon.

September 3.—It is reported that General Aguilar has issued a proclamation of rebellion against the Carranza Government in Mexico.

An anti-Carranza revolt is reported in the State of Tabasco.

September 4.—Pope Benedict XV. appoints Cardinal Ferrata Papal Secretary of State.

September 6.—Pope Benedict is formally crowned in the Sistine Chapel.

General Carranza refuses to accept Zapata's terms for peace in Mexico.

September 8.—Sir John Henniker Heaton, "father of the Imperial Penny Post," dies in Geneva.

Insurrectory movements on the part of the

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Zapatistas and General Aguilar are reported in Mexico.

The new Pope holds his first consistory and elevates Mgr. Csernoch, Primate of Hungary, to the cardinalate.

Domestic

WASHINGTON

September 4.—In an address to Congress President Wilson asks for a $100,000,000 war tax.

September 6.—The President makes public a letter in which he declines to take part in the coming Congressional campaign on the ground that the present crisis compels him "to stay on the job."

September 7.—The President makes public a letter sent to the contending parties in the Colorado mine trouble in which he outlines a plan for settlement.

September 8.—President Wilson appoints Sunday, October 4, as a day of prayer for European peace.

September 9.—After the visit of a delegation of railroad presidents to the White House and the offices of the Interstate Commerce Commission, it is reported in Washington that the Commission is seriously considering a reopening of the rate case.

GENERAL

September 4.—David J. Palmer is elected commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic.

September 7.—In a speech at New Orleans, ex-President Roosevelt attacks both old parties, criticizes the Underwood tariff, and advocates Federal development of the Mississippi River.

Pittsburg manufacturers raise $1,000,000 to conduct a campaign for South-American trade.

September 8.—Mt. Lassen, California, is reported to be in more violent eruption than at any time since it renewed activity.

THE LEXICOGRAPHER'S EASY CHAIR

In this column, to decide questions concerning the current use of words, the Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary is consulted as arbiter.

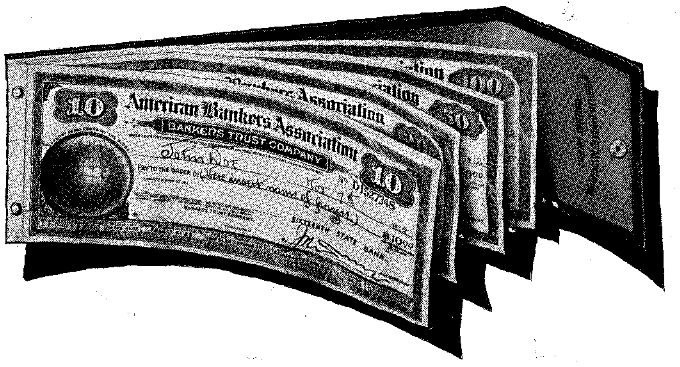
Readers will please bear in mind that no notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

"M. R. H.," Dansville, N. Y.—"(1) What is the name of the scientist who has been making research into the question of the supposed language of monkeys? (2) What is the latest conclusion concerning the date of the writing of the Pentateuch in its complete present form?"

(1) Richard Lynch Garner. (2) About 400 B.C. The latest note (a single sentence) is subsequent to the period of the work of Ezra-Nehemiah.

"W. T.," Norwood, N. C.—"What is the pronunciation of Jan Szczepanik? It is the name of a Polish scientist, said to be the inventor of the telelectroscope."

In Polish "Sz" has the power of "sh," as in *ship* in English, and "cz" has the power of "ch" as in *church* in English, so that the name you submit is pronounced *shchē-pā-nik*—"e" as in *they*, "a" as in *art*, and "i" as in *police*.



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Every man, woman and child will go back home enthusiastic about the hospitality of San Diego, the beautiful Southern California city, resplendent in its setting of fertile valleys on the one side and placid San Diego Bay and Point Loma on the other.

They will tell of the splendid hotels, where the welcome is warm and the rates reasonable; of the mountains, the balmy, orange-blossom-laden air, even when snow and ice cover the country back home; of the wonderful flower-decked bungalows overlooking valley or bay.

And they will tell of the greatest and most beautiful of all expositions. How up on the 600-acre mesa in Balboa Park, overlooking San Diego, they saw a dream city of Sixteenth-Century Spain. For the architecture which evolved Mission and Palace and Cathedral has given birth to the Exposition Beautiful and covered its quaint walls with clambering blooms which touch the very bells in the mission towers, where pigeons nest and coo.

They will marvel that in place of still exhibits of finished products they saw the things they wear and use and eat made before their eyes by throbbing machinery, transplanted from the big factories of the world. The developments of the big inventions of the age will be a part of their education contributed by the Exposition—aerial navigation, wireless telegraphy, motion-picture photography, electricity and those other modern miracles which mark this wonder age in which we live.

You will never forgive yourself if your friends come home from San Diego in 1915 bubbling over with enthusiasm because of what this great exposition has added to their store of pleasure, education and experience. Your usual vacation trip to mountain, stream or seashore will seem insignificant by comparison.

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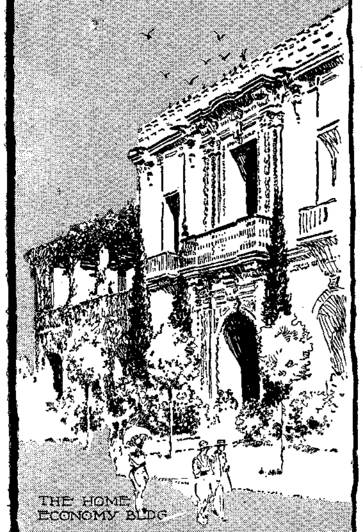

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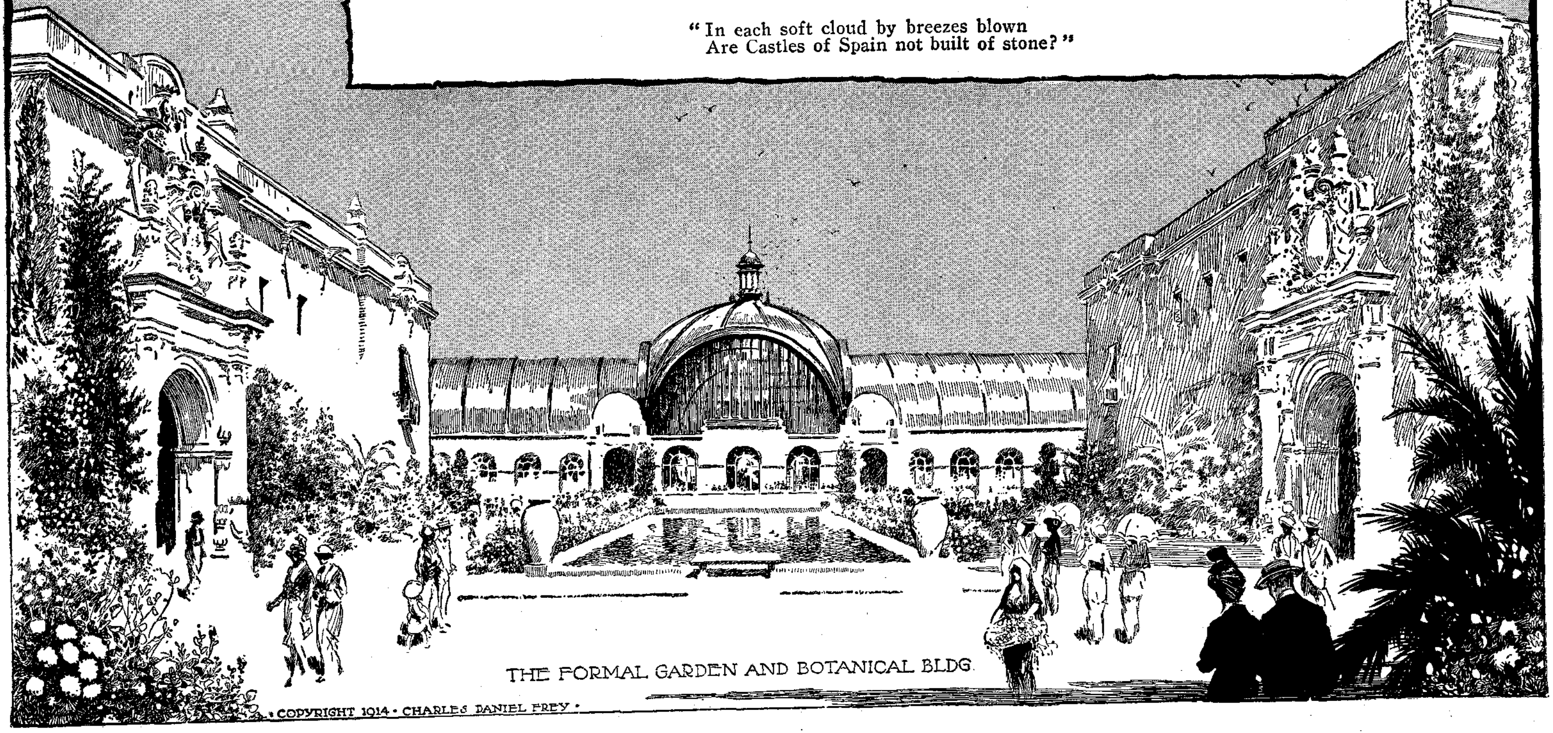

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